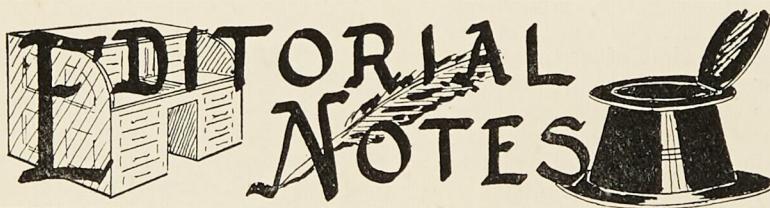


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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10.——JANUARY, 1936.——No. 1.



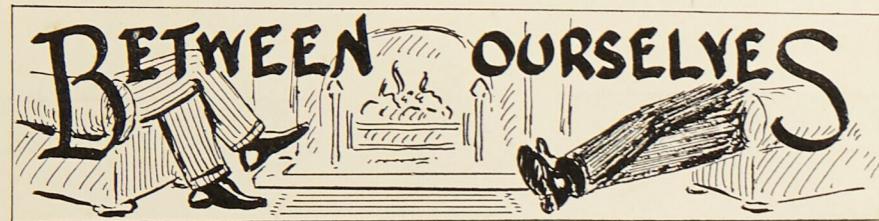
IT hardly seems possible that this issue of our Magazine marks the opening of the tenth volume. In the first number, which bears the date, January, 1927, we hoped that it would form yet another link between us all, and we trust that to some extent it has succeeded in its original purpose. We do not deceive ourselves by thinking that it has entirely succeeded, for over the period there have been many of our fellow workers who have had inspirations, but have failed to pass them on through the medium of the Magazine.

Our contributors have been far too few, especially (in proportion to the number employed) from the parent factory at Calne. It is only by receiving a large variety of contributions that we can prevent our pages becoming stereotyped. During

the last eighteen months we have noticed a welcome increase of interest on the part of our sales representatives, and we hope to find this extended as it forms a vital link with the outside world and should still further enliven our publication.

To our friends at the Branches and Associated Companies we extend our thanks for help accorded us over the whole period of our existence. Without this varied and welcome help our task would be heavy indeed. We thank specially those branches that send their contributions on the dates specified.

We cannot let this occasion pass without thanking once again our Chief for his never-failing help and advice, and also for his monthly message to all connected with the House of Harris.



A Very Happy New Year!

I suppose we are all asking ourselves, "What will the New Year bring?"

To every serious-minded person the trend of events, as regards our country, must give rise to serious reflection. We have recently passed through the stress of a General Election, and almost immediately following it there arose an International crisis in regard to the projected peace terms that appear to have been fathered by France and this country. Responsible politicians and others have always said that Sanctions lead to war. We, in common with other countries, have suffered the policy of Sanctions against Italy. The most serious of these has not, at the time of writing, been put into operation. It is certain, however, that if they are so operated Italy, according to her own declaration, will look upon the act as being hostile and may have recourse to arms against the Sanctionist countries.

Thoughts of the New Year, therefore, in regard to our country, must be coloured with anxiety as to whether the course of International events will be to sustain peace or lead to war.

Fortunately, trade still continues to revive, and there appears to be even a ray of hope in the distressed areas. This, however, is subject to a happy settlement of the present coal dispute.

Then again, what will the New Year bring as far as our Factories are concerned? Is there to be less work, or more work? In some factories, according to the direct contracts that have been made for Pigs, there will be very little interruption. In others, which last year relied upon the Group pigs which were allocated out of the Pigs Board pool, the issue is not yet clear. We are spending much midnight oil in our attempts to solve the very difficult problem of pig supplies for 1936.

And then, again, what will the New Year bring to the individuals, who I like to think in all our Factories, our Offices, and upon

the road, are associated as one happy body in the interests of the Firm and in mutual service the one to the other? The answer to the question will depend very largely upon the spirit and intention with which the year is started. It will, of course, be possible for those of idle mind to drift into the stream, only to find later on that the momentum has so increased that at the end there may be a rush of uncontrolled movement into unknown and undesirable spheres. The start always determines the finish, whether in a race, a career, or the ticking off of passing days on a year's calendar. While it may be true that a bad start may to some extent be overcome, it will also be true that the waste of a feeble beginning will be felt permanently.

I plead, therefore, for myself and with you, that in 1936 we may find a real objective, or have, as Harry Lauder has put it "an end in view." The driving force that can be obtained from the adoption of a right and chosen—an espoused—cause is enormous. Add to the choice of a cause the primary necessities of courage, humour, faith, and above all, charity, and one may hope to make some reasonable progress. The knowledge how to grit the teeth and tense the muscle and still to keep one's vision of straight and clear thinking is of value indeed. Coupled with that the art of knowing how to grin when troubles fall and how to feel charitable when evil tongues are clamorous will again, to quote Harry Lauder, "cut short many a mile." It is the slight and perhaps insignificant event that often proves the turning point of life and character, and leads, using the word in its best sense, to fortune or disaster. It is the chance word that opens up for many a new world of thought, and it is sometimes the unbidden day-dream that is the vision which influences a whole career.

How often have you noticed that a casual introduction deepens into the most precious of human relationships, and how

often, too, that a spark of human compassion ignites and warms the cold heart of a world.

A great singer once said that she had not been able to reach the hearts of her audience until her own heart had been broken by sorrow. It is personal sorrow, which rightly appreciated, has in it the promise of unquenchable light, which will, as long as the journey lasts, illumine all life's dark problems.

So in these few idle thoughts at the end of the year one realises that, anyhow, time is short, opportunity quickly passes, never to come again, and I hope in 1936 we may, one and all, to use Harry Lauder once again, "Keep right on to the end of the road."



R.E.H. Sums Up.

The object I have in view for this month's contribution is to smooth out the rough edges that have been left from our controversies of 1935, so that we may open the New Year in good order.

First may I thank Mr. Smith for the very interesting light he throws on the question of the Eastern Counties. With reference to the large number of Churches as compared with the population, I think a great many of these Churches were built before the counties were decimated by the Black Death Plague. That took place in 1348. Norwich suffered a loss of 60,000 people and the population of some of the little villages, each these with its Church, was entirely lost.

A final word about Bowling. It would show a great lack of tact to make it appear that our Magazine is indifferent to this form of outdoor recreation. I started to play when I was 58, and at once became aware that of all outdoor sports it appeals most strongly to men engaged in the retail side of our business. Throughout England, Scotland, and Wales there are hundreds of men, many of whom are our customers, who are keen bowlers, including many of the leading personalities in the F.G.I. So without

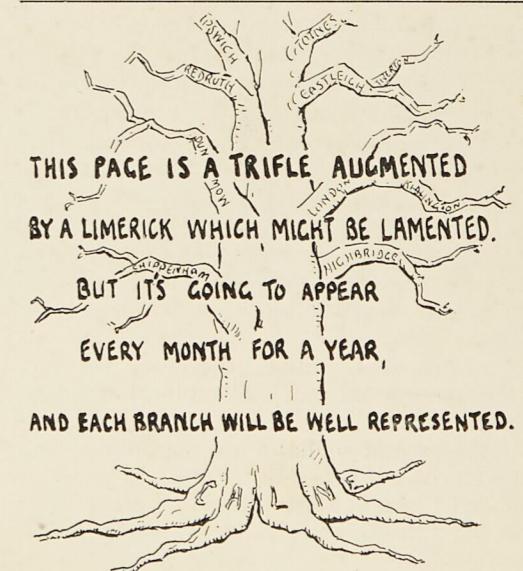
dreaming that I was about to start a controversy, I thought it would be quite a good thing—as so much of our Magazine space is given up to sports—to feature Bowling. Since 1927 the game has made tremendous strides, and no matter where one goes, there it will be found. Indeed, it is absolutely true to say of it that it "now takes its place as one of the great National games," "and that it is a good game," and anyone who contradicts this statement must have a mind glazed against the admission of knowledge.

"We owe it to the poet." We do. There are poets, and others. The others are writers of doggerel, and, seeing that those who write doggerel do not observe the unwritten rules of versification, we do not call them poets. No poet would fall into so elementary a trap as those in our English language which are exposed in all the early English school primers. There is a perfectly legitimate use of the play on words which is used by poets who write comic verse. The classic example is Tom Hood's "Faithless Sally Brown." Most people know this by heart, but in case there are those who have missed it, I quote a typical verse:—

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell,
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

There is the play on words accomplished without doing any violence, either to versification or to the English language.

R.E.H.



Our French Feature.

It is hoped that this new venture will prove useful and interesting to some of our readers and to many school-children whose fathers bring home Harris Magazine every month.

First of all, "Heureuse Année à tous nos lecteurs."

Some of you will know what this means, others will probably guess, this being the January number:—

Heureuse Année à tous nos lecteurs.

Happy Year to all our readers.

You will notice the translation beneath each word and also the fact that "Happy Year" is said and not "Happy New Year," as in English.

The accent on the first e of Année is an acute (right to left), whereas the accent on à is a grave (left to right). It is very important to put the accents on French words where required as they alter the pronunciation of a letter and in the case of letter "a" the meaning as well. "a with an accent means "to," without an accent it means "has"—à tous, to all; il a, he has. Il a écrit à tous—He has written to all. In this sentence you get the two different "a's."

More post-cards are sent in France for the New Year than for Christmas. The New Year cards bear the following inscriptions:—

Bonne Année (Good Year);
or Heureuse Année (Happy Year).

Voeux sincères (Wishes sincere);
or Meilleurs souhaits (best wishes).

You will see from the foregoing that both "souhaits" and "voeux" mean wishes.

For the information of those of our readers who do not know this already, there are two genders in French—the masculine and the feminine. The names of animals and things are, therefore, either masculine or feminine.

Année is feminine, therefore we say, "Une bonne année." The plural is "Des bonnes années."

Voeux and souhaits are masculine; the singular is, "Un bon voeu," "Un bon souhait." And the plural, "Des bons voeux" (plural with an x after eu), "Des bons souhaits (s for the plural generally).

The following is very important to remember:—

The days, months, and seasons are all masculine:—

Un beau Dimanche (a beautiful Sunday).

Un Novembre pluvieux (a rainy November).

Un hiver très froid (a very cold winter).

The days of the week are:—

Dimanche (Sunday).

Lundi (Monday).

Mardi (Tuesday).

Mercredi (Wednesday).

Jeudi (Thursday).

Vendredi (Friday).

Samedi (Saturday).

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

* * *

CA' CANNY IN DUNBLANE.

The Scottish spirit of shrewd wit still lives. On the back of an ancient gravestone in the kirkyard of Dunblane Cathedral there is engraven for all to see the following warning stanza:—

Remember man, as you pass by,

As you are now so once was I.

As I am now, so you must be,

Prepare, therefore, to follow me.

Underneath this some schoolboy has scratched the masterly reply:—

To follow you I'm not content,

Until I know the way you've went.

* * *

Only two passengers had survived the shipwreck, a woman from London and a man from Aberdeen. By the end of their second week on the desert isle their clothing was in tatters, their provisions were exhausted, and the monkeys had even ceased tossing milk-filled cocoanuts at them from the trees. The outlook was black.

"Oh, it couldn't be worse," moaned the woman.

"Ah, but it could!" the Scot contradicted. "I might ha' bought a return ticket."

* * *

"Your husband is an inventor, I believe?"

"That is so! Some of his excuses for stopping out late at night are in use all over the world!"



During the Coming Year.

The World Rover Scout Moot.

(Continued).

COSMOPOLITAN SCENE AT INGARO.

All that happened during the following days has to be put in the shortest possible form.

The Moot was given over to fraternising. There was little in the nature of fixed programmes to interfere with this. The whole-hearted way in which this intense friendliness developed from the outset must have made a deep impression on the Swedes and the members of the national contingents.

The morning of Wednesday, July 31st, was spent by many in making camp improvements, camp gateways, kitchens, &c. receiving the finishing touches, with the result that all over the camps really fine constructions, conveying the national expression, were to be seen. Latvia and Kent had leading places for the best dining shelters. France, Poland, and Hungary had erected charming calveries. The Americans had ingeniously fitted up a turkish bath, which was in great demand during the following days. Later the Chief Scout paid a visit to every camp, also the "Mordnal," the Cambridge University Rovers' ketch, in which they sailed over from England. It seemed that all the world was changing money and buying stamps. By tea-time the camp bank was stumped of change and the post-office of stamps.

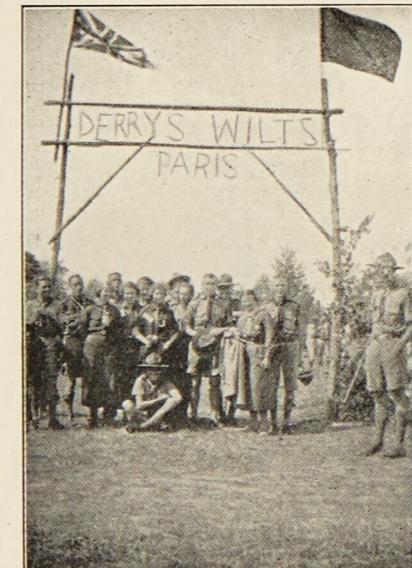
During the course of the day some of us set out to explore the island, but did not succeed in getting far. Our party was soon split up, being entertained in the different camps. Some came to rest with the Swedes and Egyptians; others were sight-seeing in Blue Camp, with an international group of Rovers, who finally settled down to tea together at the camp tea-shop. A close liaison between Rovers and bananas was revealed here. Plans for future meetings and visits to the respective camps to-morrow were made before parting. That evening, and every evening, we were astounded by the magnificence of the sunset, its colourful glory flickering through the pines, the sea a golden, shimmering maze.

In addition to a huge international camp fire many small camp fires with unrehearsed programmes were held, these flames leaping into the air in every section of the camps. It was with the greatest

difficulty that we made our way back to our tents at night, so immensely interesting was it to saunter from fire to fire—here Austrians, dreamy lullaby, with guitar accompaniment, next Lithuania (a pot pourrie sketch), Hungary (dances and home-made orchestra), Poland (folk songs), Scotland (sword dancing), and so on. At one point some of us walked up to the Egyptian camp fire. Peering from the darkness of the outer circle of onlookers, we were astonished and highly amused to find a Calne Rover making a strenuous effort to teach the Egyptians an English camp fire round.

A feature of the early mornings was the unintelligible commands of the Polish gymnastic instructor in the camp opposite. Away in the rear the members of the Hungarian Rover band were exercising in full blast on their instruments. The Swedish grasshoppers (4 or 5 times the size of the English specimen) sought the warmth of our tents at night. These hefty sleeping partners evoked consternation at their first appearance—we felt we had come to rest in a "bug hunters'" paradise.

On Wednesday and Friday parties of Rovers, with Swedish guides, went for two-day hikes on the mainland. The guides maintained a vigorous pace and a wide area of country was covered, visiting Viking Castles and enjoying the unbounded hospitality of Swedish farmers.



Entrance to our Camp.

The Swedish food and method of cooking caused us some embarrassment. After an unsuccessful attempt to fry our sausages we discovered that they had to be boiled. The next problem was to keep them in their skins. (or out of the coffee !!). Sour milk, a national beverage, was a feature at most meals. Coffee and fruit juice were popular; also the sweet rye bread and rusks. Swopping, which had been to the fore from the outset, had by Thursday caused many well-known figures to lose their identity badges, camping gear, Scottish balmorals, Swedish forage caps being in great demand.

Rugger:—On Friday a team drawn from the British contingent met the Stockholm Rugby Club. The Swedes achieved the victory by 8 points. On Monday, in Stockholm, the tables were turned—our team won 12 points to 3.

On Saturday, thousands of the public visited the camp. In turn all of us were in our own camp entertaining visitors; many had tea with us; also Rovers of five nationalities. During the afternoon four Calne Rovers rowed the two miles out to the Nevasa and were entertained to tea by the crew. Thousands of the public stopped to see the camp fire in the arena that night; it was a magnificent show.

On Sunday, the last day of the Moot, even more visitors came to camp; everyone was out to make the most of the gathering. Divine service was held in the camps during the morning and afternoon, followed by inspections by Prince Gustaf Adolf. Before tea three of us went into the woods and lifted seven pine saplings. At the time of writing two of them are dead. It is hoped that some day the survivors of these will be seen growing to maturity in the Calne Recreation-ground.

After tea excursions to the camps and many parts of the island were made for the last time.

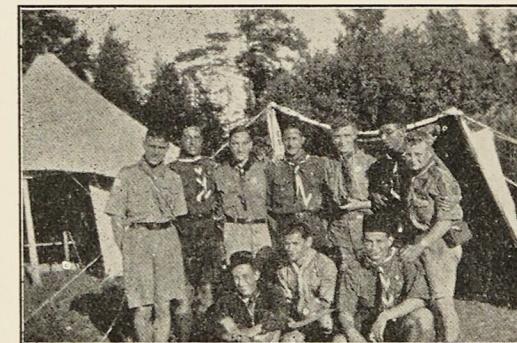
THE CLOSE OF THE MOOT.

Late at night this impressive ceremony took place. "The Moot is over; let the flag be lowered." A powerful searchlight sweeps to the tall mast; it follows the flag as it is slowly lowered. A softer light floods the platform where the Chief, backed by the flags of the nations, stands at the salute. The Moot is ended. Early to-morrow the Nevasa will carry us to Stockholm for the official two-day visit.

Monday, 3.30 a.m., August 5th. Lying

in our beds and feeling as warm as gingerbread, we reluctantly became aware that departure from beautiful Ingarno was imminent. The vigorous action of shovel navigators filling in the pits in adjoining camps put us on our feet. By 5.30 a.m. the transformation was complete (no-one had had a monopoly of business). Every stitch of canvas had been stowed away in the rucksacks that now formed a dump in the centre of each of the neatly-cleared camp sites.

The steady beats of many tom-toms echoed in our ears as we made our way along the banks of the placid lake, over a chaos of massive boulders, and through the woods; the early morning sun casting long shadows through the wavering firs. At 6.15 a.m. we reached our rugged rendezvous. Another sequence of nautical operations and we were on the decks of Nevasa again. Soon we were having breakfast of a more substantial nature than time had permitted us to have in camp that morning. Nevasa



Egyptian, Wilts and Swiss Rovers.

was not anchor-ridden now. Astern lay Ingarno, the natural playground with its delectable places to explore and rugged grandeur fading from view in the early morning mist.

Nevasa was to be our home during the visit to Stockholm. There was an extensive programme of organised sight-seeing and entertainment arranged for those who wished it. The chief injunction was that everyone must be in their bunk by 1 a.m. each morning.

The Nevasa docked at one of the wharfs in the centre of the city at 11.30 a.m. Many friends and a fleet of charabancs there to greet us. Thus commenced the invasion of Stockholm. Some went to the Royal Palace,

others to the Country Palace, at Drottningholm, and the Town Hall—the latter structure must be one of the leading modern wonders of the world. Many visited the new flats and garden cities of Stockholm. Later a banquet, at which a thousand sat down, in one of the leading restaurants.

Following that the Rovers became a jig-saw puzzle; isolated groups were to be met with all over the city. Skansen, the famous open-air Museum, was a firm favourite, surely one of the jolliest places on earth. In the evening Rugger and Water-polo matches were held. Passing along the wharves late in the evening, a party of Calne Rovers were invited on board a German steamer, and warmly entertained there by the captain and officers. Interesting experiences, innumerable, were recounted whilst we lay in our hammocks that night.

The outstanding impression was the fervour of the welcome and assistance rendered by the Swedes in every walk of life. The cleanliness and lack of noise (hooting is forbidden, day and night), there is no litter in the streets and, seemingly, no slums. Very little of an artificial nature about the womanfolk, large numbers of whom have retained their tresses.

The following morning the Rovers were early astir and out again making excursions in this "Venice of the North." It is reputed that 40,000 water craft of one kind and another use the numerous waterways in and through the suburbs of the city. Some of us paid an early morning visit to the schooner in which a party of Polish Rovers had crossed the Baltic Sea for the Moot.

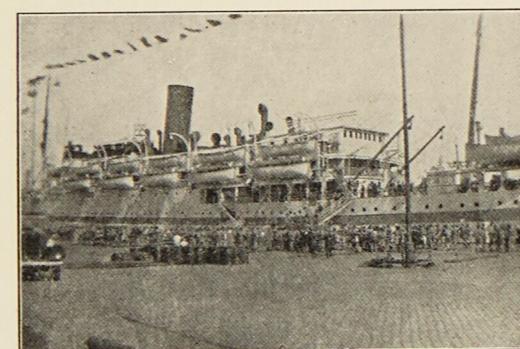
The day was spent sight-seeing and in the shopping centres. Again we came into contact with many interesting people, including a Salvation Army Officer, who escorted us through the oldest section of the city; an elderly lady, who had spent her early days in domestic service in England; the taxi-man, to whom we tried to explain our desire to reach the Town Hall, but who landed us outside what appeared to be a land agent's office. A hastily-drawn sketch of the Town Hall, much laughter from the little crowd that had assembled, and away we sped half-way across the city to our destination.

Late in the day the banks actually opened again to enable us to change our money.

At 6 p.m. all contingents assembled in

one of the parks. Tens of thousands of the public must have lined the footpaths as we marched the 1½ miles to the Stadium for the final rally. Following the march past, headed by the bearers of the National Flags, speeches were made by Prince Gustaf Adolf, the Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and a final talk by the Chief Scout, who presented the Prince with the Order of the Silver Wolf. Afterwards an effective torchlight relay race, terminating in the firing of a huge camp fire, accompanied by a loud and brilliant display of fireworks. This was the splended finale to a great Rover Scout Moot.

The Nevasa had been a centre of attraction during our stay in Stockholm. At midnight the crowd of well-wishers on the quay-side were being added to at a great pace. The Highland Fling, sword dancing, impromptu entertainments by the score, had an enthusiastic audience. We were feeling somewhat subdued as the hour of 1 a.m. approached. Taxis were now scudding along from every direction, carrying late-comers. From the decks of Nevasa we took our last farewell of many affectionate friends. There did not seem to be much spirit in the singing of "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kitbag" as the gangways were lowered. The two little Girl Guides who sought their handkerchiefs were not the only ones. What a great effort it was to put the usual kick into those final cheers from Nevasa!



The "Nevasa" at the Quay side at Stockholm.

At 2.15 a.m. Nevasa was under her own power, but it was after 4 a.m. before many could leave the decks and the glory of the birth of another day.

When the sun was up, hundreds of Rovers were to be seen stretched out on the decks enjoying good, wholesome rest; the

gentle wind murmuring like music in our ears, whilst we reflected on the events of the past days. Later in the day we enjoyed a remarkable sunset over the "Island of Oland." In the evening, song and laughter, led by Jack Beet (camp fire chief). Thursday, there was plenty of activity on board—follow your leader, sports, and general revelry. The revelry was somewhat marred when we learned that Rover Scout Boniface, of Eastbourne, was seriously ill with appendicitis, and that Nevasa would leave her course and make for Copenhagen. A tug came alongside Nevasa, in Copenhagen roads. It was really splendid to see the way in which Boniface so cheerily took his difficulties. A Rover Scout from the Isle of Man accompanied him. Later we had a wireless message to say the operation was over and had been successful.

Friday, the ship's siren had been sounding at two minute intervals during the night. On deck in the morning we found a thick fog. Shortly after breakfast collision with a steam trawler was narrowly averted. We only had a fleeting glimpse of her as she turned her bows astern on our port side. One great yell of "Ahoy," and her Captain cheered us on our way by giving long blasts on his siren. It was noon before our Captain made his departure from the bridge.

As one of our members said, nautical terms were now becoming as common as "The Flies be on the Turnips." Every tooth had become a marline-spike—aye-aye—and every hair a ropes yarn, whilst fingers became fish hooks. However, no-one swallowed the ship's anchor.

In the afternoon, Father Neptune and his sea hounds came aboard—sundry orders were bestowed, sundry duckings carried out. Finally, a greasy-pole contest.

In the evening we went down to the troop decks for the final camp fire. What a cheery show it was! The camp fire was wound up by the leader of our contingent. He read to us the Chief's message, and our reply was immediately wirelessed to the Chief.

Presentation of a piece of silver plate was given to the ship; thanks badges to the Captain and Officers. We were informed that a Deep-Sea Scouts section would be formed on Nevasa.

Really, the Captain had commanded a band of brothers. It is unlikely that we shall ever go to sea again under such ideal

conditions. Apart from the crew's quarters, it had been "our ship."

At the close Captain Caffyn entertained us with a very interesting and amusing talk.

The adventure was nearly over. Our thoughts turned to all that it had meant to us. Living and moving as we had in this intimate concord—the sportsmanship, comradeship, and decency of it all, extending as it had over the representatives of youth from the four quarters of the globe.

Early next morning we sighted the English coast. Despite the fog we were only a few hours late. At Immingham our trains were waiting, and the hundred of festooned Rover Scouts sped away to the four corners of the kingdom, with only one thought in their minds, "Here's to the next time."

E.H., R.B., S.C., E.L.

* * *

DO YOU DREAM?

If so, Consult our 'Orrible Oracle.

PANTRY.—Many joys are in store for you—Says Willie, "Will be found out, when Mum comes back."

PARDON.—Do not wear lemon colour when with the man you love—But remember, lemons are squeezed.

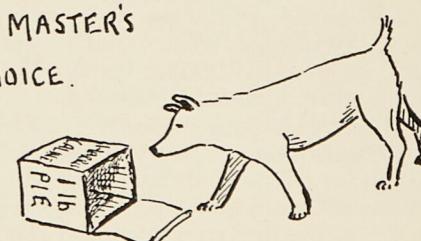
PARLIAMENT.—A better post will be offered to you after the successful achievement of a very difficult job. After this you will retire from work altogether and become an M.P.

PARLOUR.—Letters of ill-omen will cast a gloom over a happy party—They will be M.T.'s.

PAstry-Cook.—Be sure to give only inexpensive gifts to certain people—In other words wait until the sales.

PAWNING.—A proposal will be made to you in a garden—The rookery.

HIS MASTER'S CHOICE.



And so the poor dog had none.

Photographic Notes.

WINDY DAY PHOTOGRAPHS ARE VIVID.

HOW TO GET THE MOST STRIKING STUDIES AND CLOUD EFFECTS.

Wonderfully vivid and striking pictures can be secured on a windy day. In town and country alike, the photographer with an artistic eye can introduce the spirit of the wind in a wide range of subjects if he will go out armed with a mackintosh—for many an unusual picture has been missed by a half-hearted amateur turning back at the first sign of rain.

Tall trees, such as elms, poplars, and pines, are ideal subjects. When silhouetted on the crest of a hill with a cloudy sky beyond, they gain great beauty as they bow before the blast.

Sky Filter for Clouds.

Heavy clouds scudding across a lowering sky or gathering in heavy masses as they herald an approaching storm add life and movement to a photograph which is not achieved with a cloudless sky of uniform colour. But a sky filter must be fitted over the lens of the Kodak if the clouds are to be reproduced in all their majesty.

The smoke swirling from a cottage chimney, a pool with reeds swaying in the wind-ruffled water, men and women walking with lowered heads against the gale, a girl standing with her skirts and hair blown back by the force of the breeze—these are all subjects which can be treated in a variety of attractive and original ways.

Opportunities by the Sea.

Those who live near the sea will also be able to secure striking pictures. Ships running before the wind with half-furled sails, spray blowing back from the oncoming waves, or seagulls battling against the force of the breeze, offer material for fine studies.

Those who have never yet attempted this type of photography will find it full of fascinating possibilities, and they will agree with many well-known photographers that it is one of the many reasons why, in winter, photography can be just as interesting and engrossing a hobby as during the summer.

TWO'S



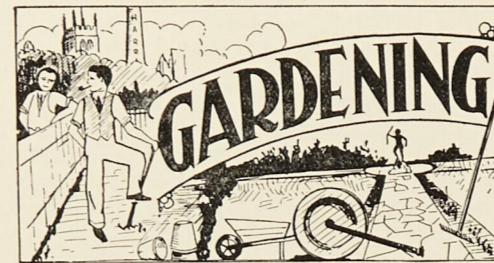
COMPANY

AND

THREE'S



A PICNIC.



MORE ABOUT PESTS.

Bulb Mite.

This pest effects all kinds of bulbs, but is so small that its presence is only apparent when the damage is done. The foliage turns yellow and small red rust appears on scales of the bulb. To prevent attacks, bulbs should be washed in a potassium sulphide solution. Bulbs so attacked should be destroyed at once as there is no known cure.

Cabbage Butterflies.

This caterpillar when very small can be destroyed with a spray of hellebore wash and soft soap. Hand picking is, of course, an effective treatment.

Cabbage Root Fly.

A soil fumigant should be dug in before cabbages are planted if this pest has previously been troublesome. Paraffin mixed with sand, spread round the plants will keep off a large number of flies who normally would lay their eggs near to the root of the cabbage. The maggots, as they hatch, enter the roots in search of food and cause the sick appearance of the plants. Any cabbages attacked must be burnt out at once as there is no cure for the trouble when the plants have turned a sickly yellow. Watering the soil with a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in a gallon of water is often effective.

Capsid Bug.

This insect attacks apple trees and currants. The leaves of the apple begin to show dark brown spots in April, and the young shoots are thus retarded in growth. As soon as the fruits have set they are covered with red or brown pimples. As the apples increase in size so the damage spreads until the fruit drops off the tree. The insect itself is like a large green fly and very active. Strong nicotine wash should be used in April and early May.

Celery Fly.

The leaves of the celery are attacked,

causing them to blister and decay. Spray the leaves with paraffin emulsion to keep the fly away, otherwise it appears during June, July, and August. Dusting the plants with soot discourage the flies from laying their eggs.

GARDENER.

* * *

HARRIS (CALNE) EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of this society was held on Thursday, December 12th, when the President of the society, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P. took the chair, and was supported by the vice presidents and other officers of the society.

The accounts for the year ending 30th November, 1935 (which had previously been circulated to all members of the society), as well as the committee's report on the year's working were unanimously adopted.

Messrs. R. P. Redman, P. T. Knowles, and T. W. Petherick were re-elected as vice-presidents, whilst with regard to the officers Mr. C. E. Blackford was re-elected secretary. Mr. Joseph Carpenter was re-elected as treasurer of the society, Mr. S. North-Smith was nominated as the president's auditor, whilst Mr. G. R. Ashman was re-elected member's auditor for the ensuing year.

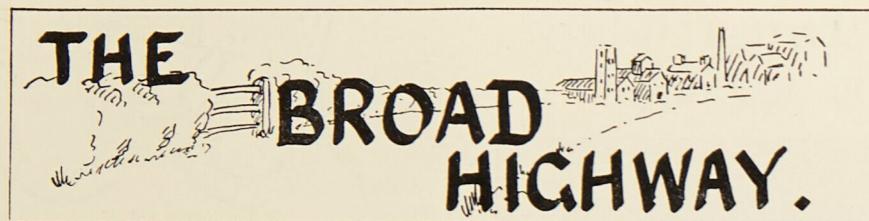
A cordial vote of thanks to the President for presiding at the meeting was passed unanimously, and this terminated the proceedings.

* * *



DO YOU KNOW ?

1.—What are the Seven Wonders of the world ?
 2.—Who and what is Will Gallacher ?
 3.—Where there is an Avenue of Palms ?
 4.—When does Grouse Shooting commence ?
 When does Pheasant Shooting commence ?
 When does Partridge Shooting commence ?
 5.—What other day falls on Armistice Day ?
 (Answers on Page 22).



We sympathise with Van-Salesman J. B. Gale, of Weston-super-Mare, in the motor-cycle accident which has laid him up for several weeks. We are very glad that his shoulder is now making good progress.

We also sympathise with Van-Salesman T. A. Coulson, of Slough, in the rather serious accident which took place to his van when the whole van was turned over. We are glad to say that his personal injuries were not as serious as they might have been and that he is now making good progress.

Relief-Salesman H. Borley has been appointed to the Leeds Van.

J.H.G.

WALES.

The advice given by an experienced London editor to an English journalist who was about to take up a position on a newspaper in Wales is worth remembering. It was this: "Don't forget that the Welsh are Welsh."

One of the strange paradoxes of these days is that, parallel with the growth of internationalism in the world, there is a growing consciousness of nationality, particularly in the smaller nations.

This dual process is going on in Wales. To a considerable extent it is drawing out the genius and distinctive culture of the country with beneficent results, especially upon the young. The characteristic intelligence of the people is being developed upon no narrow lines, and the almost invariable ambition of Welsh parents for their children's education is being well rewarded, even in these days.

Music and the Arts are fast growing features of the local and National life. The extent to which educational facilities in the industrial districts are taken advantage of is an impressive feature of Welsh life. Lord Sankey, recently Lord Chancellor, said, "The miners are highly educated men."

Wales is proud of her famous sons—Augustus John, Goscombe John, Frank Brangwyn, and the innumerable poets of her own tongue. The mining valleys really do "laugh and sing" and are quite well acquainted with old "Father Bach." National pride is a growing factor and expresses itself in many ways. The Civic buildings on the grand scale in Cardiff are very well known, but the splendour of the new Civic Buildings in Swansea would create something like envy in the hearts of a great many city fathers over the border.

Wales is thinking and planning a good deal, how she can more fully fill the role of a virile people and express her national identity. If in the process she appears to her neighbours rather angular at times, it is no more than the growing pains of a new generation knocking at her door.

A great effort is being made to preserve her language, and to mobilise the great heritage of zeal and enthusiasm which she possesses so that she may make her full contribution to the world's great deposit of truth and culture.

H. H. HANNEY.

* * *

A FAIR TEST?

He went boldly up to the box-office at the big theatre.

"Have you three seats in the front row of the stalls for the pantomime performance to-night?" he blandly asked.

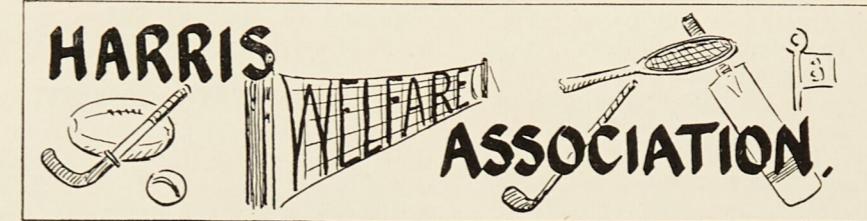
"Yes," replied the girl behind the grille, with unconcealed eagerness.

He smiled pleasantly at her.

"In that case I don't want them," he replied; "the show can't be much good."

* * *

Whenever you eat, wherever you are, in whatever month you may be, you may always be sure of your vegetables—and if you are sure of your vegetables, you are sure of your health.



CLUB HOUSE NOTES.

On the evening of Tuesday, November 26th, the Club House was open to members, who were privileged on this particular evening to bring their wives.

During the whole evening a large crowd was present, and everyone undoubtedly spent an enjoyable evening.

A short whist drive of twelve hands took place in the Canteen, and a Billiard Flying Handicap soon found plenty of support. Other games such as Skittles, Darts, Table Tennis, &c., were in full swing during the whole evening. The Lounge was crowded, and the company indulged in a sing-song during the first part of the evening.

At 9 p.m. dancing took place in the Skittle Alley, to the accompaniment of Mr. Fred Stockdale's Futurists' Dance Orchestra, to whom thanks are due for the voluntary services rendered by them.

On Friday, November 29th, the Cricket Section took the opportunity of being first to avail itself of the splendid facilities placed at the disposal of all Sections, when they held a very successful Whist Drive. A good company of employees and their friends were present, there being 21 tables. Mr. I. J. Taylor made a very capable M.C., the chairman and other members of the committee assisting. During the interval refreshments were served in the Hall.

It was generally agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent and the section hopes to arrange for functions of a similar kind in the near future.

The prize-winners were as follows:—Ladies—1st prize, Mrs. Wallis; 2nd prize, Miss Bouillon; 3rd prize, Miss Hopkins; consolation prize, Miss Haddrell. Gentlemen—1st prize, Mr. Prior; 2nd prize, Mr. Cleverley; 3rd, prize, Mr. Fell; consolation prize, Miss M. Merrett (playing as gentleman).

The support of the Club House has been good, and a hearty invitation awaits all

those employees who have not yet joined the H.W.A. to do so and enjoy the privileges offered at the Woodlands.

Daily newspapers and weekly periodicals are provided, and there is also a variety of games.

Members are asked, however, to treat and use the Club and its contents with all reasonable and proper care. As will have been noticed in the President's remarks at the opening ceremony, an appeal was made by him in the following words:—There must be no breaking of certain very simple rules so that it may be properly used."

It is regretted that the very simple rules referred to have in one or two instances not been observed, and a further reminder of the President's very meagre request, which, after all, is only what he is entitled to ask in return for the generosity shown by the Directors for the welfare of the employees, is brought to the notice of all those who frequent the house. It is hoped that it will not be necessary at any time in the future to say the slightest word in regard to the use of the Club, its equipment, or the behaviour of any member whatsoever.

F.H.A.

LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Story of Gardening," by Richardson Wright.

The progress of the art of gardening is followed through the ages, from the time when the wives of primitive men were responsible for gathering tubers, grains, and fruits right up to the present time. Our modern tools, systems of drainage, &c., are compared with the first primitive methods, and we read that the first greenhouses were planned by the Romans, and that ancient Rome was one of the first garden cities. Mediæval monks were cultivators of the land, and ladies were sent to religious establish-

ments to be instructed in the use of herbs and simples. The symbolic meanings of the materials and lay-out of Chinese and Japanese gardens are explained; the changes of fashion in the lay-out of gardens; the influences which have caused those changes; the introduction of new plants and fruits to various countries, and their cultivation and development are all described in this book, which will prove of great interest to all who love their gardens.

LECTURES.

"Rock Climbing" was the title of a lecture given by Mr. M. S. Gotch, M.A., at the Woodlands on November 20th. There was a good attendance, in spite of heavy rain that evening, and the keen attention and interest of the audience was proved by the number of questions asked at the close of the lecture.

Mr. E. N. Tuck, M.A., gave a lecture on "Famous Wiltshire Houses," illustrated by lantern slides, on December 4th. There was a good attendance, and a number of questions were asked.

CARNIVAL, 1936.

The date of the Carnival this year is a week later than usually. January 11th is the day, and we hope the event will not prove any less successful than the long run of preceding Carnivals. Arrangements are well in hand, and for full particulars we

commend to you the official programme, which is now on sale.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Members of this society are now busy at work preparing for the season's programme which the Committee has decided upon. Again the society is helping at the Carnival, and after the success of last year a further ambitious step is being taken. This year a short pantomime, entitled "The Babes in the Wood," is being presented, and it is hoped that success will attend the efforts of the company.

In the New Year the Society will produce its third annual three-act play, at the Palace Theatre, Calne. The play chosen is entitled, "The Happy Ending," by Ian Hay. This play is a contrast to former productions, being a mixture of comedy and tragedy, and will call forth acting abilities of no mean order. The dates of the performances are Tuesday and Wednesday, February 11th and 12th, 1936, and our friends are asked to book these dates.

* * *

An Irish gardener, having obtained leave to attend a wedding, returned with two black eyes, which he explained as follows:—

"When Oi got there Oi saw a fellow dressed up to the noines and shruttin' about as proud as a paycock.

"'An' who are you?' says Oi.

"'Oi'm the best man,' says he.

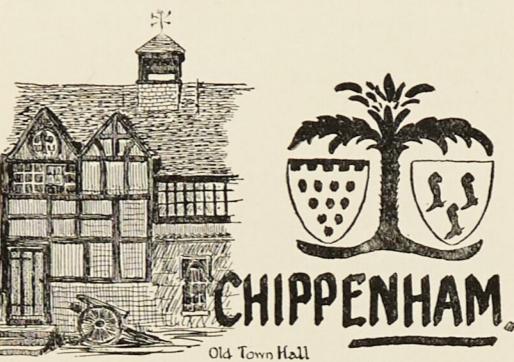
"'An', begorra, he was!'

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1935-36.

Results to December 20th, 1935.

	Played.	Won.	Pts. Poss.	Pts. Obtd
Slaughter (A)	8	8	16	16
Warehouse, Pie, Box, Despatch, Lifts, Factory Office, & Shop	9	7	18	14
Kitchen	9	6	18	12
Retort, Export, and Trolley Washing	8	5	16	10
Printing, Lard, Manager's Office, and Tin	7	4½	14	9
Engineers and Maintenance	10	4	20	8
Office	11	3	10	6
Slaughter (B)	9	3½	18	7
Hangar and By-Products	7	2	6	4
Boning and Rinding	7	2	14	4
Sausage	6	1	12	2
Traffic, Chauffeurs, Groundsman, Mill, Broken X, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Veterinary, and Watchmen.....	4	1	8	2

Friends Elsewhere.



COMPETITIVE SHOOT.

Through the kindness of the Chippenham Territorial Club a competitive shoot was arranged between members of our Welfare Association and the Territorials on Friday, November 22nd, 1935. This was quite a new venture on the part of our members, and one that proved to be most interesting.

Naturally, when we accepted the challenge from the "soldiers" we did not expect to return home with many spoils, after taking into consideration that some of our men had not even handled a rifle before. However, our side stuck to their "guns," although they lost by 117 points. No doubt, with more practice the margin will be greatly reduced on another occasion.

We are indebted to the Territorial Club, and especially to Sergt. Fielding, for arranging this shoot and for his kindness in offering to arrange others during the season. The final scores were:—Territorial Club, 268 points; Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., 151 points.

SKITTLES.

We had the pleasure of entertaining our friends, the Territorials, on Friday, November 25th, 1935, at the Railway Inn, when on this evening we challenged them at skittles. Our opponents had met us four times during recent years and had always proved to be the better side, but on this occasion we were hoping to turn the tables on them. Our team certainly played well, but were unable to spoil our guests' unbroken record, who once more proved victorious by six pins.

It was a great pleasure to everyone to give a very hearty welcome to Mr. Kenneth

Bodinnar when he came to our Factory last month. He has come to us for a preliminary course of tuition in the practical work of a Bacon Factory, and we feel very highly honoured that our chief should have chosen our Factory for this purpose. We wish Mr. Kenneth every success, and we hope he will make such progress as may be entirely satisfactory to him, which the keenness and enthusiasm he has shown during the few weeks he had been at this Factory should certainly fully justify.

STAFF WELFARE ASSOCIATION'S WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

A whist drive took place on Wednesday, December 4th, 1935, in St. Paul's Parish Hall, and was arranged by the Welfare Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. W. V. Long.

There were 25 tables for whist, and a very successful drive was held, the prizes being won by the following players.

Gentlemen—1st prize (presented by Mr. W. V. Long), Mr. Keene; 2nd prize (presented by the Committee), Miss Meyer, playing as gentleman; 3rd prize, (presented by Mr. Hooper), Mrs. Bunting, playing as gentleman. Ladies—1st prize (presented by Captain C. Herbert Smith), Mrs. Merrett; 2nd prize (presented by the Association), Mrs. Weston; 3rd prize (presented by the Secretaries), Miss Hunt.

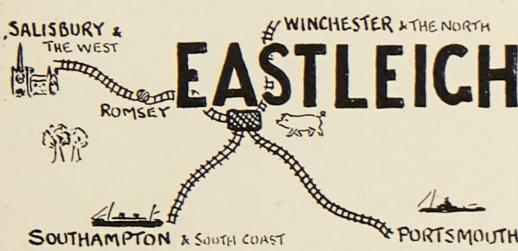
The M.C. was Mr. B. F. Pinfield, who presented the prizes in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. C. Herbert Smith, who arrived later.

Following the whist drive, a dance was afterwards held, the M.C. on this occasion being Captain C. Herbert Smith, who is always willing to give his services to our functions.

The catering was in the capable hands of Mrs. J. Hooper, Miss Janet Elgar, and Miss Vera Bromley.

A most enjoyable evening was spent dancing to the music of Harold Church and his Embassy Band, finishing up at midnight to the accompaniment of musical honours for our M.C., who suitably replied.

The Committee are wishing to arrange a further attractive function for the New Year, when it is to be hoped that we shall have the pleasure of meeting some of the new members of our rapidly-increasing staff.



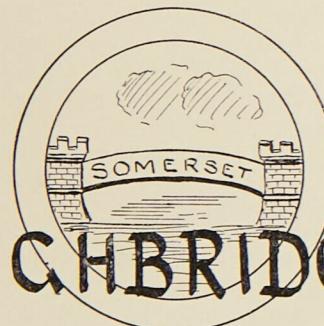
We are pleased to report that Mr. F. Martin's little boy is making good progress, following the accident to his eye, which necessitated hospital treatment.

The "Saints'" Golden Jubilee celebrations of 50 years of football in Southampton aroused a good deal of enthusiasm locally. The occasion was marked with a splendid victory over Tottenham Hotspur, which seemed most fitting and proper, and which greatly pleased the followers in this district. It may be of interest to those who follow the game to know that the club was formed in connection with the Saint Mary's Church, from which the title of "The Saints" originated. It is a pleasure for many of our staff to visit the Dell on a Saturday afternoon, and the form displayed this season is very gratifying.

As we write this article we are reminded that this will appear in the January issue, and we should like to wish the House of Harris, including all Branches and Subsidiary Companies, a very successful New Year.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



HIGHBRIDGE.

This issue of the Magazine being the first of the New Year, we would like to wish all our friends at the various branches a Prosperous 1936.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Fred

Perham is again unable to follow his occupation through illness, and all wish him a speedy recovery and return to normal health. To Mr. Harold Hardwidge also, who has a poisoned hand, we wish an early return to work.

R.C.L.

WINTER SPORTS.

SKITTLES.

In the Highbridge and District Skittle League we have played 10 matches, won 2, drawn 1, lost 7. The score of individual players to date is as follows:—

Name.	Matches played.	No. Pins.	Av.
R. C. Lynham	9	485	53.8
W. J. Pople	10	514	51.4
E. Cann	5	256	51.2
C. B. Shier	10	511	51.1
A. H. Hill	10	500	50
W. J. Young.....	7	350	50
F. Pople	8	392	49
H. B. Blackmore ...	9	440	48.8
J. Young	2	92	46
H. Hardwidge	8	327	40.8
H. C. Marsh	3	116	38.6

"ANNE KIDLEY" CUP COMPETITION.

We have played two rounds in this competition, and it will be seen that Mr. Walter Young has got a good lead of 22 pins, and it would appear that he has every chance of maintaining the lead throughout the competition, but, then, one never knows, until the ball stops rolling, what the final result will be.

The individual scores are as follows:—

Name.	Matches played.	No. Pins.
W. J. Young.....	2	140
C. B. Shier	2	118
R. C. Lynham	2	116
A. Holley	2	114
A. Hill	2	113
D. Smith	2	108
F. Pople	2	106
W. Sage	2	105
E. Cann	2	103
J. Swain	2	W102
W. J. Pople	2	W102
J. Young	2	W 99
H. C. Marsh	2	W 99
H. B. Blackmore	2	97
R. Gibbs	2	92
W. H. G. Young	1	63
H. Hardwidge	1	42



Mr. Ted Cann, one of the veterans of our skittle team, winner of the "Anne Kidley" Cup last season, and the year before. Also a keen gardener and successful exhibitor at local shows.

FOOTBALL.

We can only claim having fair results from our matches in the Bridgwater League. We have played 8 matches, won 2, lost 6. We could have done much better if we could only encourage the spirit of full co-operation amongst our team.

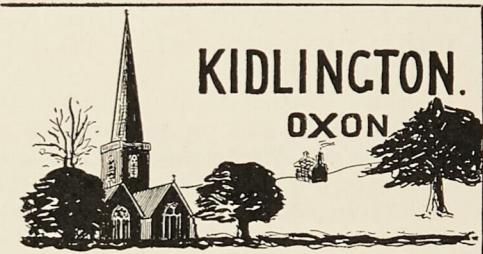
We have lost the help of Bob and Ted Hooper, also Farmer Popham, who would have been a source of strength to us. Also we miss our old friends, "Cherry" Hill and "Tacker" Sandy, who are now placed on the shelf of "have beens."

We should like to see our more experienced members act the "big brothers" to those who are less experienced, and so encourage the team spirit. It is only by combination and co-operation with each other can we hope to have real success. It is our wish to help those who are fair at the

game to become more proficient. We have the making of a good team if only members were more enthusiastic in helping each other.

C.B.S.

* * *



Early mornings and late evenings throughout the summer months saw a sometimes small, sometimes large number of men who made the air ring with the sound of their saws, hammers, planes, &c., in the field attached to the factory. The Directors had with their ever-increasing thought and consideration for the social side of their employees' lives purchased a very fine hut, 62ft. long, which was for sale some three miles from the Factory. Every man was keen to show his appreciation of the Directors' kind thought and decided that we should attempt, at any rate, the dismantling and re-erection of the hut in our spare time. Some idea of the enthusiasm with which this job was tackled will be gathered when we set it on record that this 62ft. hut was standing three miles from the Factory on Thursday, fitted up as a house, and that the following Monday evening saw it lying in sections in our meadow. There followed the task of laying the brick foundations, putting down the floor, fixing the sides, ceiling, and roof, all jobs which were tackled with a will. Our "clerk of the works," Mr. Teale, rather startled us during the process of drilling out the bolt holes for the sides by his repeated exhortations to "offer him up" We had visions of all the party "offering up" a prayer that the section would go up alright, but we soon discovered that it was the local way of saying what Wiltshire folk would say, "lift 'em up and zee if 'ell vit."

As the sides went up and the ceiling was fixed we began to speculate on the number of evenings needed to finish the work, but it was just here that we experienced our first check. The roof was in twelve sections, and we had taken the precaution

when dismantling to number each section as it came off. Our ambitious foreman, Jack, however, had decided to use Roman letters, which would have been quite alright had he not forgotten half way through which letter stood for 5 and which for 10. However, after a good deal of "offering up," the roof was completed and all felt very proud of the building.

Next we decided to make a full-size table tennis table, and we are indebted to Messrs. Teale and Belcher for the time they so ungrudgingly spent in the making of this very fine table. Next the electric light was brought by an underground cable from the Factory, the stove and chimney fixed, a mess room fitted at one end for those who bring their meals, a billiard table purchased and chairs, &c., and we were ready for the opening.

The Recreation Room was opened by Mr. Bodinnar on the 2nd November. Forty sat down to a very enjoyable meal provided by our Chief, and the ladies deserve our unstinted praise for the tastefully-decorated tables, &c., especially as this was our first attempt.

Mr. Gale, in welcoming Mr. Bodinnar, remarked how like him it was that in spite of the tremendous pressure of work in London he was willing to sacrifice what would have been his first free week-end for a long time to come to one of the branches.

Mr. Bodinnar, in reply, said how pleased he was to be at Kidlington and to again meet the men trained at Calne, and to make the acquaintance of many new people. He thought Kidlington would grow and would go on in the right lines, seeing what had been done in connection with the hut. Mr. Bodinnar then declared the hut open, and promised a piano so that dances and sing-songs could be organised. After expressing his pleasure at seeing that Mrs. Gale and Mrs. Faull were present, Mr. Bodinnar went on to pay a special word of thanks to Mr. Jones, the Great Western Railway station-master, at Kidlington, who, he understood, had been extremely kind at all times. Mr. Jones was not able to be present, but he was delighted to see Mrs. Jones with us, and hoped she would convey our sincere thanks to Mr. Jones for his labours on our behalf.

Mr. Hillier then presented Mr. Bodinnar with a silver pencil from the Staff, as a small expression of their great appreciation of all

Mr. Bodinnar had done and was doing for them.

An exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable evening terminated with a whist drive.

Best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous 1936 for all employed at Calne and the Branches is sent by all at Kidlington.

* * *



A few years ago, opposite my house, there stood three magnificent oak trees. I used to love those old trees, but there came a time when they had to disappear to make room for more houses. A few years ago some 17th century houses (almost the last bit of Old Muswell Hill) had to make way for some ultra-modern flats. It is with regret one loses these old bits of history which had to give way to the march of progress, and I have often thought I should like to have seen Muswell Hill when London was a two hours' journey by foot, along country lanes.

Muswell, or Mosswell, naturally makes one think of a well of some kind and, indeed, there was a well, and it was known as the Magic Well of Muswell, and the following is its own little story.

The fame of this little well, fed by a freshly-flowing spring situated on top of this Middlesex hill, had spread even to the furthermost parts of the country, and nearly every day during the summer saw pilgrims approach to bathe in the blessed waters.

The shrine of Our Lady of Muswell was on top of Muswell Hill, next to the well. The shrine was well kept and beautified with garlands of flowers and boughs from sweet-smelling trees.

The dusty pilgrims heaved sighs of relief when they saw the shrine, and packs were hastily discarded from their backs.

It was a blazing hot summer day, and

the men sat beneath the shade of trees near to the well, and many voices were raised in a buzz of talk.

An old man, a native of the place, approached and got into conversation with the pilgrims, and it was to them that the old man told how the well became known for its magical virtues.

"The King of Scotland," he said, "was one day travelling here. He was previously afflicted with scrofula, and no-one could cure him. By chance, the day being hot, he bathed in this well, and soon his hideous disease had gone.

"From that time pilgrims from all over this mighty country have come here to be cured."

"And have they been cured, indeed?" asked one poor pilgrim, suffering from a skin disease, his scarred face lighting up with hope.

"Indeed they have," answered the old man. "All who come here, by the grace of Old Lady of yonder shrine, go away perfectly cured and giving thanks to God."

"And the payment?" asked he of the scarred face.

"Give your thanks to Almighty God and bring blessings and gifts to our Shrine," gravely answered the old man.

Refreshed after their journey, the pilgrims humbly and reverently approached the shrine, fell on their knees, and prayed to God.

Then they went to the well, into which they plunged and thoroughly washed themselves all over.

During the night the camp fires of the pilgrims could be seen burning brightly in the darkness.

The next day the men had gone and there were other dust-covered pilgrims to take their places.

All during the Middle Ages the shrine and the well of Muswell Hill were much visited by pilgrims.

They came with two objects.

The well was said to be of magic properties and could cure all scrofula and skin disease. The King of Scotland, legend said, was the first to discover these properties, and the shrine was a place of pilgrimage because every person in the Mediaeval era associated a pilgrimage with the forgiveness of sins.

People visited the shrine as an act of obedience and expiation for sins.

Muswell Hill was well known, and from the well Muswell obtained its name.

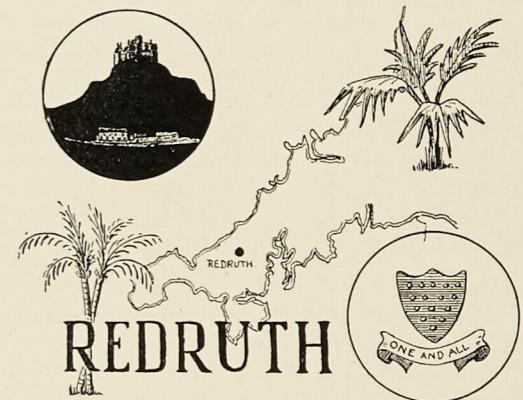
Also on top of the hill the fraternity of St. John of Clerkenwell had their dairy, adjacent to a large farm.

The brethren built a chapel for some nuns and in it they had erected an image of Our Lady of Muswell. The nuns managed the dairy for the brethren of the Order, who were busy at their daily tasks miles away, at Clerkenwell.

Hundreds of years have passed and the shrine of Our Lady of Muswell Hill and the Magic Well are forgotten, but I like to romance with those dusty pilgrims.

G.C.

* * *



When these lines appear in print Christmas will be a memory, we hope a happy one, and the New Year will be with us. 1935 will go down in the history at Redruth for two outstanding records, never before accomplished in the long life of the Factory. These are a regular supply of pigs throughout the whole year, and an organised visit to Calne of a number of Redruth employees on the occasion of the Flower Show. There are many here who are looking forward to a repetition of both during 1936. We have done our best to assure the former; the latter will, doubtless, be considered at the proper time.

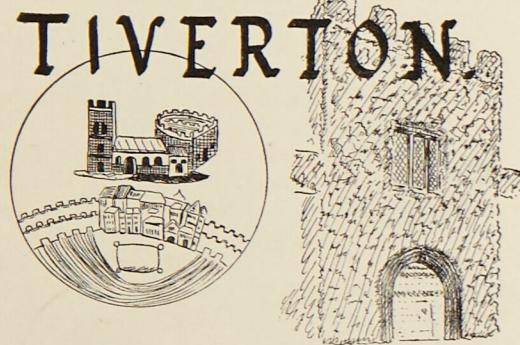
During the first week in December, the New Regal Cinema, which has been built at the bottom of Fore Street, is to be opened. This is the most modern and best-equipped building of its kind in the West of England. Accommodation is provided for more than a thousand people, and there is also a tea lounge and cafe. To allow this modern structure to be erected in such a prominent

and convenient position, it was necessary to demolish a very ancient landmark in the King's Head Hotel. In the old days, when a journey from Penzance to London was a real adventure by coach, the horses used to be changed and travellers refreshed at this Hotel.

We welcome W. E. Seymour back to work after his illness, and hope that Jack Cooke, who has also been on the sick-list for some time, will soon be with us again.

W.B.F.

* * *



The direct contracts are now completed, and we are pleased to say that we were able to get a sufficient number for this branch. We regret to hear that the Board are so short, but we hope with the extension of time that they will considerably increase their contracts, and that the scheme will continue as before.

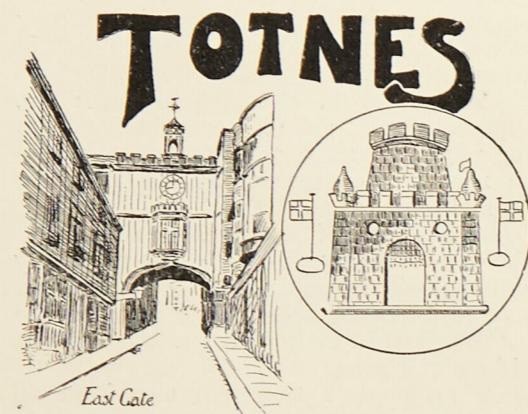
In conclusion we would like to say a very Happy New Year to our Directors and to all connected with Calne and the Branches.

H.C.

* * *

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW?"
(On page 11).

- 1.—(a) Colossus of Rhodes, (b) The hanging Gardens of Babylon, (c) The Pyramids of Egypt, (d) The Tomb of Mausolos, (e) The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, (f) Statue of Zeus, by Phidias, (g) The Pharos of Egypt, or Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.
- 2.—Only Communist member in the House (East Fife).
- 3.—Rio de Janeiro.
- 4.—August 12th, October 1st, September 1st.
- 5.—Martinmas Day, or St. Martin's Day.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIXT THE SOW AND THE SAUSAGE.

A terrific shock awaited one of our lorry drivers when, returning from a 14-mile journey, he found to his astonishment that the sow which he had collected was not in the lorry. As he said: "I went around the back of the lorry, let down the tail-board, and there she was, gone; the net was tied down tight, and I looked to see if she had gone through the bottom."

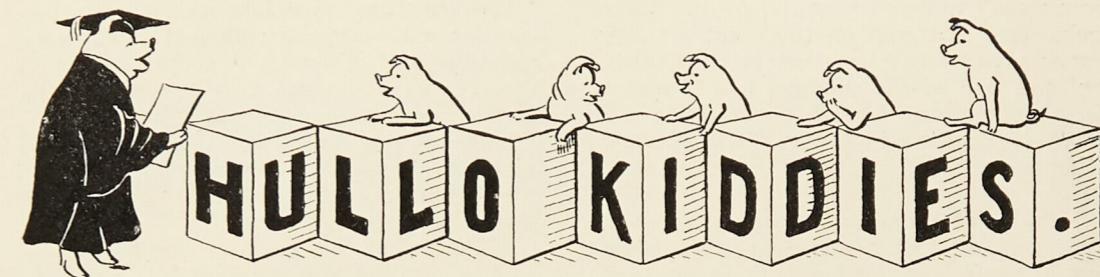
On reporting this unusual occurrence I was granted the assistance of two colleagues and we started off on a sow hunt through the muddy lanes of Devonshire, enquiring of everyone we met, "'Ave 'e zeed a zow, cus us ave lost wan.'" A bewildered look ran over the countenance of those we asked and we were immediately put through the catechism of the why's and wherefore's, but no-one seemed to have seen or heard anything about it. We were driving along when one of my colleagues saw it in a field. I stopped and rounded up this troublesome creature, but, alas, our efforts were in vain for on nearing the animal we found it was not the kind of a pig we required, so abandoned the chase and continued the hunt. On we went, we three road hogs, until we found the sow sitting up in the middle of the road as if waiting for me to return, none the worse for the adventure.

Us took good care that her played us no more tricks before being sent to the Sausage Factory at Calne.

J.M.

* * *

A Manchester rate-collector recently fell down a flight of stairs and dislocated his ankle. I know of plenty more stairs.



A Happy New Year to you all!

How quickly this time of "new beginnings" has come round again. I wonder how many of us have kept the promises we made at the beginning of 1935! I expect we have all wandered a little from the path we mapped out for ourselves, and there will have been many days when we *meant* to do and to be our very best, but somehow things seemed to go all awry. But if we have *tried*, we have done something worth while, and this year we are going to try even harder than before, aren't we?

There is a story of a little girl who was sitting one New Year's Eve all alone in front of the Nursery fire. The rest of the family had gone to a New Year's Eve party, and Betty was left at home with Nannie and would presently be going to bed.

She sat for some time with her head in her hands, wishing she could have gone to the party, and gazing at the pictures in the fire. The heat must have made her drowsy, for soon she dropped asleep. She didn't *know* she was asleep; it seemed to her that she was being led through a maze of streets until at last she came to a huge building; she had never seen anything like it before. "Oh, my," she exclaimed, "What a big house. What is it?" "This," said her companion, "is the House of Last Year," and there in big figures over the door Betty read "1934."

Standing in the doorway was a very old man whom Betty recognised at once as Father Time, for she had seen a picture of him in her book at home.

"I wish I could go inside the house," said Betty. "Wait a minute, then," said her companion, and he walked up to Father Time and whispered something.

Father Time nodded his head and took a key from a very big bunch that hung at his side and unlocked the door. Betty followed very timidly, but curiously.

"How many rooms are there in this house?" she asked. "365," answered Father Time. "How funny," said Betty, "that's just how many days there are in a year."

"Not so funny as it might seem," said Father Time. "Do you want to see in all the rooms?" "Oh, yes, please," replied Betty, and Father Time took a key from his bunch and unlocked the first door. "Do you keep them all locked?" the child asked. "Oh, yes, very securely locked," he replied.

Then Betty discovered that over the first door was written in gold letters, "1st January, 1934." "Oh, I see," she said, "and that is why there are 365 rooms; there is one for each day in the year." Father Time smiled, "Yes, that's it," he said as he opened the door.

"Oh, oh . . ." gasped Betty, "what a perfect room, I should like to live in here for ever and ever." Everything was so spotlessly clean and fresh and all round the walls were the most beautiful pictures she had ever seen. There were flowers in every window and on the table; there were story books in a bookcase and toys very tidily placed in a cupboard, and the whole room was, as Betty said, perfect.

There were mottoes on the walls, as well as pictures, kindly mottoes, but simple—the sort that any child could understand; and the pictures themselves were all very lovely and spoke of friendliness and homeliness, of good deeds and of happiness.

There was a musical box, too, that played the sweetest tinkly music you ever heard.

Betty wanted to stay, but Father Time took her by the hand and reminded her that there were still 364 more rooms to see.

He then unlocked the second room, and at first this seemed almost as beautiful, except that the notes of the music in this room seemed a little less sweet and the

room wasn't quite as tidy and fresh. Some books were scattered on the floor, a teddy bear was lying face downwards on the hearth-rug, and one of the pictures had a nasty, dirty blur right across it.

"Not bad," said Betty, "but I would rather have the first room," as they went out.

The third room was more untidy still. What puzzled Betty was that some parts were as perfect as the first, but in places it was really dirty, and the pictures were quite ugly. The music varied, too—at times it was as clear as a babbling brook and as sweet and quiet as the dawn; then it would break into the most hideous sounds that Betty put her fingers in her ears and wanted to hurry out. But, as she got to the other side of the room it became more musical again, then it would burst into harshness once more, and then quieten down into softer and more peaceful tones.

And so they went on, and although some rooms were very different from others there was something about them that was the same. For instance, she discovered that as she went in by the door the first pictures she saw were always "Morning-time," and then a little further on they were "Noon-time" pictures, then "Afternoon," and lastly, as she came round the other side, near the door again, "Evening-time and Night." Some of the Morning-time pictures were very lovely, and some of them were quite ugly. As for the Evening-time, for the most part, as Betty went on, she found they were quite horrid and had dark patches and scratches all over them. She found, too, that when she came across ugly pictures the music was always more noisy and out of tune, and the floor was untidy and covered with bits of paper or torn leaves from a book, and sometimes a broken doll, and in one case a beautiful, but broken vase.

One of the rooms was just as beautiful as the first, and as Betty looked over the door she saw "June 10th." "How strange," she said, "that's my birthday. I'm glad this is a nice room because I am always happy on my birthday."

There were fourteen rooms, one after the other, where the blinds were drawn and there was no music, and the pictures were all sad ones. The only beauty there was the flowers, which were more gorgeous and fragrant than in any other room.

" This is more strange still," said Betty,

"because that was just the time when mother was very, very ill, and I was very unhappy and miserable."

Then, as she got near the top of the house she exclaimed, "Oh, Father Time, tell me, is this *my* house, and are all these pictures of my days last year?"

"Yes, my child," said the old man,
"you have guessed correctly."

Betty hid her head in her hands and sobbed as she remembered all the ugly pictures she had seen. "Oh, I *will* be a better girl next year," she said, "*I will, I will*, I will make all the pictures beautiful and all the music sweet, and all the flowers fresh and fragrant, and . . . oh! I didn't mean my house to have any ugly places in it."

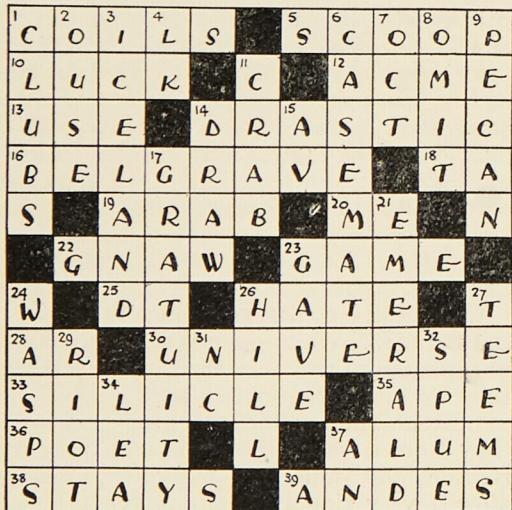
"Why, whatever are you crying about, child?" It was Nannie's voice, and Betty could feel herself being shaken back to the Nursery hearth-rug. "Come along, you must have been dreaming, I must get you off to bed or you'll be so cross in the morning."

But Betty had a secret, and no-one knew why she was so good and kind the next day, nor the next—nor even the *next*.

“The Adventures of Sally and Sam” will be continued next month.

Your affectionate
AUNT SUSIE.

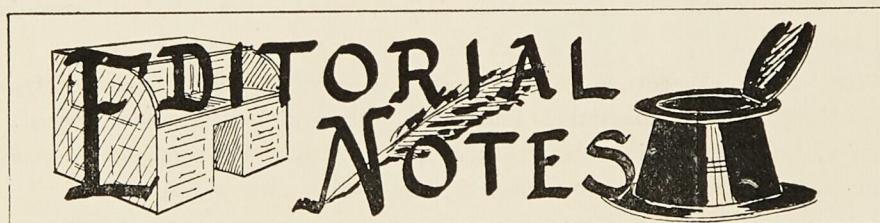
SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 8.





HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. — FEBRUARY, 1936. — No. 2.



THE passage of time is brought forcibly home to us when we realise that broadcasting was in its infancy when our first Christmas Carnival was held. One of the side-shows consisted of a home-made radio set, and all who wished to do so could listen in to this new marvel, which was destined to be the greatest social and political force since the introduction of printing.

Much has happened to us all since that winter Saturday of fourteen years ago. Our factories have extended, the name of Harris has loomed in the nation's mind, and Calne has been more firmly placed on the map than ever before.

One of the miracles of this period is the growth of the large sum which now stands to the credit of the employees of the firm in the Bonus and Savings Scheme Fund. Those who were the original depositors in this scheme were indeed participating in something epoch making, and of far reaching importance.

The Employees' Benefit Society, to which has since been added the Hospital Scheme, is another instance of the wise and careful planning which is now bearing fruit in increased security and well being for us all.

To return to the Carnival. The collective experience of the past has enabled the organisers year by year to keep this joyous day merry and bright. It has never been staid and set, but always full of spontaneous laughter and jollity.

The President of the Association must feel happy indeed, when he sees the results he has worked for bearing fruit.

A wise man has written a very simple and self-evident sentence. It is, "Wages are paid by businesses which are earning money." So our best expression of gratitude from the youngest to the oldest amongst us will be in helping to maintain the prestige of the House of Harris.

In Memoriam.

WITH the whole world we have paid our tribute of regard and affection on the passing of the King.

A life that was full of the simple virtues "moved peacefully to its close."

As husband, father, brother and friend King George V. will remain enshrined in the loving memory of his people. Never before in the history of Empires has the family relationship of King and People been so effectively demonstrated.

The 4-mile processions that have waited in the rain this week for entrance to Westminster Hall have not consisted of the merely curious, but of the rank and file of the Nation who have wanted to pay their personal tributes to a great King, a loving father, and above all, an essentially good man.

With great respect we submit our sympathy to her Gracious Majesty Queen Mary, in the inevitable loneliness into which she has entered. A loneliness, however, which we venture to think may be somewhat assuaged by the spontaneous wave of sympathy by which she is supported.

It is said that the late King was surprised at the wealth of affectionate demonstration tendered to him during last year's Jubilee and said that "After all I am just an ordinary sort of man." It is perhaps "just the ordinary sort of man" who follows out simply and clearly the urgent duty and who spends with lavish hand his wealth of affection that makes the largest claim upon the sense of indebtedness of those who are affected by his life.

A shrewd Statesman said of him that he was "full of conscience" and in the presence of that attribute and of all he was to the Empire in dark days as well as happy days, we bow our heads.

In our new realisation of Kingship we pledge ourselves to the new King, remembering how he, at the Guildhall in 1919 referred to the War then recently ended, and told the company that the War gave him manhood. For he said: "During those four years I mixed with men. During those four years I found my manhood."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"Woodlands."

One evening when Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's Mr. Mulliner was sitting with his cronies in the bar parlour of the Anglers' Rest, the conversation turned on Headmasters. A Tankard of Stout said, "I thought they had to be a hundred years old and seven feet high, with eyes of flame and long white beards. To me a headmaster has always been a sort of blend of Epstein's Genesis and something out of the Book of Revelation."

Mr. Mulliner said that his nephew thought of his old Headmaster as a man who chewed broken bottles and devoured his young.

"Yes," said the Tankard, "I strongly suspected my Headmaster of conducting human sacrifices behind the five courts at a time of the full moon."

In Victorian times schools were rough compared to those of the present day.

We get pictures of school life from such books as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and from "The Life of the Brontes," which tend to recall memories that school life used to be on the rough side. There were Headmasters who ran their schools on the lines of Keates, of Eton. Arnold, when he came to Rugby, showed that there were other and better ways. However, personally I did not have a bad time, and my school memories are happy memories. But be that as it may I, too, cannot get out of my mind a picture of my old Headmaster, who rejoiced in the name of the Rev. Octavius George Dalhousie Perrott, as anything less than a tremendous man who could, on occasion, make himself quite a terror to small boys. He could not have been seven foot high, and yet it still seems to me he was there, or thereabouts.

What is true of people is also true of events and of places. It is difficult to get rid of the image that got fixed in one's mind when "the world was very young."

Our Christmas number supplies information which is most interesting to me. Sixty or so years ago I used to stay at South Place. I never stayed at the Woodlands because my branch of the Harris family was on the Thomas side of the business. I used to visit the Woodlands, and these fleeting recollections are all that I have to guide me now. I see it then through the eyes of a very small boy. It seems to me as a very big house with some very large rooms,

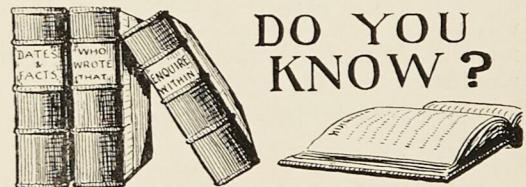
and all about and around stables and fine gardens and so forth. Now I know that the future of the Woodlands is that it shall be a Club for the use and enjoyment of the Calne staff. This demonstration of the goodwill of the Directors to the staff is the news that comes to us with the New Year. Surely the Woodlands is "Some Club."

I shall hope at some time to be able to see it. I suppose when from time to time "we others" of the Firm visit Calne, we shall be allowed a look in. The idea of having a special corner for the Old Folk is very charming.

Well, as I say, it is a demonstration; and this year of 1936 we must all try to mark as a year of demonstrations.

R.E.H.

DO YOU KNOW?



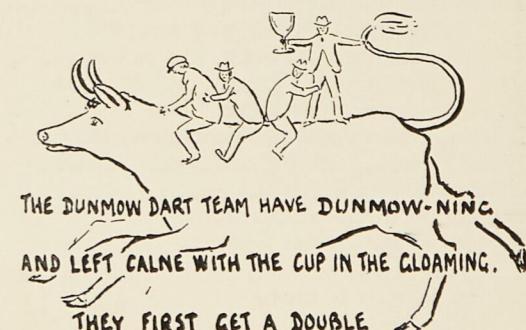
QUESTIONS.

- 1.—When is the autumnal equinox?
- 2.—What is the oldest locomotive in the world?
- 3.—What a gun licence costs?
- 4.—Who administer taxes?
- 5.—What is Harris' 'phone number?

(Answers on page 38.)

* * *

"BRANCH LIMERICK."



AND WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE

SCORE MORE BULLS THAN SILVEREND'S OWNING.

Our French Feature.

FEVRIER—FEBRUARY.

Ce mois est le second de l'année et aussi le plus court.

This month is the second of the year and also the shortest.

Il a généralement 28 jours, mais cette année il en a 29, l'année 1936 étant bissextile.

It generally has 28 days, but this year it has 29, the year 1936 being bissextile (Leap Year).

REMARKS.

Février has an acute accent on the first e. It is pronounced Fey-vree-ey. Mois is pronounced mwa. As the singular takes an s, the plural is written in exactly the same way:—Un mois, des mois (a month, some months), le mois, les mois (the month, the months).

année is pronounced annie.
aussi " o-c.
est " a.
court " koor.
cette " set.

As mentioned in the last number, the months of the year are masculine; this is why "it" is translated above as "Il" (he).

Année is feminine; the year should therefore be "la année," but the "a" is replaced by an apostrophe when it precedes a noun commencing with a vowel. This is why we say, "l'année," instead of "la année." L'année is pronounced lannie. The "e" in le is also replaced by an apostrophe before a noun commencing with a vowel. Here are a few examples:—

Arbre (tree) l'arbre, not le arbre.
Oiseau (bird) l'oiseau, not le oiseau.

Enfant (child) l'enfant, not le enfant.

The present participle "ing" in English is translated by ant in French, as follows:—
Being—étant, living—vivant, singing—chantant, eating—mangeant, coming—venant, writing—écrivant.

Present of the verb to have.

J'ai—I have.

tu as—thou hast.

il a—he has.

elle a—she has.

nous avons—we have.

vous avez—you have.

ils ont—they have.

elles ont—they have.

Interrogative form.

Ai-je ?—Have I ?
as-tu ?—Hast thou ?
a-t-il ?—Has he ?
a-t-elle ?—Has she ?
avons-nous ?—Have we ?
avez-vous ?—Have you ?
ont-ils ?—Have they ?
ont-elles ?—Have they ? }

In the interrogative form the t is placed between the a and the i for euphonic reasons, a-t-il ? not a il. Hyphens are placed between the a and the t and the t and the i. The same remarks apply, of course, to a-t-elle ? (has she ?).

You will notice that "they have" is translated by "ils ont," or "elles ont," and "have they?" by "ont-ils ?" or "ont-elles ?" "Ils" is the plural of "il" and refers to masculine nouns. "Elles" is the plural of "elle" and refers to feminine nouns.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

* * *

BINDING OF 1935 COPIES.

Will those of our readers who require their 1935 copies bound please forward them to the Editor not later than February 15th, 1936.

* * *

George V.—*Dei Gratia.*

O King of Kings behold we pray
Deep sorrow in our hearts to-day!
Grant us O Lord Thy grace to see
Our grief was wrought in love by Thee.

We thank Thee Lord that Thou did'st give
Our gracious King awhile to live,
And by Thy Sovereign Grace to reign
And such affection to attain.

Thou knewest that his task was done,
That he had Thy compassion won;
So loyal still at Thy behest,
Our Monarch laid him down to rest.

His kindly voice for ever still,
No more his hands shall work Thy will;
An earthly crown adorn'd his brow,
A greater one awaits him now.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.
Totnes.

Annual Children's Christmas Carnival.

On Saturday, January 11th, the fourteenth Annual Children's Christmas Carnival, organised by the Harris Welfare Association, was held.

By kind permission of the Directors, the ground floor of one of the factories was gaily decorated and arranged for the occasion.

Several years have passed since the first of this remarkable series took place, and each year the enthusiasm and whole-hearted appreciation of the employees and their families for these gay and happy re-unions has increased.

The proceedings opened with a matinee performance of "The Babes in the Wood," held in the Town Hall. The Hall was crowded, and the delight of the children was strikingly displayed by their laughter and applause.

Following the performance, the young people were conducted across the Strand to the Warehouse floor, where tables were laid for the tea. The retired servants of the company had also been invited to the tea by the President of the Association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P. During tea Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar, together with Mr. and Mrs. Redman, arrived, and soon were amongst the happy gathering, making one and all feel perfectly at home.

At the conclusion of the tea, Christmas presents were distributed from the Christmas tree by Mrs. Bodinnar, assisted by Father Christmas (Mr. W. Hill). There was a book for each child presented and autographed by the President, Mr. Bodinnar. Each child also received a packet of sweets, the gift of Mr. Redman, these being distributed by Mrs. Redman.

The evening proceedings opened with a display of charming and original fancy dresses which reached a high standard of excellence. The judges, Mrs. G. C. Brown and Sister Gowan, had no easy task in making their awards, owing to the almost uniform excellence of the costumes. The final selection having been made, Mrs. Bodinnar presented the prizes to the successful entrants.

At the conclusion of the fancy dress

competition little Audrey Rutty presented Mrs. Bodinnar with a bouquet of pink carnations.

The evening performance of the "Babes in the Wood" was another triumph for the Harris Dramatic Society. Scenery, lighting, and costumes all combined to give a real pantomime atmosphere. The principal ladies and the chorus were charming, and the male members introduced the necessary contrasts of comedy and "villainy."

Later in the evening the Jazz Band contest was adjudicated by Mr. C. E. Blackford, and resulted in the following awards being made:—

1, Pie Room, "The Quins"; 2, the Kitchen, "Nursery Rhymes"; 3, Retort, "Tramps."

After the ceremony of the crowning of the Carnival Queen (Miss K. Salter) by Mr. Bodinnar (who took the opportunity of expressing his best wishes to everyone present), a procession was formed and the Queen made a royal progress of her domain, accompanied by her ladies, Misses Rita Smith, R. Belham, D. Armstrong, and D. Angell.

The thanks of everyone are again due to the Calne Town Band and their conductor, Mr. C. E. Blackford, who gave their services free.

Later in the evening there was dancing in the Town Hall to the strains of the Futurists' Dance Orchestra.

As usual Mr. T. W. Petherick, the chairman of Committee, and the secretaries, Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield, were assisted by a host of helpers, who all contributed to the success of the day's proceedings.

CARNIVAL, 1936.

The following are the winners of the various competitions:—

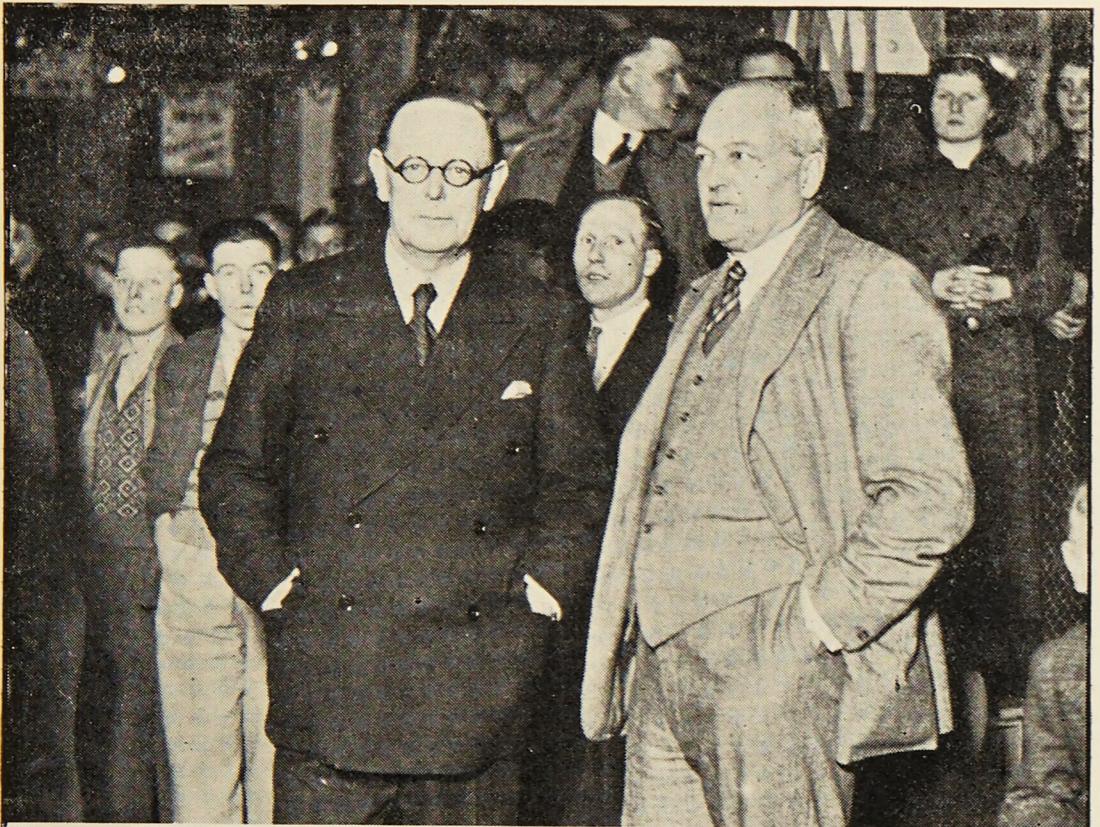
Dressed Doll, ticket No. 146—Mr. A. Webb.

Box of Chocolates, ticket No. 762—Miss D. Hillier.

Box of cigarettes, ticket No. 161—Mr. G. Slade.

Corinthian Board, ticket No. 1375—Mr. N. Potter.

Lucky Number Programme—No. 38.
Side of Bacon—1, Mr. I. J. Taylor; 2,

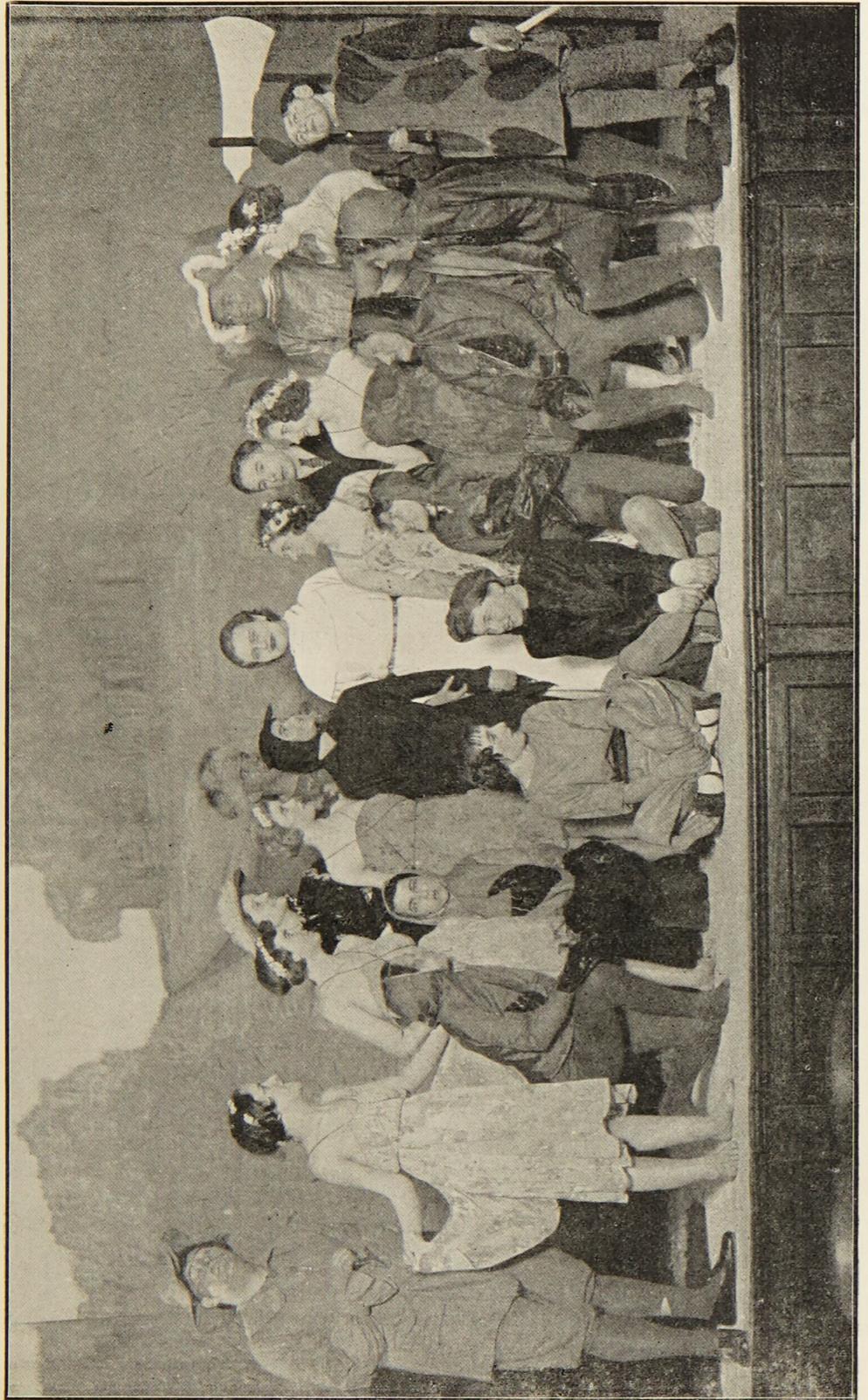


Top—The President and Mr. Redman at the Carnival.
Bottom—Some of the 300 children who were entertained.

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald."



Top—Pie Dept. Jazz Band—"The Dionne Quintuplets." Bottom—Some of the children in Fancy Dress.
Reproduced by kind permission of the "Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald."



"Babes in the Wood."

Reproduced by kind permission of H. Leatas Craston.

Mr. C. J. Sterry and Mr. E. Clifford ; 3, Mr. H. F. Salter and Mr. J. Brewer.

Corinthian Game—1, Mr. R. Noad ; 2, Mr. C. Butler ; 3, Mr. H. Bull.

Treasure Island—Miss Randall, Mrs. Phillips, Miss O. Dew, and Mr. A. E. Butler.

Skittles—Mr. D. Ruisgard, Mr. H. Bull, and Mr. P. Hitchens.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS CONTEST.

Girls, 8 to 14—1, Iris Wiltshire, Adverts.; 2, Cynthia Hart, Britain.

Girls under 8—1, Jean Newis, Harris Club House ; 2, Edna Carter, Speed Limit ; 3, Margaret Cleverley, Bo-Peep ; 4, Margaret Hart, Miss Muffet.

Boys, 8 to 14—1, Eric Cousins, Fancier ; 2, Dennis Bowyer, Miner ; 3, Basil Wiltshire, Christmas Fare ; 4, Teddy Cousins, Fancier.

Boys under 8—1, Teddy Bidmead, 30 Mile Limit ; 2, Jack Hurrell, Golliwog.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

The enthusiasm shown at the afternoon and evening performances of the pantomime on the Carnival Day and the crowded and appreciative house on the occasion of the repeat rendering on Wednesday, January 15th, are clear signs that the Harris Dramatic Society succeeded in delighting a large number of people.

Congratulations first of all to Mr. R. B. Swaffield, whose fertile brain devised the pantomime and whose enthusiasm and care in rehearsal resulted in a first-rate production.

Without ungrudging support the producer's efforts would have been in vain, and acknowledgment is hereby paid to those people behind the scenes who do not feature on the boards :—Miss G. E. Fellows, who arranged the dances ; Mr. R. Bullock, the siffleur ; the stage managers and lighting experts, Messrs. R. Skuse, F. Rubery, and E. Butler ; and last, but decidedly not least, the perouquier. Two very excellent scenes had been painted by Messrs. Skuse, Rubery, and Olsen, and the whole show was divided into four acts and a grand finale.

Alfred Flay's mellow voice and reassuring manner enabled him to give a convincing presentation of Honest John, the faithful servant. Albert Webb was suitably ponderous and cruel as the baron and wicked uncle. Miss Irene Hunt, the old

nurse, introduced the correct measure of pathos into that part.

The Misses K. and P. Kettle as Tiny and Tim (the babes) were alternately pathetic and pert. These young ladies in this, their first, big part certainly managed to get across the footlights a very convincing piece of acting.

The time has now come when it seems almost a case of insolence to write anything congratulatory about either John Bromham or Herbie Webb. These two gentlemen, in their own respective characterisations, march on from success to success, and their latest success was as Coppernob and Gingernut, the two villains. The excellent by-play simply brought the house down, and Herbie's songs were sung as only Herbie knows how.

The ovation of the evening was reserved for the Misses Marjorie and Sybil McLean, whose charming singing, graceful dancing, and delightful presentation of their parts as Fairy and Goblin would not have disgraced a city performance.

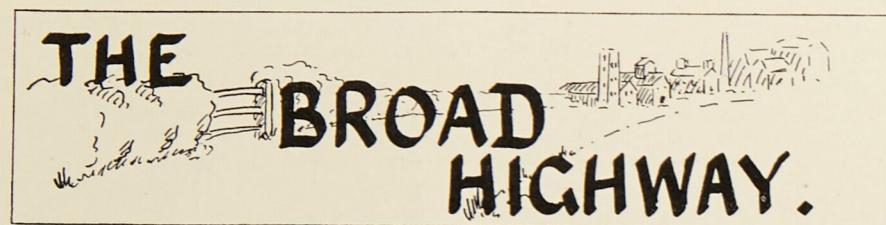
Miss Trixie McFaull, who arrived on the scene rather late, managed to impart some very excellent advice in a convincing manner to each of the caste in turn. Those who had expected a grand finale with a white witch garbed in the traditional garb of pantomime were disappointed, and had to be content with something like a family conclave, with aunty dishing out admonition and approbation to a group of naughty nephews and nieces. It was all very well done, however, and perhaps this unconventional ending, which was altered somewhat at the final performance, gave the show a touch of originality.

The charming fairies and sinister goblins, who danced so gracefully, were the Misses Dudden, Elliott, King, Moody, Peggy Rubery, Duck, Lewis, Phyllis Rubery, Taylor, and Salter.

Several people who might have nullified the efforts of those behind the footlights, but who, instead, undoubtedly contributed to the success of the show, were :—Miss J. Lockyer (piano), Mr. S. J. Rymer, Mr. A. Brittain, and Mr. R. Swaffield (violins) ; Mr. J. Swayne (viola), and Mr. E. H. Kettle (drums).

* * *

The doors of opportunity are marked "push" and "pull."



THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Once again we have come to the beginning of another year and to the time when we have some opportunity of pausing to take stock of the position in which we find ourselves.

At the beginning of a New Year it is necessary to make plans ahead, as it is no good waiting for these to crystallise as the year advances. We can thus take advantage of the rather noticeable lull which occurs for some ten days after Christmas while many customers are stock-taking.

We see ourselves for the time being working upon smaller stocks of bacon, in consequence of which we have more time to concentrate upon extending the sales of small goods. We are afraid that these lines have been left a little in the background by some of our Representatives during the latter part of 1935, but now is the time to make up this leeway. The increased bacon sales have opened up many new avenues of distribution which can be kept open by the introduction of our many lines of small goods.

We are making plans now for another big push with Glass Goods and Tinned Goods in the approaching Spring and Summer seasons, and we are ever ready to consider any new ideas which may be put forward by any of our friends on the road.

J.H.G.

LEEDS.

It was Saturday evening, December 14th, 1935, having just completed another year's work, and with snow falling fast, I started to scan the Christmas copy of the Harris Magazine. The article which tempted me to write these few lines to you was "Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, 1934-35," and the note that the organisers had once again decided in favour of Harris goods with which to replenish their stores.

Reading this article brought back to me happy memories of 1923, when Sir E.

Shackleton sailed for the South Pole on a voyage of 30,000 miles of discovery into the unknown, and at that time I, too, had a burning desire to accompany him, little realising at the time that it was to be this great man's last adventure. As you undoubtedly recall, he died of heart failure as they were entering the Polar Regions, and the Expedition returned without their honoured leader.

Sir E. Shackleton made it known throughout the Scout Movement that he required a King's Scout to accompany him as Cabin Boy, and out of over 5,000 applicants I was fortunate to get on the short list of ten. The very thought of being chosen to join in this great trek across the unknown to study the different fauna of the various parts in which they were to find themselves sent my heart into ecstasy. However, it was not to be for me, and after Sir Ernest had slept on his decision until the following morning, he decided in favour of two Scotsmen. We spent three days and three nights on board the "Quest," in Hay's Wharf, London, and it was here that I first saw our Firm's goods, once more to pass through temperatures and conditions unknown to us on this small island. And at last the great day arrived when this small boat, sturdily built for cutting its way through ice, moved off down the Thames, until we saw her "crow's nest" disappear from view.

Now Mooney, who came from the Falkland Isles, and was used to roughing life on a boat more or less, was unable to stand the crossing of the Bay of Biscay, where extremely rough weather was encountered and sea-sickness developed which could not be prevented, despite all the expert attention both on board and at various ports of call. It was no surprise, therefore, when this great leader decided to send Mooney back home again on reaching Rio de Janeiro, as he himself knew there was far worse to come. Previous to travelling to

London for what turned out to be his appointment, he had never seen a train, whereas, in the case of Marr (the other Scout chosen), he had not seen the sea until this expedition paved the way for him, which was a triumph from his point of view. Marr was a student at Glasgow University, and his choice was due to his theoretical knowledge gained in his studies, and now came his chance for the practical side. The moral gleaned from all this was:—

No-one is too wise to need teaching,

No-one is too strong to need help.

It appears that the son of this great man, of firm will-power and grim determination, is still carrying on the good work commenced by his father, and though the years come and go our memories are like beauty, "A joy for ever," provided they are of the right kind.

Hoping you may have found a little interest in the above, and in closing I wish you the Compliments of the Season, and good circulation for the Magazine throughout 1936. Would be pleased if you would enrol me as a subscriber to the Magazine, commencing the New Year.

H. BORLEY (Van 17, Leeds).

* * *

DO WE REALLY REALISE?

Just before Christmas I had occasion to be stranded at a railway station. It was weary waiting, and to pass the time away I inspected and perused that wonderful literature thoughtfully provided by a benevolent railway for the benefit of its stranded passengers. These classical writings were hung around the waiting room, and they breathed a message of peace and goodwill to a poor, weary (and fed up) traveller. Here are some of the things I learnt during my vigil, and here also my thoughts whilst imbibing the knowledge.

For the sum of sixpence I am transported from a common or garden traveller to a person worth £1,000. The only thing is that I must be classified as the "remains" during the subsequent proceedings.

I was alarmed to learn that it was an offence "to take into, or cause or allow to remain in any passenger carriage any bird . . ." The permission of the guard was necessary before so doing. Now I was travelling with a companion, and also had a

parcel containing what I hoped was to be the centre piece at the Christmas dinner I was attending. What was I to do? Should I confess that I had broken the bye-law and manfully accept such dire pains and penalties that I had unwittingly incurred? Did I confess? Now I ask you.

An occupant of the carriage I subsequently travelled in does not (unless he reads this article) know the peril in which he stood during the journey. I think "hung, drawn, and quartered" was the penalty for dropping things from the carriage. He dropped an aspirate.

Wagering is another crime I committed. On entering the railway premises I did hereunto and hitherto remark to my companion, "I'll bet we have to wait for the train." Had I paid the penalty for my rash deed I should have been broke over Christmas, and would also have had to ask the January 1st man to call again.

I would give much to know how a friend of mine in Scotland describes the parcel he sends me at Hogmanay. To mis-declare goods is "agin the rules," and how on earth he manages to give a correct description of the Haggis he sends me has me puzzled. I am not sure if that particular article doesn't come under the heading of dangerous goods, for which there are even greater penalties.

We are all familiar with the "half fare for children" rule, but I never learnt how the railway solved the problem of the child who commenced with the appropriate ticket, and by the time the journey was ended had grown a beard.

Do you know you are liable if you travel in a "superior" class of carriage. Serve you right! "Inferior" people mustn't travel "superior" class.

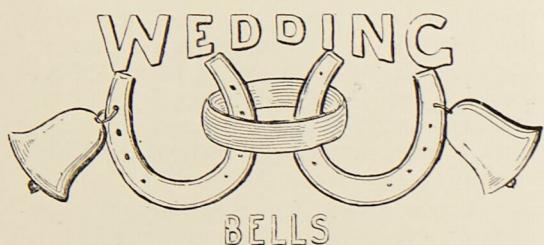
During my subsequent visit to the refreshment-room for a nip of "tea" to steady my nerves, I carefully avoided the literature they provided. I might never have come out alive. (Then we might have been spared this article—Ed.)

* * *

A South African species of snake lives almost exclusively on birds' eggs.

* * *

The average Englishman writes 84 letters a year; the average American 112.



On December 11th, at Derryhill Parish Church, Miss Dorothy Bryant was married to Mr. H. Angell, of Chippenham.

The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, and wore a blue georgette gown with white veil and wreath of orange blossom, white kid shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in pink suede frocks, with black patent shoes and head-dresses of pink rosebuds. Their bouquets were of bronze chrysanthemums. The honeymoon was spent in London.

Miss Bryant was eight years in the Retort Department, and was presented with a set of carvers from her colleagues and a dressing-table trinket set from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church, on December 14th, Mr. Edwin Bennett, of the Boning Department, was married to Miss Millie Jeffries, of Kew Lane, Calne.

Mr. Bennett was the recipient of two copper curbs from the Factory Staff.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1935-36.

Results to February 3rd, 1936.

	Played.	Won.	Pts.	Pts.
			Poss.	Obtd.
Slaughter (A)	13	12	26	24
Warehouse, Pie, Box, Despatch, Lifts, Factory Office, & Shop	11	9	22	18
Kitchen	14	9	28	18
Engineers and Maintenance	15	8	30	16
Printing, Lard, Manager's Office, and Tin	11	7½	22	15
Office	14	7	28	14
Retort, Export, and Trolley Washing	13	7	26	14
Boning and Rinding	12	5	24	10
Slaughter (B)	11	3½	22	7
Hangar and By-Products	10	3	20	6
Sausage	11	1	22	2
Traffic, Chauffeurs, Groundsman, Mill, Broken X, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Veterinary, and Watchmen.....	8	1	16	2

At Calne Parish Church, on December 21st, Miss Joyce Kirton was married to Mr. Reginald Curtis, of the Kidlington factory.

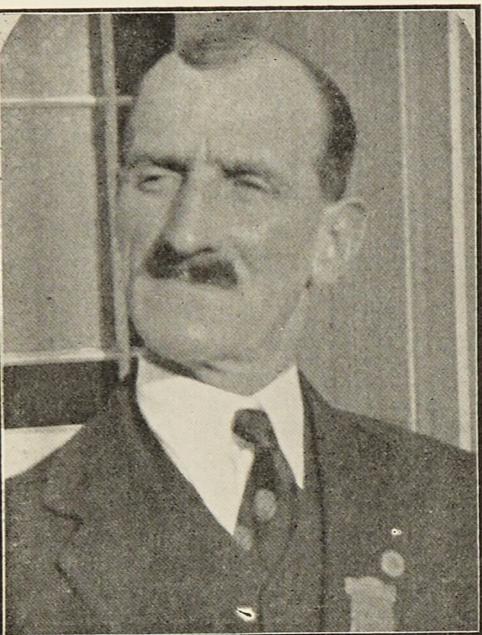
The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white velvet gown with wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Three bridesmaids attended the bride dressed in blue satin lined rep, and wore head-dresses of silver leaves. Their bouquets were of bronze chrysanthemums. Mr. R. Kirton, brother of the bride, was best man. Miss Kirton was seven years in the Printing Department, and was presented with an overmantle from her colleagues and rugs from the Factory. Mr. Curtis was the recipient of a present from the Kidlington branch.

At London Road Primitive Methodist Church, on December 28th, Miss Doris Angell was married to Mr. Ernest Carter, of Calne.

The bride, given away by her father, wore a dress of white georgette, with veil and wreath of orange blossom, and white satin shoes. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in blue floral crepe de chene frocks, with blue shoes and stockings to tone, and halo of yellow rosebuds. They carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. The bride was for eleven years in the Sausage Department. The wedding present was a silver oxidised curb. The honeymoon was spent at Hungerford.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. E. MASON.



The subject of our Picture Gallery this month is Ernest Mason, who joined the staff of the old Highbridge Bacon Factory in July, 1900, and has been with us ever since, thus qualifying this year for the third bar to his Silver Medal.

Amongst his other duties is that of looking after the pigs who enjoy our hospitality for a few months prior to ensuring that Highbridge bacon maintains its Gold Medal quality. Our visitors could have no better host, and we think that the only cloud on Ernest's horizon is when he has to part with some of his special pets.

* * *

HARRIS DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

"THE HAPPY ENDING"

at the Picture Palace, Calne,

Tuesday & Wednesday Feb. 18th & 19th.

BOOK YOUR SEATS NOW.



PESTS
(Continued).

Earwigs.

These affect dahlias and later roses more than any other plants. The old-fashioned method of inverting flower-pots on the heads of stakes to act as traps is still the best. The pots should be filled with hay or straw, in which the earwigs can make their nests.

Green Fly and Black Fly.

The Green Fly mostly attacks flowers, such as roses and carnations; but the Black Fly affects beans and cherries. We often see Ladybirds on our plants; but leave them alone, for they will effectively deal with the green fly. Tar oil and caustic soda spray are excellent in these cases.

Lawn Pests.

Moss.—This should be raked off and a good dressing of lawn manure given. A dressing of lime will sometimes be effective. TOADSTOOLS.—Sulphate of iron applied in liquid form, about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to a gallon of water, is very effective against these. WORMS.—A solution of lime water will bring them to the surface, when they can be swept off and buried elsewhere in the garden.

Pea Beetles.

The eggs are laid on the young pea pods and the larvae burrows its way into the pea. Make sure that no affected seeds are sown. To do this, put your seeds in water; the peas containing the pests will float.

Onion Fly.

Spray the onions with paraffin emulsion several times during the season, starting as soon as the young shoots show above the ground. Dust mixed lime and soot along the onion rows at frequent intervals. All affected plants must be burned.

In my previous articles on "Pests" I have suggested certain sprays or washes, and next month I hope to tell you how to prepare these.

H.S.R.



Skittle Section New Year's Eve Social.

Since our last report the chief event at the Club House has been the whist drive and dance organised by the Skittle Section, on New Year's Eve.

At the whist drive in the two Canteen Rooms there were 29 tables, and the following were the prize-winners:

Ladies—1st prize, Mrs. Weston, 181; 2nd, Mrs. Dean, 174; 3rd, Mrs. Gladwell, 173; 4th, Mrs. Hill, 172.

Gentlemen.—1st prize, Mr. C. E. Dean, 177; 2nd, Mr. F. Richens, 176; 3rd, Mr. A. Rivers, 175; 4th, Mr. S. Williams, 171.

Following the whist drive, a dance was held in the Skittle Alley, which had been tastefully decorated by a band of voluntary helpers. There were over 200 present. Music was rendered by Mr. Fred Stockdale's Futurists' Dance Orchestra, and the large company present had the pleasure of listening to "Big Ben" strike the last hour of the Old Year by means of a portable wireless set. Immediately following the striking of the clock the company formed a link round the room and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Several prizes were presented for the dance, and the winners were as follows:

Double Musical Chairs—Miss M. Weston and Mr. J. Bull.

Musical Chairs (ladies only)—Mrs. Pickett.

Lucky Hat—Mrs. F. Wilkins and Mr. S. Williams.

Spot Dance—Miss M. Weston and Miss W. Weston.

All the prizes, both for whist and dancing, were presented by Mrs. G. C. Brown, to whom the thanks of the Skittle Committee were accorded by Mr. R. Stanley, the skittle secretary, and at the same time a suitable presentation was made to Mrs. Brown by Mr. Stanley in appreciation of her interest in the section's activities.

The duties of M.C.'s were very capably

carried out by Messrs. F. Blackford and R. Swaffield and the organising arrangements by Mr. R. Stanley.

This was undoubtedly a red-letter evening for the Skittle Section, and the large and happy company who attended the Woodlands derived much enjoyment.

CLUB NOTES.

With regard to the Club House, it is gratifying to know that, judging from the numbers that attend each evening, it provides considerable amusement and pleasure to such a large number of the staff.

In the hope of stimulating further interest the President has appointed a Games' Committee, who have decided to organise a series of Games Competitions and Handicaps, and it is hoped that this Committee will receive the support of the members in their efforts to make these competitions interesting and enjoyable.

The following games are included in the programme:

- Billiards (Adults and Boys).
- Table Tennis.
- Table Skittles (Boys).
- Chess.
- Draughts.
- Cribbage.
- Partner Whist.

The four last-mentioned games are open to both sexes.

Full particulars of these competitions, entrance fees, and prizes may be obtained from the Departmental Representatives, the Games Committee, or may be seen on the Notice Boards at the Club.

F.H.A.

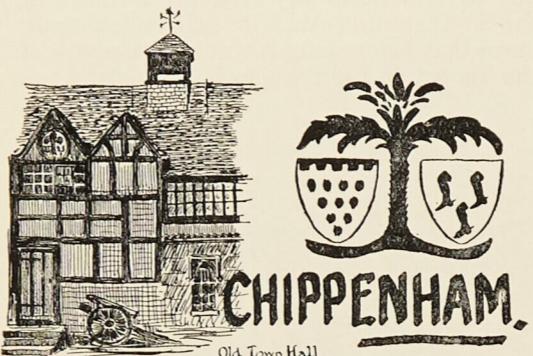
* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—September 24th.
- 2.—Puffing Billy, 1813.
- 3.—10s.
- 4.—Board of Inland Revenue, Somerset House.
- 5.—No. 61.

H. R. MAYO.

Friends Elsewhere.



REPORT OF THE 7th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT SOCIETY, Held on Friday, December 20th, 1935.

All at Chippenham were delighted that Mr. Bodinnar, who is President of our Society, was able to preside this year at the Annual General Meeting.

Mr. Bodinnar, after moving that the accounts for the past year be adopted, said, "They are very interesting accounts—interesting because this year the benefits have gone to nine more people than in the previous year, and the amount spent on benefits has been £10 more. There are 70 who have paid contributions and 29 have received some benefit; 41, therefore, I suppose, are looked upon as Good Samaritans, 41 people have had the pleasure of doing something without a suggestion of charity about it to help those who are less fortunate than they happen to be. On this occasion I also like to think of the majority taking care of the minority. I am glad that your annual meeting of the Benefit Society is held just before Christmas. If there is one season of the year which makes one think of those who are less fortunate, it is the spirit of that season more than anything else, and I think perhaps there is nothing better than that you should look upon your Benefit Society's workings just before Christmas and realise that during the whole year the Benefit Society has stood for the Christmas spirit."

Captain C. Herbert Smith then proposed that Mr. Bodinnar be again elected President, but before the opportunity was given for this to be seconded, Mr. Long proposed an

amendment, that Mr. Bodinnar be elected Life President. Captain Smith immediately withdrew his proposal and seconded Mr. Long's, which was carried with acclamation.

Mr. E. Tucker was again elected secretary, Mr. B. F. Pinfield treasurer, Mr. J. G. Hooper sick visitor, the members of the Works Council the Committee, Messrs. J. Swayne and W. H. Weston joint auditors. A hearty vote of thanks to our President concluded the business of the meeting.

We take this opportunity to say to those of our members who were unable to be present owing either to illness of themselves or of some member of their family, our fervent hope is that the year 1936 may be much brighter and happier for them. We trust that ere these remarks are in print Mrs. J. Bullock will have returned to her home and husband fully restored. Also to Mr. Wiltshire and Mr. Day we express our kindest thoughts and trust both will soon be completely restored to a better and more permanent state of health.

W.H.W.

SKITTLES.

The return skittle match with our Corsham friends was played on Friday, December 13th, 1935, at the Railway Inn. This match proved to be most exciting, and although we won two legs out of three, we were defeated on the total by two pins.

Our visitors were more superior in the first leg, beating us by 20 pins. The second was definitely ours all the way through, winning same by 14 pins.

Corsham gained some of their first leg form in the last one, but we were able to win it by 4 pins. Total scores:

	TOTAL.
Corsham	79 70 65—214
Chippenham ...	59 84 69—212

W.H.W.

It is with regret we have to record the passing of a very old friend, Mr. Aaron Cleverley, who died after a short illness on December 14th. Mr. Cleverley was the oldest member on our retired list, and had reached the ripe age of 87 years. He commenced at Chippenham on the 6th January, 1893, as night-watchman, which duties he very satisfactorily carried out until 7th November, 1922, when he retired, after completing 29 years' service.

W.V.L.



At the Annual General Meeting of the Benevolent Society, held in December, it was reported that there was a balance in hand of £10 4s. on the first working period, with a Special Reserve Fund of £8 18s. 7d. This was considered very satisfactory in view of the fact that the society had only been in existence for some nine months.

The annual election of the Works Council by ballot resulted in the following being elected for 1936:—Messrs. J. Carter, B. Flynn, F. Gallop, R. Haddrill, and R. Haines.

A part of the Southampton Aerodrome, which adjoins Eastleigh, has now become an R.A.F. Station, and has available accommodation for four Squadrons of the Fleet Air Arm. It is most interesting to observe the manoeuvres of the various types of machines that are now being operated.

In addition to the R.A.F., Atlantic Park—as the aerodrome is called—is an air port of some standing, and the recent inauguration by the Mayor of Southampton of the night flying services has made it one of the four big air ports in the country. Only Croydon, Heston, and Liverpool have night flying equipment on a similar scale.

It is of interest to know that the flood lights from the Control Tower are one and a quarter million candle power. There are three flood lights, but only the one to the leeward of the particular wind direction is used. The pilot can then take off or alight just as surely and safely as by daylight. To the uninitiated it seems almost impossible that flying can be carried out almost as easily by night as by day. It is a marvel to see these aeroplanes flying at enormous speeds through the starry night, and the sound of the engine in the distance compels one to watch with extreme interest and amazement the "fleet-winged" machine.

It is difficult to foresee what developments will take place in aviation during the course of the next few years, but there are, unquestionably, unheard and unthought of

possibilities in this sphere. But we won't venture to give our ideas as to the future but be content to say that the facilities of the Southampton Air Port will undoubtedly mean that before long it will be the centre of the air traffic for the South of England.

EASTLEIGH.



HIGHBRIDGE.

At the time these notes are being written, although intended for the February issue of the Magazine, Christmas is only just over, and we are looking to what 1936 will bring forth.

So far as the business side is concerned we hope that 1936 will be an improvement on 1935.

The Annual Social will be held in the Town Hall, on Saturday, 18th January, when we hope to have the pleasure of a visit from our President, Mr. Bodinnar, and also we hope other friends who are able to attend. The Welfare Committee now have arrangements well in hand.

The Annual General Meeting of the Benefit Society was held on Monday, 16th December, Mr. Kidley presiding, and supported by Captain C. Herbert Smith. At the outset the Chairman said he very much regretted the unavoidable absence of Mr. Bodinnar, but he was sure everyone appreciated the many calls upon him, especially at this time of pig contract making, &c. The Chairman, in his remarks, pointed out that the Society was not one hundred per cent. representative of the employees, and he appealed to those who were not yet members to join, pointing out as advantages the amount expended in benefits of various descriptions during the year. The Balance-sheet presented showed that the Society was still maintained in a good financial position, and the accounts were adopted. Captain C.

Herbert Smith also spoke in support of the object of the Society, and expressed his pleasure at being able once again to attend the meeting.

We have to congratulate Mr. I. Davies and Mr. J. H. Hughes on the occasion of their marriage during the Christmas period. Mr. Davies was married on Boxing Day at the Baptist Chapel to Miss Jessie Villis, and Mr. Hughes to Miss V. R. Earle on the 28th December, at the Brent Knoll Chapel. To them all we wish a long, happy, and successful married life.

R.C.L.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. March on the birth of a daughter.



I expect by this time some of the Branches will have held their Annual Socials, and from reports these events will have been held with zest equalling that which is shown by all participants in their daily jobs in the Factory or Office.

This has brought to my mind a quotation which I read recently, "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy." I am not going to suggest that it is necessary to have a social to be happy, for I see no reason why a spirit of happiness should not be with us while we are doing our daily common task.

I have often seen that the busier we are the happier we seem to be, and I am quite sure that if we all try to bring into our daily work that spirit of fellowship and sympathy to each other our daily job is bound to be the happier.

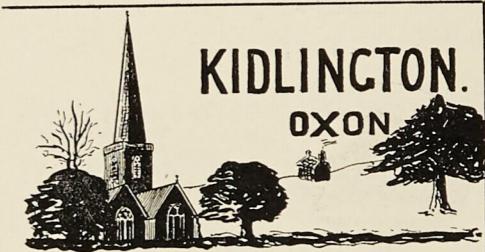
There certainly are days when nothing seems to go right, and there still will be more of these days, but they are comparatively few. Quite often on these occasions our sense of humour is in a bad way, and we realise it on the following day.

We find it difficult when we leave at night to just pack up our troubles and leave them behind. Yet one of the worst things we can do is to take our business home with us. I am afraid that most of us at times are guilty of this, only to feel envious when we see others with a smile and care-free look.

There is a popular expression, "don't talk shop," and, if I am not too late, I would venture to suggest a resolution for the New Year. After we have put on our coat and hat to go home, "Don't think shop."

G.C.

KIDLINGTON. OXON



The wedding of Mr. Curtis was marked by a presentation made by Mr. F. Gale, of an eight-day clock, to which all the members of the staff had subscribed. Mr. Gale, on behalf of all, wished Mr. and Mrs. Curtis every happiness in the future.

The Annual Meeting of the Kidlington Employees' Benefit Society was held on 20th December. Mr. Fairbrother, Secretary, presented the Balance-sheet. This showed that apart from a claim paid to a member on the sad occasion of his wife's death, no other sickness payment had been made. It was agreed that the whole of the balance should be carried forward to 1936. The Special Reserve Fund starts the New Year with a balance of £11 14s. 11d., thanks to a very generous donation of £5 from our President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.

The members are to be congratulated upon a remarkable year entirely free from illness. May 1936 show the same record.

Mr. Stockdale is to be congratulated on his appointment to the Works Council to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Mr. R. Lee.

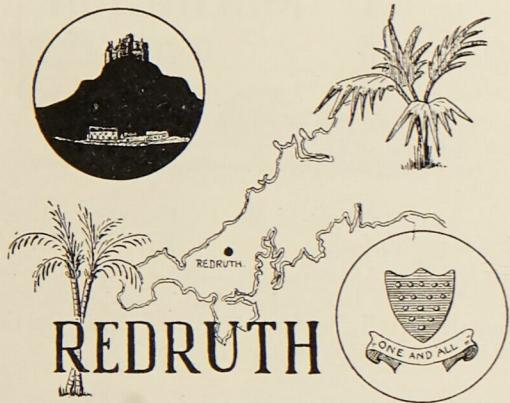
Heard during the recent cold spell, when the thermometer hung around the 24

degrees mark, "Make sure those pigs are pushed into the Chill Room to warm up a bit ready for curing."

Competitions are going on apace in the Recreation-room. Darts, table-tennis, and billiards each claim their patrons, and it is good to see so many young men enjoying to the full the games provided. Excitement was so intense for one competitor playing off a billiard match that he was heard to remark, "Speak, somebody, for goodness sake, I'm all nervous."

We are indebted to Mr. Bodinnar for agreeing to our request for a framed photograph of himself which has been hung in the building.

* * *



We write these notes on the first day of 1936. We have been wishing each other a Happy New Year, and we seem to utter these words to-day with more confidence than for some years past. Since the dreadful year of 1932 Cornwall has made a big recovery. How big can scarcely be realised without going back in memory to a period we would rather forget. Things are not now all we would desire them to be in this persistently distressed mining area, but even here they are better, and if our hopes of a mining revival have not been realised, there is an improvement. After all the false dawns we have had, however, we are fearful of high expectations. We can only hope that the re-adjustment which has been going on during the last three years will not relax, and that the Government will not overlook Cornwall in its scheme of recovery.

We cannot help but refer to Christmas, even if it will seem a long way off when what

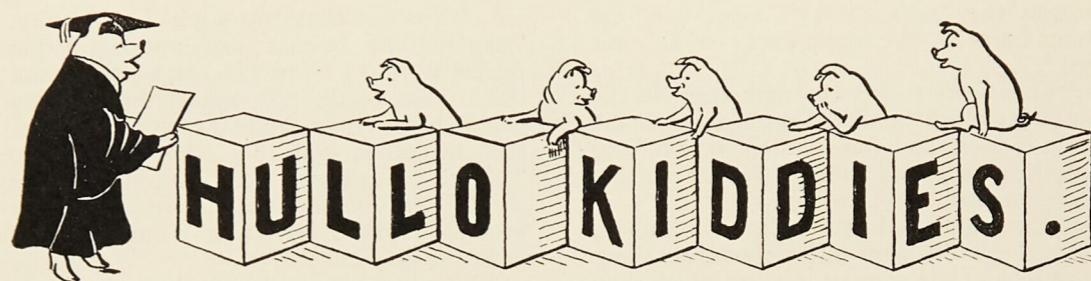
we now write appears in print. Like everything else the Cornish Christmas changes with the times. It is still a homely festival, but not so exclusively homely, and vastly different to even a few years ago. That famous Cornish dish, "Gizzard Pie," is now almost unknown, and that exceedingly potent hot drink, called "Shenagram," which has rum and boiled beer for its chief ingredients, is scarcely ever made. Those who like potency in their liquors find it easier to buy them in bottles ready concocted.

Electric light takes the place of candles, but what makes the greatest difference of all is the wireless. With the rest of the country we listened enthralled to the Empire Broadcast. Flitting in imagination from Sheffield to South Africa, from Scotland to Canada, Wales to India, Liverpool to Australia, and London to New Zealand, we felt deeply moved by the King's words to Britons all over the world. Nowhere in England more than in Cornwall was the real significance of that half hour's magic journey realised, for Cornishmen from the time of the discovery of the different parts of our Empire have travelled there as miners and farmers. And so Cornishmen by the thousand could conjure up out of their own experience the scenes the loud speaker described to them.

One other difference to the Christmas of the by-gone days must be mentioned. The Cornish Christmas was this year shared by an unprecedented number of visitors, who had escaped from the regions of frost and fog in England to the mild and balmy air of Cornwall.

Some of our friends have reminded us that so far this season no mention has been made of the fine record of Redruth Rugby Club in the Magazine. This is really no longer necessary since the Redruth team has now caught the eye of the Daily Press, even if none of the players have caught the eye of the English Selection Committee. Teams such as Coventry, Torquay, and Plymouth Albion, with their two or three internationals, are regularly defeated by Redruth season after season, and this year's Cornwall County Team, with 11 players from Redruth Club, has won the Championship of the South-West Group by defeating Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester. We shall have to journey to Richmond or Bournemouth to play either Surrey or Hampshire in the semi-final.

W.B.F.



THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM
(Continued).

When Dr. Blake said that Sally and Sam must help he did not realise how much they would contribute towards Teddy's recovery. Sally proved to be an excellent little nurse and, as for Sam—they all declared afterwards that it was he who pulled Teddy through. For days and nights Teddy's life hung in the balance, and for a long time he did not know even his own Mother. It was strange, though, that when Sam was near to smooth his pillow and cool his brow he lay still and content, and when he could speak at all it was to call Sam's name.

Although there was a lot going on at the farm and on the shore, Sam rarely left the house, and most of the time he was to be found at Teddy's bedside.

But when the worst was over Teddy soon began to pick up strength, and well he might with the good things that the farm produced! His Mother stayed on at the farm. The thought that she had nearly lost her little boy made her rather frightened of returning until she could take him with her. She was surprised to see what a difference his stay at the farm had made, for in spite of his adventure Teddy was no longer the nervous little baby fellow who had come some weeks before. Every day was making him more manly, and he was fast reaching his ambition, which was to be a big, brave boy like his cousin.

Sally and Sam loved the little chap and could not bear to think of his leaving them. "Why," they said, "he has only just begun to know the farm and the secrets of the shore; we've such a lot to show him yet." "Then," said Teddy's Mother, "it will have to wait for another holiday. He shall come again, but for a little while his Daddy and I will want to have him with us."

Teddy didn't quite know what to say.

Then his Mother had a lovely idea. "Why I've got it," she said, "you must come and stay with us; there is such a lot of London that you have never seen, and the change will be good for everybody."

The Imps gave a loud "Whoopie." "Oh, Mother," they cried, "may we go?"

After the strain of the last few weeks their Mother was rather pleased with the thought of a little quiet, though what Home Farm would be without the children she could not imagine!

"Guess where I shall go first of all," said Sam. "Oh, the Zoo, I suppose," replied Sally. "Right, first time," said her brother, "and I'll guess I know where you will want to go—Kensington Gardens!" "Yes, that will be one of the places," said Sally, who at the moment was very thrilled with the story of Peter Pan, "But there are so many places I want to see that I don't know which I want most. Buckingham Palace, I think."

"Yes," said Teddy's mother, "we shall often pass by the Palace—that is Teddy's favourite spot. He has always loved watching the Changing of the Guard; and twice we saw the King and Queen, though Teddy wouldn't believe it was them because they had no crowns!"

There was such excitement now and there soon began to be very busy preparations for their departure.

Teddy had collected a heap of treasures which he insisted on taking home, and the Imps begged to be allowed to take at least one of their white rabbits and the little ginger kitten that Sam had saved from drowning in the well; and as for Boy, the old sheep dog who followed them everywhere, they couldn't dream of leaving him behind, and it was a long time before their Aunt could make them understand the difference between a town garden and a farm in the country.

At last everything was packed and to-

morrow they were to say "Good-bye" to Home Farm for five whole weeks—if all went well.

They were to get the milk train in the morning, which would mean leaving home at six o'clock, and the children were having their last round of farewell before getting ready for bed.

They said good-bye to dear old Sinbad, and rather sadly went round the farm taking a last look at the animals, each of which they knew and called by name. Now they were coming through the orchard on their way indoors.

"Let's have a swing before we go in," said Sally, and off they ran to the other side of the orchard, where, in three tall apple trees, were three roughly-made swings, which one of the farm hands had put up for them.

"Whoopie," they cried, and each made a dive for a swing, and soon they were 'up in "the air so high."

"You see that top apple," said Sally, "the red one on that high branch; watch me get it." "I know you can't," said Sam.

"Then I *will*," she replied, and working herself higher than she had ever gone before, she made a grab for the red apple.

"Nearly," she gasped.

"Don't be a stupid Sally," said her brother, "you'll be off in a minute—you can't possibly get it."

"Can't I?" said Sally, "you see," and high up in the air she made another grab. "Got it," she exclaimed joyfully. "Bravo," said Teddy, "Stout fella," said Sam, but with a cry Sally fell with a thud to the ground.

(To be continued).

* * *

Is that animal better that has two or three mountains to graze upon, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna?—*Jeremy Taylor.*



"The Carnival Queen and her Attendants."

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

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THOSE of our readers who were fortunate enough to witness the recent performance of "The Happy Ending" by the Dramatic Section must have felt proud to be associated with a firm able to assemble from its employees such an excellent cast. In these days of "flicks and radio" the drama might easily become a lost art, if it were not for the interest aroused in stage-plays by the amateur dramatic societies up and down the country. It is all to the common good that we should have such a flourishing section in our midst capable of attracting attentive and appreciative audiences.

The Dramatic Section is only one section of our Welfare Association, however, and in this connection we refer to the satisfactory support given to the series of lectures arranged during the winter. An attractive syllabus is being prepared for the autumn season, and will meet, without doubt, with the success it deserves.

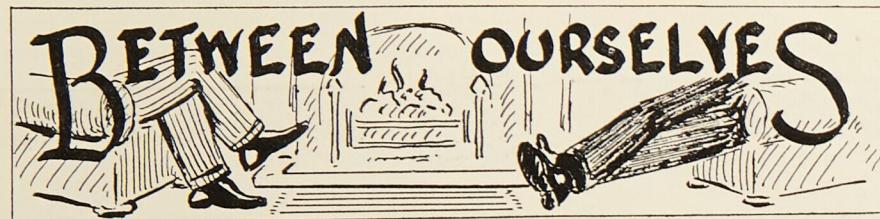
We are delighted with the full use which is being made of the recreational facilities

offered at the Woodlands. Contests amongst our own members and with other clubs keep the rooms full with interested players and spectators night after night.

With the arrival of longer evenings, interest may partly pass to out-of-doors recreation, and we expect to see the same animation on the hard courts and in the grounds of the Woodlands which we have so far witnessed in the recreation rooms.

The Cricket Club will again play on the pitch in the delightful field at Lickhill, and will no doubt soon be appealing for renewed support during the coming season.

In conclusion we think it would not be amiss to refer to the opening of the canteen service at the Woodlands. Those who have availed themselves of the facilities are full of appreciation for the value offered. We understand that some enthusiasts even play skittles for dinner tickets, but over this unseemly interlude we draw a veil. The value of the Woodlands is appreciated and its success is assured.



WHEN in North Wales recently we had a real spell of winter weather. Snow-bound roads, icy air, gales of wind, and heavy skies.

But mid-winter had been passed. And one day an old gardener said, "Yes, the weather is pretty bad, but the days are lengthening."

To those who are well on in years the days seem short and weeks and months appear to tumble by in quick succession until they make up the sum of a year.

And yet, for old and young, it is true in many senses that with the observance of right conditions and principles the day is always lengthening. Just now Spring is hastening on and to youth, in particular perhaps, there is the vision of the long, long days of unexploited experience which stretch ahead. To such the future is fascinating because it is unknown. It may be that the implications of life as a whole cannot, without the experience of middle age, be fully recognised. There is always a danger that the path of a life may be taken as the result of impulse with its sudden urge, leading to disillusionment and a lack of opportunity. For to the young the natural day they look out upon must, of necessity, be a long one, and before they embark upon the full plan for its occupation they will do well to take heed to the guidance of the experience of others and to the growth within themselves of conviction and purpose that will make the total planning such as will lead to best fulfilment.

Life to the middle-aged is still a long day. Particularly, perhaps, because the burdens are resting most heavily upon them at that juncture in their experience. Projects started with enthusiasm may not yet have shown signs of success. The burdens of the partly-educated family still weigh upon the common purse. It may be that life has had to be re-started in view of failure and that there is much leeway to be made up. It may, therefore, be that the day seems longer and the future rather more uncertain than it is to those who

view it in the light of lesser experience.

While to the older people it may be that time has come with healing hands, and the bitter experience of failure, or of loss has taken its place in the shades of memory. For the happenings of twenty years ago, seen in perspective and with wider knowledge, have lost, very often, the sense of importance with which, from an incomplete point of view, they were considered when they happened.

But whether the journey remaining to be run be a long or a short one, as earth-bound days are counted, there is no lengthening day which can be too long in which to fully use the opportunities and powers of the individual. The perception of inner power and its use requires a long day if there is to be a night of quiet in the knowledge of opportunity taken and of work well done.

Just before the last days of 1935 (as has happened for many years now) the snowdrops appeared as usual in an old, old garden—soon, alas, to be a garden no more—and on New Year's Eve, under the shadows of Welsh mountains, I was told that on the last day of a dying year the song of a mavis had been heard. So, again, has come the promise of a resurrection, which is denoted by every Spring-time.

To all who trouble to read these words the days are lengthening for all the things that are real and that matter. Injustice cannot always last. Surely war and tyranny, whether they be domestic, national, or international, have had their day. One would like to think of all such things as being an ugliness which we, in this generation, are destined to remove from the face of the world, and if we are inclined to think just now that in international affairs there is a recrudescence of the old war spirit, one would like to think that there is some basis for hope and peace and that, in face of the real sentiments and beliefs of the world, these present-day happenings are like a candle which, burning nearing its end, spouts with a sudden brightening flare and

at last splutters out into a spent finish.

But there should be no illusions as to the obligations of the reign of peace for which we look, for the ways of peace may, when they completely over-run the paths of war, be even greater tests of the real manhood of a race. It is easier to resort to force than to apply the methods of reason. But the mystery that made us at once both human and divine was surely not meant to be blotted out by poison gas or in the foul filth of battered bodies upon unknown fields.

So, perhaps, to those who partially see the vision of what shall be in the days when the world has become sane there is in the lengthening days of life the freely-given chance to make good and to do good on the triangular recipe for decent living in faith, hope, and charity. These principles, and only these, will, whether war be near or in the piping days of peace, be the legislative and operative factors which will lead to the fulfilment of the destiny of our race.

To the young the sunrise and its vision; to the middle-aged the heat of noon, and if sight and perception be there the knowledge of inner strength to meet the rest of the day; and to the old a day with a sunset which merges into the sunrise of an eternally lengthened day.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 9.

1	2	3	4	5	NEY	6	7	8	9
10	I	D	I	O	M	11	M	O	T
12	P	I	N			13	L	E	N
14	P	O	E	S	Y	15	S	O	L
18	E	T				19	T	A	S
21	R		J			20	A	S	T
24	C		E	N	I	25	D	S	26
27	S	L	A	P		28	Y	E	A
31	P	A	L	L	E	32	29	30	31
34	A	R	M	E	D	35	36	37	38
37	N	E	S	S		39	T	U	R

- What are the following :—
(a) An Alnager. (b) A Hogringer.
(c) An Aleconner.
- Whom did Queen Victoria marry ?
- Who sailed round the world three times ?
- What are these two towns famous for ?—Kidderminster. Worcester.
- What and where is Maud Heath Causeway ?

(Answers on Page 58).

Wedding Bells.

At Bromham Parish Church, on January 11th, Miss Muriel Want was married to Mr. Colin Paget, of Bromham. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white velvet, veil, and wreath of orange blossom, white kid shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and arum lilies. Three bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore dresses of pink velvet and caps trimmed with pink velvet flowers and leaves. The chief bridesmaid carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums, and the others carried muffs of pink velvet.

Miss Want was nine years in the Sausage Department. The wedding present from the Factory was a cut-glass trinket set.

At the Parish Church, Chippenham, on January 18th, Miss Ruby Sartin was married to Mr. Victor Blackman, of Chippenham. The bride was given away by her father and wore a gown of white ring velvet, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried an ivory prayer-book.

Two bridesmaids and two page boys completed the retinue. The bridesmaids wore Margaret Rose pink crepe suede dresses, with head-dresses of silver leaves, white shoes, and carried bouquets of pink and white chrysanthemums. The page boys wore powder blue velvet suits, with white satin cuffs and collars, and black patent shoes.

Miss Sartin was in the Sausage Department for nine years and was the recipient of a gas fire from the Factory Staff.

* * *

A young lady cycling to work early was knocked off her bicycle by a deer. Her injuries were slight, however, but one felt inclined to question what kind of *dear*.

* * *

DO YOU KNOW ? QUESTIONS.

King George—and After.

THE Silver Jubilee is so near that its emotions are still vibrating in our minds. That day in May when the sun in splendour rode high in the skies and when, as evening fell, the stars in their courses seemed but to continue to express all the pageantry and symbolism which we, the people, had made use of to make manifest our loyalty and devotion to the King and the Royal House.

And now in this sad week, and on this sad day, Nature again seems to be at one with us. For as the great crowds have moved through the streets and through Westminster Hall to pay their farewell tribute to their dead King, the atmosphere has been of a pearly greyness—no blustering winds, no winter storms, no blazing skies, only ever and anon a quiet rain falling gently and sadly, but with the sun breaking through at times to remind us that even to-day all is not sadness, but there was shining also the pride and the brave hope of a great nation illuminating the passing of a great King.

The passing of a great King. I have been asked to write something about him.

The Kings of England carry on their shoulders the responsibility of a great tradition. The torch of that great tradition is in their hands, and it is theirs to pass on. We think of our dead King in two ways. First must come his Kingship. He upheld to the very fullest degree the dignity of the Throne. He was every inch a King. But it was something more than that—something added to it that caused the amazing sights of January 28th. The people—his people—were there not only because they had lost a King, but also because they had lost a friend. Think back to the Jubilee Celebrations. The real test of greatness was, in my opinion, shown by King George when he said, speaking of those celebrations to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I am sure I cannot understand, for, after all, I am only a very ordinary sort of fellow." There spoke the great modesty of the really great man.

For although at first sight it may seem paradoxical, yet it is true that when goodness is joined to greatness then these together are allied to modesty. Only those who are at once really good and really great can afford

to be entirely open, entirely frank, and entirely modest. And so, as it seems to me, King George won to the hearts of his people partly because of his Kingship, but chiefly by reason of his intense sympathy with the every-day life of the people. He was one with them in all their joys and in all their sorrow. So we shall like to remember those last days at Sandringham. We shall think of him in his place at Sandringham Church on the last Sunday he was about. We shall think of him as he rode about his estate on his favourite white pony—the King, but still more the Squire. And lastly, of how within a few hours of death he insisted his trembling hand should do its duty.

Our sorrow at his loss is shared by the whole world. We know that the late King Edward goes down to history, quite rightly, as the Peacemaker. And so, because in Edward VII.'s time it seemed that peace had come to the world, surely it is one of the greatest ironies of this perplexing world that King George, who, of all men strove always for peace and goodwill on earth, should have experienced twenty-five years of troubled times. Because of this sorry fate we are unable to call him Peacemaker. For all that the world knows and rightly estimates his character, and from all parts of the world's remotest ends comes flashing messages of love and admiration and of sorrow. Of the messages there was one expressed in terms strange to our ears. It is from the Tashi Lama and reads :

"I have just heard that your King George has ascended on high in his dragon chariot."

There speaks a great faith. Shall ours be less? Perhaps we may put our thoughts like this :

"Our King has passed—and at his passing All the trumpets sounded on the other side."

The King is dead—long live the King. To him we turn. For him we pray, that once again history may repeat itself and King Edward VIII. may come to be known as another Edward Peacemaker.

In these modern times the powers of Kings are limited. They of themselves can give a lead and set an example. It is for good or ill up to the people. Suppose then we, the people, can so shape our lives as to be able to say of ourselves in the spirit of our late King, "We are ordinary fellows." Ordinary fellows trying in all modesty and

earnestness to do our bit, just as King George did his bit. It will be a big job for us all, and in the doing we shall show we are not unmindful of the life and example of our Great King. We must not forget :—

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice;
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

R.E.H.

C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Savings Scheme.

ELSEWHERE in this Magazine will be found a copy of the Balance-sheet of the Savings Scheme as at 31st December, 1935.

In submitting this Balance-sheet to the Annual General Meeting held at Calne on 31st January, 1936, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, the Chairman of the scheme, stated that during 1935 the Committee had spent much time and thought in exploring avenues for the safe investment of surplus funds, but in the present condition of the financial world it is impossible to invest in gilt-edge securities without involving an almost certain loss of capital at a later date.

Faced with this difficulty and the alternative of reducing the rate of interest allowed to Depositors, the Committee approached the Company and at their request the Board offered to accept up to £15,000 on deposit at call, and to pay interest thereon at 4 per cent. per annum. This offer the Committee gratefully accepted, and when the first deposit was made the Company were good enough to deposit with the Chairman of the scheme securities to the value of the deposit.

In addition to this assistance, the Company contributed £1,000 to Interest Account for 1935, and have promised a like amount for 1936. The Committee hope this generous assistance will enable them to continue the present rates of interest.

At December 31st the secured deposit with the Company stood at £10,200, and has since been increased to £15,000.

The investments of the scheme showed

the very satisfactory margin of £4,544 19s. 3d. over cost at the end of 1935.

The scheme offers great facilities and benefits; deposits of 6d. and upwards to £150 in any one year, and £500 in all, may be made, and the money is quickly available in case of urgent need, yet the rate of interest is 5 per cent. on personal accounts up to £500—a very high rate in these days for an investment in a scheme which is not only sound in itself but has the additional guarantee of the Company behind it.

In addition to their contribution to Interest Account, the Company also defray all working costs of the scheme.

It was somewhat surprising when the Chairman stated that only 63 per cent. of the Calne employees eligible for the scheme were, in fact, making use of it. Do the other 37 per cent. fail to recognise a good opportunity when they see it?

Translated into terms of every-day life, what has the scheme meant to those who have used and still use it? How many a comfortable home has been made possible by this means of regular saving and its additional interest, and how many others are much more comfortable—and probably happier in consequence—than they would have been without it?

Have you considered what the scheme can do for you?

R.H.P.

EXTRACT FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

PIANO.—Prosperous old age is foreshadowed—Providing you learn another tune besides "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

PIT.—Kisses and fond embraces will fall to your share—Mind the lights do not go up suddenly.

POUND.—A splendid opening will be offered to you—So fall right in.

PRESENTS.—Five is not a lucky number for you—No, the odds should be even.

PRISON.—Do not be misled by plausible tongues—In the end you may have no option.

QUAY.—A harassing time is before you—Three a.m. and no key.

QUEUE.—A musical evening is indicated—But the queue may be curious and be a queue out instead of in.

Our French Feature.

LE HAVRE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

As soon as the sad news of the King's death was known, the Mayor of Havre wrote the following letter to H.M. Consul in Havre :

Havre, le 21 Janvier, 1936.

Le député-maire de la Ville du Havre à Monsieur Hugh W. Border, consul de Grande Bretagne.

MONSIEUR LE CONSUL,

J'ai l'honneur de vous prier d'agréer les condoléances émues des membres de l'Administration et du Conseil Municipal à l'occasion du deuil cruel qui vient de frapper l'Empire Britannique.

La Municipalité est la fidèle interprète des sentiments de la population havraise toute entière, que des liens séculaires unissent à la Nation Britannique et qui ne saurait oublier les éminents services que, dans la tragédie de 1914-1918, le Roi George V. rendit à la cause du Droit.

Fraternellement unie à la colonie anglaise de notre ville, la population havraise pleure la mort d'un grand monarque, ami de la France !

Veuillez agréer, &c.,

Léon Meyer.

The following is a translation of this letter of sympathy :—

"I beg to request you to accept the profound condolences of the members of the Administration and Town Council on the occasion of the cruel loss which has just befallen the British Empire.

"The Municipality is the faithful interpreter of the sentiments of the whole population of Havre, which is united to the British Nation by secular links and which cannot forget the eminent services which King George V. rendered to the cause of right during the tragedy of 1914-1918.

"Fraternally united to the British Colony of our town, the population of Havre mourns the death of a great monarch, a friend of France.

Yours, &c.,

(Signed) Léon Meyer (the Mayor of Havre)."

Mr. Roger Mangold, president of the Association of "The Sons of Victims of the War," sent two telegrams of condolences in the name of this patriotic group, one to

H.M. Queen Mary and the other to H.M. King Edward VIII.

At the Stock Exchange, at the first meetings of coffee and cotton brokers and merchants, the Presidents expressed the sorrow which the death of King George V. caused to all. At their request a minute of silence was observed. Mr. Reinhart, President of the Cotton Syndicate, addressed a telegram of sympathy to the President of the Liverpool Cotton Association.

All flags were flown at half-mast, and the Town Hall, Exchange, Schools, and many offices were closed on the day of the King's funeral.

On Sunday, January 26th, a Memorial Service was held at the English Church, rue Lord Kitchener. The church was full. The British Consul was there in his uniform, accompanied by the Vice-Consul and Pro-Consul. The local authorities and notabilities of the town were present, the Consuls of the different countries, the British Legion, French Legion, Belgium Legion (Havre Branch), military and civil societies, with their flags draped with crepe.

The foregoing has been copied from "Le Petit Havre" who have kindly authorised the translation for insertion in Harris Magazine.

Members of the British Legion will be interested to read the following first article in the French Legion paper, "La Flamme," of Havre and district. This article had a thick black border and a photograph of King George V.

MORT DE S.M. GEORGE V.

L'A.M.A.C. tient à s'associer du fond du cœur au deuil qui vient de frapper la Nation Britannique tout entière en la personne de son Souverain, S.M. George V., et à présenter ses respectueuses condoléances à S.M. la Reine Mary, à S.M. le Roi Edouard VIII., et aux membres de la Famille Royale.

L'an dernier, dans la joie la plus vive et la plus émotionnante, tout le Royaume Uni avait célébré le Jubilé d'Argent de l'accession au Trône du Grand Roi qu'il pleure aujourd'hui. L'Histoire a déjà reconnu et, avec le recul du temps, ne fera que confirmer la très discrète et très heureuse influence que S.M. George V. a exercée sur tous les grands événements politiques contemporains, notamment, au cours de la Grande Guerre. Durant ces terribles années, et spécialement en 1918, le Grand Roi joua

un rôle considérable et bienfaisant pour lequel les Anciens Combattants Alliés lui devront une reconnaissance émue.

En ces tristes heures, L'A.M.A.C. renouvelle à ses camarades de la British Legion ses bien sincères sentiments de sympathie attristée.

Dès que la nouvelle fut connue au Havre, notre Président Bérard accompagné de notre Président d'Honneur R. E. Rufenacht, s'est rendu au Consulat de Grande-Bretagne pour exprimer, au nom de notre Association, à Messieurs Hugh William Border, Consul, J. P. Beecher, Vice-Consul, et A. T. Iredale, Pro-Consul, leurs très vives condoléances.

Des messages de sympathie furent également adressés par Rufenacht et Bérard aux Chairmen de la British Legion de Londres et du Havre.

Enfin, l'A.M.A.C. a fait parvenir, au Colonel J. D. Rousseau, Président de la Légion Canadienne, le télégramme suivant :

"Anciens Combattants, Havre, partagent deuil Légion Canadienne, et vous prient transmettre Camarades Québec, Montréal, et Ottawa, leurs condoléances attristées."

Le Président de la Légion Canadienne a répondu en ces termes :—

"Officiers et Membres Légion Canadienne remercient Anciens Combattants Français du Havre pour sympathique message."

Et voici qu'Edouard VIII. succède à son père.

Nous savons tous la profonde affection que le nouveau Roi si populaire déjà, éprouve à l'adresse des Anciens Combattants, ses camarades, aux côtés desquels il a personnellement et vaillamment lutté durant la Grande Guerre. Comme son père, c'est un grand ami de la France; comme lui, il est aussi pacifiste ardent et convaincu. Ayant vu de près les horreurs de la guerre il mettra tout le poids de sa jeune et puissante autorité à s'efforcer d'en éviter le renouvellement. Au moment où S.M. Edouard VIII. va monter sur le trône d'Angleterre, qu'il soit permis à notre Association de lui adresser, très respectueusement, les souhaits très sincères qu'elle forme pour que son règne, qui vient de commencer, se poursuive long et heureux pour le plus grand bien du Royaume Uni et des Dominions en même temps que pour celui de la Paix du Monde.

L'A.M.A.C.
For those who have been unable to under-

stand the above, the translation is as follows :—

DEATH OF H.M. GEORGE V.

The French Legion wish to associate from the bottom of their hearts in the sorrow which has just befallen the whole British Nation in the person of their Sovereign, H.M. King George V., and to present their respectful condolences to H.M. Queen Mary, H.M. King Edward VIII., and the members of the Royal Family.

Last year, in the greatest and most stirring joy, the whole United Kingdom celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Accession to the Throne of the Great King which they mourn to-day. History has already recognised and, as years go by, will confirm the very discreet and very happy influence which H.M. George V. exercised on all the contemporary important political events, particularly in the course of the Great War. During these terrible years, and especially in 1918, the Great King played a considerable and beneficent role for which the Allied ex-Soldiers will owe him a deep thankfulness.

In these sad hours the French Legion renew to their comrades of the British Legion their very sincere sentiments of sorrowful sympathy."

As soon as the news was known in Havre our President Berard, accompanied by our Honorary President, R. E. Rufenacht, went to the Consulate of Great Britain to express, in the name of our association, to Messrs. Hugh William Border, Consul, J. P. Beecher, Vice-Consul, and A. T. Iredale, Pro-Consul, their deepest condolences.

Messages of sympathy were also addressed by Rufenacht and Berard to the Chairmen of the London and Havre British Legion.

Finally, the French Legion sent to Colonel J. D. Rousseau, President of the Canadian Legion, the following telegram :—

"Ex-Soldiers, Havre, share grief Canadian Legion and ask you transmit Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa comrades their sorrowful condolences."

The President of the Canadian Legion replied in these words :—

"Officers and Members Canadian Legion thank French ex-Soldiers of Havre for sympathetic message."

And now Edward VIII. succeeds to his father.

We all know the profound affection which the new King, so popular already,

feels towards the ex-Soldiers, his comrades at whose sides he has personally and valiantly fought during the Great War. Like his father, he is a great friend of France; like him he is also an ardent and sincere pacifist. Having seen near at hand the horrors of war, he will put all the weight of his young and powerful authority to try and avoid a recurrence. At the time when H.M. Edward VIII. ascends the Throne of England, may our Association be permitted to send him, very respectfully, the most sincere wishes which they formulate for his reign, which has just commenced, to continue long and happy for the great good of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, at the same time as for the peace of the world.

THE ASSOCIATION OF WAR WOUNDED AND EX-SOLDIERS (FRENCH LEGION).

Copied and translated by kind permission of "La Flamme" The French Legion Paper of Havre & District.

D.G.T.B.

* * *

"The Happy Ending."

(By IAN HAY).

PALACE THEATRE, CALNE
FEBRUARY 18TH & 19TH.

Greatly daring, the H.W.A. Dramatic Section ventured into pastures new for their third three-act play. Whether they were properly equipped for such an excursion we leave to the judgment of the two obviously satisfied audiences who witnessed their efforts.

Such a play as "The Happy Ending" requires really polished acting, and it would be unfair to expect a comparatively young society to present it with the slickness of professional actors; although one lady and one gentleman would probably have passed the test.

Miss Dora Bouillon certainly gave us a real Laura Meakin, and John Bromham was the personification of one of the controllers of our Empire's vastness taking a well-deserved holiday. Miss Bouillon's speech was suitably clipped and incisive. Mr. Bromham's voice was round and generous—not a voice from the throat, but from the depths of a generous frame. This young man's series of successes are not so comprehensive that there are no other worlds remaining for him to conquer, and we still hope to see him some day in the title role of

"Charley's Aunt," or, better still, as Falstaff.

Gerald Ashman, as Dale Conway, the erring husband, created the illusion of weak irresponsibility and selfish sharp-wittedness necessary to the part, and effectively contrasted the light and dark shades of his part.

Miss Kathleen Angell, in the onerous part of Mildred Cradock, gave one of the finest interpretations she has yet achieved, especially in the emotional situations, where she excelled. Congratulations to Miss Angell.

Miss Cockram's presentation of Joan Cradock was restful rather than vivacious, but whatever interpretation she chooses to make of her characters she never fails to please.

Richard Swaffield and Peter Cainey, as Dennis Cradock and Harold Bagby, were two very representative young men, with still very much to learn in this very hard and complicated world. They both looked and spoke their parts in the particular way and manner required of them, and both did very well indeed.

Miss Woodward was an excellent Simmonds, and Mr. Albert Webb, as Mr. Moon, might have arrived straight from Newmarket, so convincingly redolent was he of horses and the turf.

Miss Marjorie McLean was a rollicking little Molly Cradock, and in the final scene with Dale Conway gave a touching piece of acting which promises well for her future in the Dramatic Section.

Miss Hunt introduced a charming presentation of the infectious Phyllis Hard- ing, and Mr. Roy White's rich, deep, bass voice was ideal for the speech of Sir Thomas Mobberley at the drawing-room meeting arranged by Laura Meakin.

Thanks are due to the usual workers behind the scenes:—Mr. R. B. Swaffield, who produced; Messrs. R. A. Skuse and F. Rubery, who stage managed; Miss Fellows, who made up the cast so effectively; and to Mr. J. Spencer, who arranged the excellent and suitable programme of music.

* * *

NOT HIS CHOICE.

A stranger entered a saloon (in these days "speakeasy") in the wild and woolly West, and saw a notice on the wall, "Coffee as mother makes it." He turned to the boss and said, "That so, boss?" "Yes, siree, cafee just as mother makes it." "Then gimme tea," was the response.



This month I am dealing with sprays and washes:—

Bordeaux Mixture.—If required for only a few fruit trees, this should be purchased in paste form and diluted as instructions given on the container. When it is desired to treat an orchard, the mixture can be made up from 1lb. Copper Sulphate, dissolved in hot water, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of lime slaked with water into a thin cream. Add 3 gallons of water to each and pour slowly together into one tank, thus making about seven gallons of mixture. Certain apples are spoilt if this mixture is used for spraying. Cox's Orange Pippin is the variety most affected. Lime sulphur spray only should be used on this tree.

Burgundy Mixture.—This is an alternative to Bordeaux Mixture, soda being used instead of lime. $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of soda should be used, otherwise the preparation is the same as for Bordeaux Mixture.

Carbolic Acid.—Can be used to kill deep-rooted weeds such as dandelions and thistles. A skewer dipped into the acid and pressed into the heart of the weeds will kill them.

Copper Sulphate.—Is very poisonous, but is invaluable for the destruction of brown rot in fruit, mildew, and lawn fungi. An ounce dissolved in a little hot water and mixed with a gallon of water will be found suitable for most purposes.

Disinfectant Solution for Green Fly.—Dissolve 2ozs. of naphtha soap, or nicotine soap, in a gallon of water. This will provide an excellent solution for summer spraying.

Formalin.—For winter spraying dissolve one tablespoonful in one gallon of water.

Hellebore Wash.—1oz. of fresh-ground hellebore, 2ozs. of flour, 3 gallons water, and well mix. This is an excellent spray where nicotine wash is undesirable.

Nicotine Wash.—Is made by preparing 3oz. of nicotine, 1lb. soft soap, with about 10 gallons of water. Dissolve the soap in a little water first, then add the nicotine and

stir the mixture well. This solution is *very* *poisonous indeed* and should be treated with every respect. That is to say that every care must be taken when it is in use and whilst in store.

Paraffin Emulsion.—This emulsion is a repellent against certain vegetable pests. It is easy to make. One pint of paraffin and 1lb. soap is used to each gallon of water, according to the quantity required. This solution can be bottled and stocked ready for use. When preparing first mix the soap with boiling water, thoroughly stew in the paraffin, then bottle. The bottled solution should be diluted when used, allowing one part solution to twenty parts of water. This is essentially a summer wash. It should be used tepid and applied with a syringe in the evening and not whilst the sun is on the plants.

I have dealt with pests, and now the sprays and washes to destroy them. I feel I cannot conclude without telling you of the insects which are very beneficial.

Bees.—The honey bee is a wonderful worker and a most welcome visitor to the garden. Without his visits practically no seed would develop on some plants, as it is on his body that the pollen is taken from flower to flower to effect fertilisation. Bees should be treated with courtesy, especially when the fruit blossoms are open. The gardener must avoid the use of poison sprays such as lead arsenate at this critical time.

Dragon Flies.—These beautiful flies live entirely on small insects. They have no sting, although they are often called Horse Stirgers.

Ladybirds.—Live almost entirely on green-fly, and are found on rose trees and other plants subject to this pest.

Wasps.—Most people shrink from these, and in spite of the fact that they eat into fruit, they are really beneficial. They remove the wings from ordinary house flies and eat grubs in large quantities. Thus hornets and small wasps not only help to clear the garden of pests but also fight disease-carrying flies that invade the house.

* * *

MESSAGE OF THANKS.

STOCKLEY COTTAGES.

To one and all I say "Thank you" for what you have done for me and my family.

E. HAINES.



SILVER MEDAL.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

YEARS.

BENNETT, F. M. (Miss)	20
BUTLER, W.	20
GRIFFIN, W. S.	20
HAINES, W.	20
HAM, B. M. (Miss)	20
LOCKYER, H.	20
NASH, F. I.	20
OGILVIE, J. C. (Miss)	20
PECK, H. J.	20
PONTIN, P. N.	20
ROBBINS, E.	20
RUBERY, F.	20
SLADE, W.	20
WEBB, A. W.	20
WOODWARD, H.	20

Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., Chippenham.

CLARKE, W. C.	20
HOOPER, J. G.	20
MORLEY, M. E. (Miss)	20
SWAYNE, J.	20

Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd.

WEBB, G.

Harris (Ipswich), Ltd.

MACKENZIE, A. H.

SMART, A. L.

Four Counties Bacon Co.

(1927), Ltd., Eastleigh.

TAYLOR, G. F. H.

West of England Bacon Co., Redruth.

COWEN, H.	20
PENGELLY, W. T.	20
ROBERTS, C. M. (Miss)	20
SCOBLE, C.	20

West of England Bacon Co., Totnes.

EDWARDS, M. E.	20
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SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

YEARS.

BRITTAINE, G. M.	25
------------------	----

GOLD MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

PETHERICK, T. W.	45
ROYNON, F. H.	45
SMART, W. J.	45

The Dunmow Flitch Bacon Co., Ltd.

JACQUES, C.

Harris (Ipswich), Ltd.

BURROWS, A. J.

25

SILVER MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

FLAY, W.

30

WEEKS, N.

30

Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., Chippenham.

SMITH, C. HERBERT

30

SILVER MEDAL WITH THREE BARS.

Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd.

MASON, E.

35

GOLD MEDAL.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

GOUGH, G. W.

40

SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

CROWLEY, M.

40

GOLD MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

PETHERICK, T. W.

45

ROYNON, F. H.

45

SMART, W. J.

45

Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd.

CANN, E. C.

45

HANCOCK, C. E.

45

STRANGE, H.

45

GOLD MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

BULLOCK, J. A.

50

WESTON, W. R.

50

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., SAVINGS SCHEME.

The Annual General Meeting, of which notice had been given to all Depositors, was held in the Calne Factory on Friday, 31st January, 1936, and we have pleasure in printing a copy of the Balance Sheet which was then submitted and adopted:—

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1935.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Amount due to Depositors, including Interest to date	65,511	0	8
Reserve for Interest	188	19	8

	£	s.	d.
<i>Cash due by Lloyds Bank Ltd.:</i>			
Current Account as per Cash Book	
<i>Investments at Cost:—</i>			
£40,000 3½ per cent War Loan	40,333	3	0
£7,000 3½ per cent Conver- sion Loan	5,337	18	0
£11,080 10s. 6d. 2½ per cent. Consolidated Stock	8,993	1	3
			54,664 2 3

(The value of these Investments at middle market prices on 31st Dec., 1935, was £59,209 1s. 6d.)

Secured Deposit with C. & T. Harris (Calne) Limited	10,200	0	0
Interest on Investments	Accrued to date	243	18
Claim for Refund of Income Tax	70	15	11
			£65,700 0 4

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Records, and Vouchers of the Fund, and find it to be in accordance therewith.

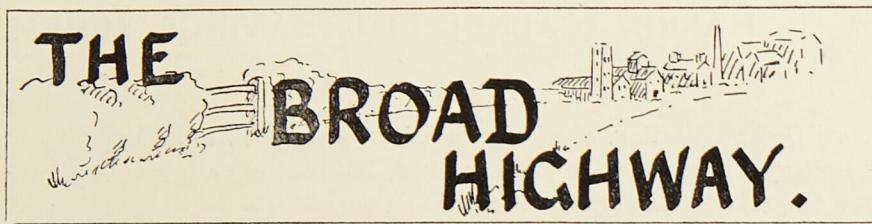
The correctness of the Cash at Bank has been confirmed by reference to a Certificate received from the Bankers.

The Certificates of the Investments as set out above are registered in the names of four Trustees, and are held by Lloyds Bank Limited for safe custody.

I hereby certify that 98 per cent. of the Depositors' Pass Books have been examined with the Ledger Accounts.

106, Edmund Street, Birmingham.
22nd January, 1936.

(Signed), JOHN T. LEWIS,
Of AGAR, BATES, NEAL & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.



THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Our thoughts are still very much taken up with the irreparable loss which the country has sustained in the death of his late Majesty George V., and also with the vast responsibilities assumed by King Edward VIII., and in this connection we have received some interesting contributions, which we are printing below. The first is from Mr. G. S. Campbell, our Yorkshire Representative:—

"The verses which are printed below were written by one of the oldest travellers on the road in Yorkshire. He had been 47 years on the road and to-day makes some of the larger calls for a simple commodity—Bottomley's Mint Rock. He is an antiquarian, has a lovely home with a wonderful collection of old glass and similar antiques. A copy of these verses was sent forward, and he has personal acknowledgments from the King and his three brothers, and from the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has also similar acknowledgments from King Edward VII. and Queen Victoria, of poems written on important occasions, and from King George V. for one at His Silver Jubilee"

A TRIBUTE.

To the Memory of King George V. of
Blessed Memory.

The path of the just is as a
shining light,
That shineth more and more
unto the perfect day.

When from weakness he was weary,
And the days went by so dreary,
God gave strength.

When the heart was sore and sad,
God's own presence made it glad;
God gave comfort.

Through life's day and through life's night,
God's own spirit shed its light;
God gave peace.

And when darkness did appear,
Still he felt God's presence near;
God gave light.

And when doubt encompassed round,
God's great love did more abound;
God gave faith

And when struggles here were past,
God did take him Home at last;
God gave Heaven.

ALFRED HOLDSWORTH.

West Bank, Riddlesden. January 22nd,
1936.

We have also received the following from a member of the Sales Department, who worked for a number of years in Le Havre:—

"The forwarding agents of C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., in Le Havre, France, are Messrs. Langstaff, Erembert & Co. Mr. Langstaff is also the Southern Railway Agent in Havre.

'Some years ago King Edward VIII., then Prince of Wales, arrived incognito on the cross Channel Southern Railway Steamer early in the morning. Mr. Langstaff met the Prince of Wales on board and took him to the station in his Rolls Royce car. Although it was quite early in the morning, and not an official visit, quite a number of people of the British Colony had heard that the Prince was coming and were on the quay (Quai de Southampton) to cheer him.'

We take this opportunity of welcoming Relief-Salesman L. F. Taylor, who has recently made a start in Calne.

J.H.G.

CONVINCING.

Sales Manager: What sort of recommendations have you?

Applicant: I sold raincoats to farmers all through the drought last summer.



HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

LIBRARY SECTION. BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Things I have Seen," by Sir Charles Oman.

The author states in his introductory chapter that he came of a much-travelled family, and that he himself travelled abroad a good deal more than most young folks, and that he was of a very inquiring and observant nature. This explains the fact that the first memory he records is of a glimpse of Napoleon III. in 1868, and the military splendours of France at that time. Sir Charles was then about eight years old. Next is a chapter about Kaiser William I. and the changes that took place in Germany during the early years of the Hohenzollern Empire.

There are two very interesting chapters concerning English happenings. One is an account of the last great trial held in Westminster Hall in 1882, just before the Law Courts were removed to the Strand. The other is about Mr. Gladstone, whom the author met when the famous statesman spent ten days at All Souls' College, Oxford.

Sir Charles happened to be passing through Switzerland in September, 1890, when the last Civil War took place; he was in Portugal during the last days of the Portuguese Monarchy in 1910; and he was fortunate enough to see Czar Nicholas II., of Russia, at the great Rheims review in 1901.

The latter part of the book concerns Sir Charles' work at Whitehall during the Great War, and in Germany after the Armistice, and a visit to Italy in 1921, where he witnessed Fascist and Communist demonstrations.

At the Woodlands, on January 29th, Miss A. K. Morgan, of Chippenham Secondary School, gave a lecture, entitled "Some Swiss and Italian Resorts." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides which,

together with Miss Morgan's vivid descriptions of the countries and peoples, brought home to the audience the beauties of the scenery and the wonderful way in which modern engineering has conquered the great barrier formed by the mountains between Switzerland and Italy.

CLUB NOTES.

Billiards Flying Handicaps were arranged on the 17th and 31st January. Entries numbered 30 and 32 respectively. The winners were:—

January 17th.—1, R. King; 2, A. King.
January 31st.—1, R. King; 2, J. Smellie.

Similar handicaps for boys were arranged on the same evenings, the first being won by F. Cleverly and the second by T. Bowyer.

A visit from the Y.M.C.A. resulted in a very enjoyable evening on Wednesday, 31st January.

A Games' Committee, consisting of the undermentioned members, has been nominated by the President:—Messrs. J. Smellie (Traffic), W. Butler (Office), P. Carter (Kitchen), T. Clark (Warehouse), J. Garraway (Sausage), T. Johnson (No. 2 Factory), and J. Mence (Retort).

The President has given this Committee power to co-opt other members if necessity arises.

The Committee will function in order to arrange indoor handicaps and competitions, and it is hoped that members will give them their full support and interest. The first entry list for a series of knock-out games was somewhat disappointing, and it is believed that the reason is not due to lack of interest, but members have not taken sufficient trouble to enter for the games. This set of circumstances has been proved in the two flying billiard Handicaps above mentioned, when entries were not made beforehand as requested, but on the evening, when the handicaps took place, sufficient members

were present to have a good handicap and to occupy the table the whole evening; in fact, it was difficult for the Committee to complete the second handicap the same evening until a very late hour.

To arrange for the smooth running of the games it is imperative that early entries should be received to enable the draws to be satisfactorily carried out, and an appeal is made to every interested member to enter in accordance with the Committee's wishes.

T.H.A.

* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW.

- 1.—(a) Examiner of broad-cloth in Queen Elizabeth's day.
(b) Man responsible to see all swine had rings in their noses (Tudor Days).
(c) Ale taster in Tudor times.
- 2.—Her cousin, Prince Albert.
- 3.—Captain Cook.
- 4.—Carpets. Gloves.
- 5.—At Chippenham. This Causeway, which is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, extends from Chippenham Cliff to Bremhill, and passes through the parishes of Langley Burrell, Kellaways, and Tytherton. Constructed in 1474 by Maud Heath, who, being a "Market Woman" long inconvenienced by a swampy walk, determined to provide a good footing for her successors for all time.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1935-36.

Results to February 24th, 1936.

	Played.	Won.	Pts. Poss.	Pts. Obtd.
Slaughter (A)	16	15	32	30
Kitchen	19	14	38	28
Printing, Lard, Manager's Office, and Tin	15	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	21
Warehouse, Pie, Box, Despatch, Lifts, Factory Office, & Shop	14	10	28	20
Retort, Export, and Trolley Washing	17	9	32	18
Engineers and Maintenance	18	8	38	14
Office	16	7	32	14
Boning and Rinding	13	5	26	10
Slaughter (B)	12	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	24	7
Hangar and By-Products	12	3	24	6
Sausage	12	1	24	2
Traffic, Chauffeurs, Groundsman, Mill, Broken X, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Veterinary, and Watchmen.....	10	1	20	2

KULUR SKEEMS.

(We hear our Spring Cleaning *fiends* have finished hibernating. The following helpful hints may be helpful).

VIRGIN WHITE.—Our 1936 Diary on January 31st.

SEA GREEN.—The first day out on a pleasure cruise.

EBONY BLACK.—A black black.

CHINESE WHITE.—Whoo-Ah-Oo in a haunted chamber.

MAIDEN'S BLUSH.—There ain't no sich thing.

APPLE GREEN.—Little Willie after raiding orchard.

MADDER BROWN.—The Mr. Brown who was more annoyed than the other Mr. Brown.

CRIMSON RED.—Usually noticed somewhere about the sixth round.

CANARY YELLOW.—The cock sparrow, after passing through the bird fancier's hands.

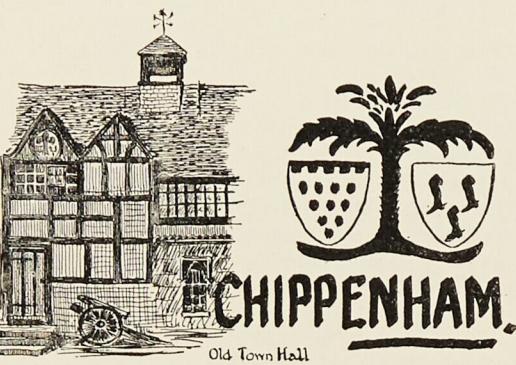
IVY GREEN.—Miss Green without the prefix "Miss."

(AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Our Magazine only costs 2d. Many of our readers, after perusing the above, will consider that at least this month they have had full value for their expenditure).

* * *

Do we not all spend the greater part of our lives under the shadow of an event that has not yet come to pass?—MAETERLINCK.

Friends Elsewhere.



GAMES EVENING.

On Friday, January 10th, 1936, the Chippenham Territorials entertained us at their Club, in Bath Road, where we were challenged at skittles and shooting. This was one of the most enjoyable evenings we have spent, perhaps, because we were able to register our first win at skittles this season.

It was our second attempt at shooting, and from the experiences gained on the last occasion we were able to greatly reduce the extent of our defeat.

On November 22nd, 1935, we were defeated by 117 points, but this time we only lost by 54 points, which is encouraging for further matches.

At skittles we were in fine form and were able to inflict the first defeat the soldiers have suffered at our expense, winning by the splendid margin of 19 pins.

Are there any of our "Friends Elsewhere" who indulge in shooting? If so, is it possible for them to challenge us through the post in a competitive shoot?

ILLNESS.

We are sorry to record that several of our staff have been on the "Sick List" during the first month of this New Year. However, we are pleased to report that Messrs. J. Halliday, J. Burchell, and A. Day have now resumed their usual places in the factory, and we hope that their return to health will be permanent.

It is with regret we understand that Mr. W. Wiltshire will still be away for some time yet, but all his fellow workers are glad to know that he is progressing slowly back to

better health. Our night watchman, Mr. Webb, is now convalescent, and we trust that is a sign that his return to work is not far distant. Miss G. Hanks, we hear, is slowly improving and will be back again shortly. We also extend to Mr. J. Bullock our pleasure in the knowledge that his wife has now returned home after her operation, and sincerely hope that the future will hold good health in store for them both.

CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL.

Several of our members visited Calne for the Annual Christmas Carnival and again returned with good reports. Our Calne friends must once more be congratulated on the excellent show they presented; in particular the Pantomime proved to be one of their best productions.

We at Chippenham appreciate the opportunity that is given us of being able to pay a visit so easily to what we may describe as the centre of the Firm's Welfare activities.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

On Saturday, February 3rd, 1936, we sent a representative Football Team to play the Calne Boning Department. After an exciting match we were able to prove victorious by 3 goals to 1.

This is the first occasion a football match has taken place between the two factories, and we hope it is the fore-runner of many pleasant games.

Before these words are in print, all of us will have in some way expressed our loyal devotion to the new King and their sympathy with Queen Mary in her bereavement. We all appreciate the thoughtfulness of the management for their kindness in allowing time off to hear the Proclamation at Chippenham on Thursday, January 23rd, 1936. Many from the Factory and Office Staff were able to be present at this historic and impressive ceremony, and also for the first time show their loyalty to King Edward VIII. by joining in the singing of the National Anthem and giving three cheers.

Tuesday, January 27th, 1936, will long be remembered at Chippenham. All shops were closed at midday and also our own factory as a last token of respect to his late Majesty King George V. A vast congregation assembled at the Parish Church in the afternoon for a United Memorial Service, at which many of our employees were present.



We at Dunmow have been out of the Magazine for some months, but we are still alive and rubbing along in the usual way.

On account of the recent national bereavement we were not able to proceed with our Annual Social, fixed for the 1st February, but we are hoping to be able to arrange for this to take place at a later date.

We have, we are told, a very good football team, and we are hoping that our Ipswich friends will come over on the day of our social and play us at football. This, we can assure all, will be a very keen, though a decidedly friendly, encounter. There is always a certain thrill in seeing a really little chap beat a big one!

Reaction to the much lamented death of our late King George V. has been much the same here as in other country districts. Coming at such a dull, damp period, the gloom of it all seems to have got us thoroughly humbled. We now look forward to future tasks, and with the rest of all our friends we are wishing our new King Edward VIII. a very successful, healthy, and happy reign.

We get terribly melancholy at times about our lot, but recent days must have put things in a true perspective for us and proved to us what we, as Englishmen have, if we could only see it, to be thankful for. However, this cannot be enlarged upon, otherwise we shall be bordering upon religion and politics, which are taboo.

JUST AN OLD JAPANESE CUSTOM.

A typical Japanese dinner is a very different affair from an English one, but it is very much more interesting.

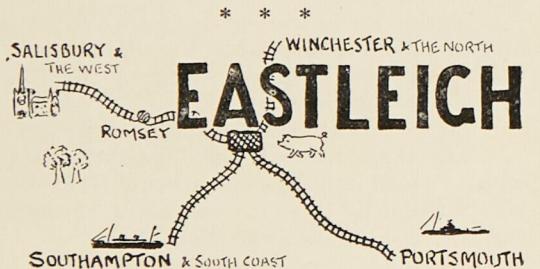
Upon entering the hotel one is met by

a Japanese girl, who brings sandals to replace the ordinary street wear. Having intimated that dinner is required, one is ushered into a room, bare of all furniture except for a table in the centre, which stands about two feet high. White rush matting covers the floor, and also the walls. One then sits tailor-fashion around the table, which, by the way, has nothing on it, and a quaint Japanese girl enters the room to prepare the meal. She places on the table a metal pan, heaped with charcoal, to cook the food over. Chicken and various kinds of meat and green vegetables are put in layers in a dish and cooked over the charcoal fire.

While this is cooking the girl brings in a large bowl of boiled rice, together with some new laid eggs. Small bowls are placed before the diners and a raw egg is broken into each one of them, after which some boiled rice is put in, and finally the food which has been cooked.

The dinner is ready to be eaten with the chop sticks, and although this appears to be practically impossible, one gets quite expert in using them, but as there are no knives and forks one has to make the best of it.

When dinner is finished sandals are discarded for one's own shoes, and once out in the street again even slow waitresses seem a minor annoyance compared with this little Japanese custom.



We are very sorry to hear of Mr. Bodinnar's indisposition, and sincerely hope that by the time these lines appear in print our Chief will be restored to full health and strength again.

We wish to express our profound sympathy to Mr. R. Haines in the death of his brother.

We have been very pleased to welcome Mr. Redman again, who paid us a visit during January.

As stated in the "London Gazette, among the areas in Southern England for which prospecting licences for oil have been granted by the Board of Trade to the D'Arcy Exploration Co., Ltd., are the following:—From Totton to Millbrook, through Southampton to the outskirts of Eastleigh, and Fair Oak to Lower Upham, Bishop's Waltham, and Corhampton.

The activities of this company will be followed very keenly all over the country.

John Pearce, John Pearce, lend me your white pig,

All along, down along, up along lee,
For I'm going to Changlersford for a cig.:
With Peter Tidby, Hard Lines W. Sleeper,
Sore Feet, Signal Down, C. Ford, and
Uncle Fred Martin and all, and Uncle Fred
Martin and all.

When shall I see 'e again, my little white pig

All along, down along, up along lee,
By 1940 or '41.
With, &c., chorus.

Then '40 came and '41, too,

All along, down along, up along lee,
But the little white pig had not trotted home,
With, &c., chorus.

So John Pearce he got up to the top o' the woods,

All along, down along, up along lee,
He heard that a pig had been doing a grunt,
Without, &c., chorus.

But, alas, John Pearce t'was only a dream,

All along, down along, up along lee,
For the pig there it stood where it had always
been,

Without, &c., chorus.

(With apologies to "Widdicombe Fair").

There is no truth in the rumour that our cellar staff are joining the Post-office in view of their adoption of the pillar-box colours.

EASTLEIGHAN.

Put love into the world, and heaven with all its beatitudes and glories becomes a reality. Love is everything; it is the key of life, and its influences are those that move the world.—R. W. TRINE.



Our contribution to this issue of the Magazine would not be complete without reference to the passing of our King. References to the sad event and the life and work of his Majesty have been made in newspapers and periodicals of every description, so that it only remains to us to say that the nation-wide sense of loss was felt at Highbridge equally with all other parts of the country and Empire.

The chief event at Highbridge during January was the Annual Social, held on Saturday, the 18th inst., in the local Town Hall. There was a very good attendance indeed of members of the Welfare Association, their wives, and friends. Unfortunately, our President, Mr. Bodinnar, was unable to be present, through illness, a fact deplored by all. Mr. Kidley, in announcing the news, echoed the feelings of all when he said that he regretted very much having to make the announcement, and hoped that Mr. Bodinnar would soon be restored to his normal health and strength, which had, no doubt, suffered through his very strenuous work in connection with the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes. In consequence of our Chief's absence the usual presentation of Long Service Medals and Bars was deferred until a later date. We were all very sorry also that Captain C. Herbert Smith was unable to be with us, but he had developed a very bad cold and thought it unwise to venture.

The month of January has lived up to its reputation of dispensing colds and influenza very liberally, and we have had several absentees from work. Some are still away, but others have now returned, and to them all we wish speedy recovery.

We must congratulate Mr. W. H. G. Young, who has just been promoted from

corporal to sergeant in the St. John Ambulance Brigade. We know the promotion to be merited, as Mr. Young is a very keen member indeed. Still, he should be able to get on in the Brigade, as he can get additional practice in dressing wounds, &c., by his position as officer in charge of the First-aid Box in the factory.

The League Skittles season has now passed the half-way stage, but our team are far from half-way up the table. As a matter of fact we are at the bottom; but in spite of this we have had some jolly good evenings, and apparently everyone enjoys himself whether we win or not—which is as it should be. Mr. Pople has recently come into form, and Monday, the 6th, saw him accomplish a record hand of 80. Since then he has maintained high scores, and looks like heading our list of averages for another season. In the Anne Kidley Cup competition Mr. Walter Young is heading the list by a substantial margin, but there are quite a number of us waiting to peg him back.

On the 31st January Miss Joan Sparks, of the Office Staff, terminated her employment with us, leaving to assist in the family business. We were all very sorry to lose her as during the time she has been with us she endeared herself to all by her pleasant manner and willing ways. We wish her the best of luck in the future.

R.C.L.

HIGHBRIDGE ANNUAL SOCIAL.

'Twas the Bacon Factory Social,
The sixth of its kind,
Reminiscences of previous ones
Were called to mind.
We missed the Harris party,
Though we had something new,
The pigs had gone to Market,
"Oh, Eliza, where be to?"

The monarchs of melody
With "Scotty" jokes did crack,
He sang "The Pig" and "Whistled,"
And "Ducks went quack, quack,
quack."
With 'cello, violin, piano,
The voices of the throng,
With piano accordion,
Sang "Love's Old Sweet Song."

The games commenced afterwards,
With many features new,
Ringing of the bell was one,
How Walter's whiskers grew!
The polo game, on barrels,
Made us simply roar,
Trying to score goals
And rolling on the floor.

Paul Jones was the next,
Although rather brief,
Won by cheerful Bert,
Mr. and Mrs. Neath.
Then the Old Folks' Parade,
Carried out with grace,
Won by Walter and his wife,
Swallow tails and bearded face.

Our Chief could not be with us,
Sickness had showed its sign,
With us he was in spirit,
"Hoped we'd have a merry time."
We expressed our deep regret,
Same be expressed by letter,
Kind wishes to Mrs. Bodinnar,
Hoping soon he would be better.

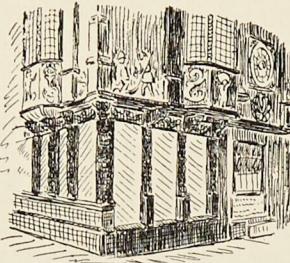
Mr. Kidley made this announcement,
With regrets he also told
Of Captain Smith's absence,
Being laid up with a cold.
Then on went the motley,
The seat they thought was theirs,
Miss Wood and Bert Neath
Won the musical chairs.

The ringing of the bell
Blindfolded ladies falter,
Won after many heats
By lucky Miss Joan Salter.
Miss M. Young and C. B. Shier
Won the numbered hat,
Horace Ham and partner
Heads and Tails Dance after that.

Best thanks to Mrs. Kidley,
Cheers echoed through the room,
Again there was in evidence
Wonderful hyacinth blooms.
Dancing then continued,
No end to them did seem,
The last waltz at 11.40
To the song, "Too Old to Dream."

Then "Auld Lang Syne" together,
Throughout the hall did ring,
Sincere wishes for his Majesty,
"God save our Noble King."

W. SLATER.



For Ipswich, as for the whole of our Empire, January, 1936, will for ever be remembered as the month which saw the passing of a great and good King, and we share to the full that sense of loss and genuine sorrow which has been so universally expressed.

Our Annual Social was to have been held on January 25th, but, of course, was postponed, and will be held on February 15th, when we are hoping to welcome friends from London and Dunmow.

We still manage to get our share of work, and are looking forward to a busy year—providing, that is, that this everlasting rain does not wash all the pigs into the North Sea. Considering the inclement weather, our factory bill of health is surprisingly good.

The Sports and Social Club are going strong, and Mr. Secretary Storey is a busy man. Thanks to Mr. Bodinnar's never-failing help, we have achieved a Sports Ground and pavilion, and certain ambitious spirits are talking of hard courts.

We feel ourselves to have been very remiss in our duty to the Magazine, but will not condemn ourselves by proferring excuses—rather, we will try our best to redeem our character.

* * *

London had a curious trade in the past, which is gradually dying out. It is that of the whip minders of Covent Garden. They are women who take charge of the whips of the carters coming into the market. When the carter comes to claim his property the minders, without any hesitation, take the correct whip from their bundles and return it. A few of these women are still to be seen with their baskets of fruit and their bundles of whips. But they are gradually diminishing in number.



We, in company with most districts, have experienced a good deal of sharp weather during the past few weeks. The writer's first job each morning has been to break the ice which has often been three inches thick on the lily pool to relieve if possible some of the stress on the concrete sides, caused by the expansion of the water freezing. If any reader contemplates making a lily pool, one very essential point to watch is that the sides are sloping in to the bottom at an angle of almost 45°. This helps to relieve the sides of the pool when the temperature drops below freezing point.

We have heard that it is possible for fish to be frozen solid in a pool and that when the thaw comes they can be seen swimming about again. Be this right or wrong (and if anyone can tell us we should be interested to know) the writer's fish can be seen swimming about apparently none the worse for the fact that they are sometimes under a thick layer of ice.

The Great Western Railway's midland line runs along the side of our factory, and during the summer months we have often to turn ourselves into a fire-fighting brigade when sparks from the engine set fire to the dry grass. Last week, when a particularly cold, drying East wind was blowing, a cinder, or spark, from an engine set fire to the meadow grass, and, fanned by the wind, was rapidly spreading. Wet wrappers and sticks, however, proved effective in putting the fire out, but we record it here, wondering whether any of our readers have ever before known grass catching fire during February.

A Saturday or two ago one of our lady typists was known to have visited a point-to-point meeting, and whether she was so tempted by the sport of Kings as to indulge in a "flutter" we do not know, but we do

know that during the following week this appeared on an offal order—24lbs. Shirt.

Aeroplanes are carrying many varieties of cargo nowadays, but we think another of our typists must have been smitten with a vision of the future development of the Milk Marketing Scheme when she typed the following:—Mr. _____'s farm is 13 miles from the Factory, as the "cow" flies.

It was with extreme regret that we heard of the indisposition of Mr. Bodinnar. We hope that by the time these lines are in print he will be well on the road to recovery.

* * *



Our fifth Annual Whist Drive, Dinner, and Dance is now an evening which we look back upon; the function which we looked forward to for so long, and for which some of us had the pleasure of working, is now a memory—a happy memory.

Arderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, was again the place of the festivities, and scenes of delighted re-union and happy new acquaintanceship went on continuously as guests were received in the foyer by Mr. and Mrs. McKaig.

In the lobby one spotted visitors who had come some distance in order to be with us. Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were there, as usual, and we in London appreciate their unhesitating acceptance of our invitation year by year. We were very pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Scull, Mr. and Mrs. Hasler, and Mr. F. J. Kirgton, and of having the pleasure of meeting Mr. K. F. Green.

The Whist Drive commenced promptly at six o'clock, and Mr. J. A. Chidgey acted as M.C.

This over, everyone trooped upstairs to the Chapter Hall for the Dinner.

I can only write of what took place at my own table, but if this can be taken as a

fair criterion, conversation was very gay and jolly. The ladies seemed delighted at the unexpected gift of a bunch of violets, jasmine, and primroses. The little questionnaire provoked keen rivalry and all seemed anxious to get the correct solutions. The menu cards were highly praised and were taken away as a most appreciated memento of the occasion. Once again we have to thank Mr. McKaig's artistry and industry in designing and painting these.

Mr. Coles, in proposing the toast to "The Visitors," said how glad we were to see so many friends who had come long journeys to be with us. It was unfortunate that Mr. Culpin, of Dunmow, was absent owing to the illness of his father. Mr. Coles spoke for everybody when he said how sorry he was that Mr. Culpin was experiencing some little trouble during the week-end instead of some enjoyment.

Mr. Ludgate replied, saying that it was a very particular pleasure for Mrs. Ludgate and himself to come along each year to our annual dinner.

Choosing a different member of the Club to propose the health of "The Chairman" has, year by year, meant the exercising of quite a lot of diplomatic persuasion, but I think a very fitting and happy choice was made in Mr. J. A. Chidgey.

During his speech Mr. Chidgey reminded us of the many privileges which employees of C. and T. Harris enjoy, and of the generosity and foresight of Mr. Bodinnar. He referred to the very personal sympathy which Mr. Bodinnar is ready at all times to extend to anyone whom he hears is ill or in trouble, and said that there are very few of us who have not, at some time or other, experienced those kind letters which Mr. Bodinnar alone can send.

The toast was given musical honours, after which Mr. Ludgate lead the cheering.

Mr. Bodinnar rose, and in reply said that it was a very particular pleasure for him to be with us, because only the day before he thought there could be no earthly chance of his being able to come along. He had been confined to his bed on Friday, and since December 31st had had two long and trying visits to a nursing home.

He said it had been a strange year through which we had passed, and that as far as he could see we had entered into an even stranger year in 1936. We were suffering from an unequal distribution of

pigs, and while Mr. Ludgate might be quite happy regarding supplies at Ipswich, he (the speaker) was very worried over supplies elsewhere.

Soon the floor was cleared for dancing, and the Rhythm Rascals Dance Band were providing a very excellent programme of dance music. Miss Pamela Hillier gave a delightful exhibition of tap dancing. This proved a very popular number and we were sorry she had not brought some music for an encore. An exhibition Tango was given by Miss Cohen and Mr. A. Webb, who presented for an encore the Carioca. This was much appreciated, and we thank them for so willingly contributing to the enjoyment of the evening. During the dance the answers to the questionnaire were read, and we sincerely hope Mr. Bunting, Mr. R. E. Harris, and Mr. Ludgate are not suffering from toothache following their attack on the lollipops which they received as prizes.

We owe much to Mr. Johnson for his calm and masterly handling of the dance programme, which he accomplished so successfully that there was never a dull or empty moment.

Mrs. G. Coles graciously presented the prizes, which Mr. Coles had once again generously provided.

Prize-winners were:—Whist—1st lady, Mrs. Ludgate; 2nd lady, Mrs. Perkins; 1st gentleman, Mr. Ludgate; 2nd Gentleman, Mr. Newton.

Dance prizes:—Spot waltz, Mr. and Mrs. Court; novelty fox trot, Mr. W. Johnson and Miss S. Robinson; spot waltz, Mr. and Mrs. Hillier.

Mr. Ludgate, after receiving his prize, a pewter tankard, presented it to members of the club to be competed for in a Darts Competition.

The time passed all too quickly and the evening was brought to a conclusion with "Auld Lang Syne," followed by the National Anthem.

THE SEC.

* * *

BITING COMMENT.

"In your literature you said there was a nip in the air after sundown," complained the summer boarder.

Whereupon the hotel proprietor snickered, "Well, it's the truth, ain't it? Look at them mosquitoes!"



LEEDS

The Editor has kindly offered some space to the Representatives and Staff who are in the van of Harris progress in the far-flung North. We are told that friends in the South are prone to think of London as the hub of the universe, and, in a sense, it may be. This paragraph, however, may serve from month to month to focus your thoughts on the North, and we trust will be of interest. We also take the opportunity of extending a welcome to any of you to call and see us should you be travelling in our vicinity, for we are very lonely sometimes.

As we write our thoughts are with our beloved Royal friends in their personal bereavement. The marvel of broadcasting has brought us all nearer to our King, and his mourning relatives, in a personal way, which enables us to share their burden of grief; and our prayers will be with them in these dark days.

We wonder if you ever see snow and ice as we do up here. Never have I seen our streets in such a mess. As dainty ladies stepped off buses in City Square, Leeds, they plumped into slush nearly to their knees. Now, all is grey, and sodden, and wet in the cities. In the country deep snow lies white and roads have frozen in rippling, dangerous ruts. At my house the snow drifts reached the top of my front door and were level with hedges and gates. We had literally to dig out.

As the snow departs Spring's gain of light, though tardy, is now distinctly perceptible, together with signs of the awakening of Nature's dormant life.

Yorkshiremen, being mostly practical business people, have been discussing the chances of an improvement in trade, and hold that 1936 will beat its predecessor. For one thing it is Leap Year, with 366 days instead of 365. This means that, for example, there will be an increase in births, the world over, of about 100,000; and we

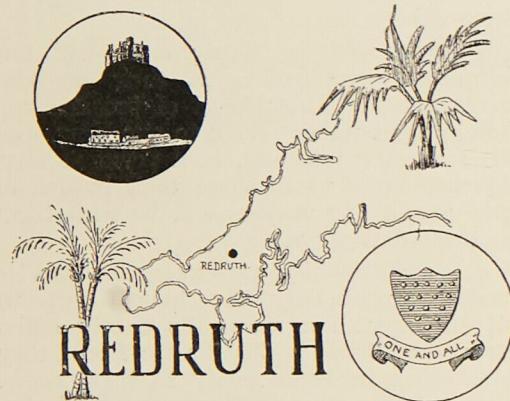
will be able each to fill our lungs at the ordinary rate of breathing 20,000 times more than last year. Think also of the substantial increase in the National Revenue. The man who is paid monthly may say, "What about the extra day I have to put in for nothing," forgetting all about the day he is getting free of Motor Tax.

Yorkshire farmers still grumble, but many incidents during the past year show that this prerogative is being lost. He realises he is being helped by a sympathetic Government who are out to place farming on a firm financial foundation. The British farmer is organising, as is proved by the speeches now heard at the meetings of the National Farmers' Union.

Let us still be able to say, "We sell what we can, and what we can't, we can."

G.S.C.

* * *



Cornwall had very close links with King George, and the tragically sudden close of a great life has caused sorrow as deep and general in the far west of his kingdom as anywhere in the world. His Majesty became Duke of Cornwall on the death of Queen Victoria, and remained at the head of the Duchy until his accession to the throne on the death of King Edward VII.

In the course of the 9½ years whilst Duke of Cornwall, the late King, accompanied by Queen Mary, paid two memorable visits. In every town through which they passed, and along the whole country-side, Cornish people manifested their delight on both occasions. The first visit in 1903 was to attend the service of benediction of the nave of Truro Cathedral, and to pay a visit

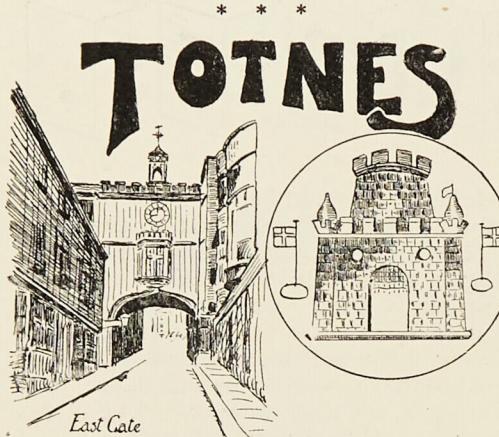
to the newly-erected Marconi station at Poldhu (where the first wireless message was received from Marconi himself, who was in a boat some distance out in the Atlantic). The second visit came in 1909, when it took the form of a survey of the Duchy estate in Cornwall, and it was the next year that the Duke became King Emperor. During the twenty-five years of his reign he never came to this county again, but Cornwall retained a special affection for the King, who of all British Monarchs in history entered most deeply and intimately into the hearts of his subjects everywhere.

King Edward VIII., whose accession has just been proclaimed, is far better known in Cornwall than any other member of the Royal family, and much more so than any previous Duke of Cornwall. Nowhere is the wish more ardent and sincere that his Majesty may have a long and prosperous reign.

For a quarter of a century he has been visiting the Duchy, not only for ceremonial purposes, but also on business in connection with his farm, and on many occasions for his own rest and recreation. His interest in farming, as illustrated by the story of his farm at Stoke Climsland, has made him very popular in a region so largely dependent on agriculture for its prosperity. But the King has other and even greater claims on the regard of Cornwall. Nothing has been more striking in the record of the past ten years than the influence he has exercised on voluntary effort for the welfare of the unemployed. In this county that influence has taken the form of special encouragement of the Social Service Committees, and even during the last few weeks he has given new evidence of it by a generous contribution to the Welfare Work Funds. The Royal Cornwall Show has also benefited much from his support, and especially by his presence on various occasions. An unusual position has been created with regard to a successor to his Royal Highness as Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall. The former, according to the authorities, is not one of succession by hereditary right. It is conferred on the Heir Apparent by the King at his pleasure by personal investment, so that it is possible that the Duke of York, as Heir Presumptive, may be created Prince of Wales. In the latter, however, the title is not a question of creation. The eldest son of the reigning sovereign is born Duke of

Cornwall, and the probability is that the title will become merged in the Crown, so that King Edward will continue to be Duke of Cornwall.

W.B.F.



At this time of year many are contemplating their annual holidays, so here is a word for our beautiful Devon, which is fortunate in being blessed with attractions both on its North and South Coast lines as well as manifold ones inland.

Of recent years the idea of spending one's holiday on a farm in Devonshire has grown so extremely popular that certain farmers now lay their premises and their land out almost entirely for visitors during the summer months, with the result that one may find not only the delights of being surrounded by animals and the harvest atmosphere of every farm at that time of the year, but also there are kept good stables of horses and moorland ponies; there are concrete bathing pools supplied constantly by small rivulets running down from the moors. The writer had occasion to visit (on business intent) a farm of this description last week.

A stay at one of these places ensures the double advantage of being in close proximity to the glorious moors as well as the charming seaside resorts. Although these famous moors are more or less barren land, there is an undoubted grandeur and beauty in their many rugged aspects, which, with the magnificent views that may be obtained from the numerous tors, at once create impressions that last long after the holiday is over. Add to this the clear, bracing atmosphere, and it is no wonder

that in these parts Dartmoor is considered unequalled elsewhere in the country. "Air like wine" is an apt expression enough to make even Jock a little envious. All the well-known beauty spots are easily accessible, and if one wishes for a short period of solitude this can be obtained without any special effort.

So we recommend you to a holiday in Devonshire, and we do not think the recommendation will fail you.

T.H.R.

* * *



January 17th, 1936.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

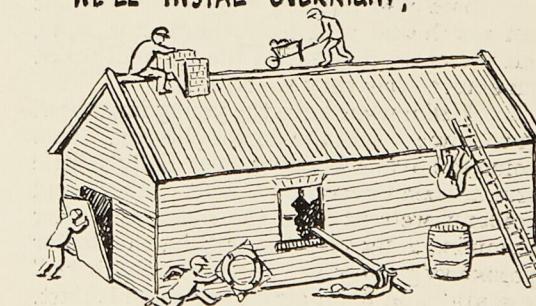
As a matter of curiosity I worked out the amount of the Collecting Box for last year amongst the employees.

By taking the number employed at Calne as 1,200 (I don't know the exact number), it works out that on an average each employee contributed each week .005 of a penny, or 1/50th of a farthing !!

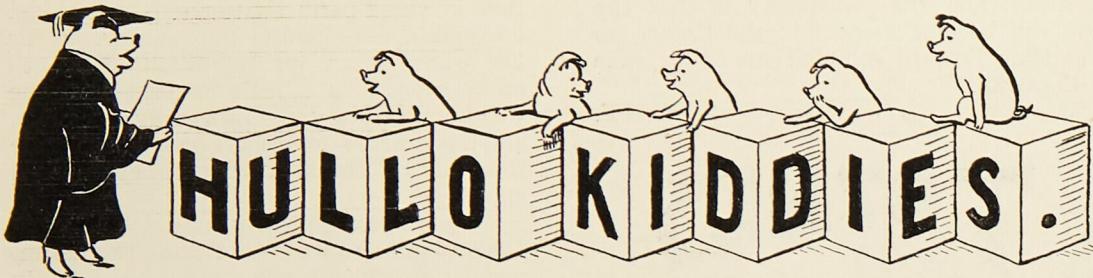
X.

SAID KIDLINGTON LET US BEGIN IT
WE'LL BUILD UP THIS HUT IN A MINUTE.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
WE'LL INSTAL OVERNIGHT,



AND PING PONG AND DANCE WHEN
WE'RE IN IT.



THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM
(Continued).

Sam and Teddy were down from their swings at once. "Sally, Sally," cried Sam, "do speak to me," but he got no answer. From all appearances Sally was a lifeless little heap, and Sam's heart was filled with terror. "Call somebody, Teddy. Dad, or anybody you can see about. We must get her indoors and send for the doctor quickly."

Teddy tore off towards the house and Sam watched over his sister to see if she showed any signs of life. Before many moments Teddy re-appeared with the children's father and one of the farm hands, and very carefully, and without a word, the two strong men lifted Sally and carried her gently and tenderly to the farmhouse.

"Don't be alarmed, Mother," said Daddie, "our little Sal has had a tumble. I have sent Ben for the doctor, and we must get her comfortable. It's all right, there's life in her yet, but she's had a nasty knock."

Sam and Teddy gave a sigh of relief when they heard father's words, "there's life in her yet." They had feared the worst, and little Teddy felt quite old with the strain.

There was nothing they could do but just watch and wait until the doctor came, and presently they heard the car pull up at the door. Now they would know.

"Hello, what have the young imps been up to now?" said the doctor cheerily. In a moment he was bending over Sally's little form. Then everybody but father and mother were sent from the room, and after examining Sally very thoroughly, the doctor spoke very gravely. "There's trouble here," he said, "and I am afraid her spine is hurt. At any rate, we must get her into hospital at once."

Mother begged to be allowed to keep her little girl, but she very soon realised how

much better it would be for her to be taken to the hospital, where she could have every attention and the best of doctors and nurses. So again there were preparations at Home Farm, but of a different sort, and instead of going to London on the milk train in the morning Sally, still unconscious, was taken off to hospital as soon as the ambulance could be brought. Mother went, too, and it was arranged that Teddy and his mother should stay on at the farm until they knew how things went.

Home Farm was a very sad house again that night, and nobody had much sleep. Teddy slept a little towards morning, and when he woke his first thought was, "The milk train, and London," but almost immediately he remembered with a pang, "Sally, laughing, cheery Sally, now perhaps a cripple for life—if she lived at all!" When his mother came to tell him to get up she found her little boy sobbing as if his heart would break. "Oh, Mummie," he cried, "I just can't bear it, I can't. Won't she ever run about and climb trees and swim with us again? I don't want to see the farm any more, nor the swings, nor the sea, nor anything that Sally loved. Please take me home to Daddie."

"But, Teddy," said mother, "that wouldn't be helping Sally a bit. We must stay here and help to keep the farm going so that Sally may have her mother near. You may depend that Sally will be brave, and you must be brave, too, and do all you can to help."

(To be continued).

* * *

WHEN.

For when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.

Shelley.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. —— APRIL, 1936. —— No. 4.



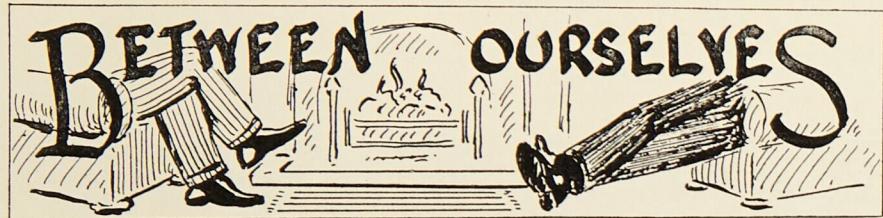
WE hope to reproduce in our next issue from an old and faded photograph a group of worthies who lived and laboured in Calne many years ago. Mr. Joseph Carpenter, who was working for the Firm in those days, will contribute an article to accompany the illustration.

Apart from its contemporary interest, our Magazine will prove to be a valuable record of the progress of the Firm when its pages are consulted in the future. The social and economic life of a nation is as much a part of its history as the record of affairs of State and the operations of war. We often complain about the paucity of the records left by our forbears regarding their every-day life, and the same will probably be charged against industry during its

development from the end of the eighteenth century to the present day.

We still have with us friends who are able to remember happenings of interest connected with the House of Harris worthy of permanent record and who also probably possess documents or photographs which should find a place in our pages. We appeal to these people for support. Such contributions may at some future date be assembled into a concise history of the Firm.

Some time ago the formation of a society to preserve business records was suggested, so that the future social historian might have reliable archives to resort to. If we can, whilst some of our older friends are still with us, obtain data such as we have referred to, a very useful branch of the Magazine's work will have been accomplished.



INTERMITTENT and irregular supplies of pigs mean that we have to use the same adjectives in regard to supplies of bacon. Before the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes can be successful regular deliveries of raw material must be ensured by the producer.

It is well known that one of the reasons for low prices for pigs in part of 1935 was due to deliveries delayed by producers arriving in very large quantities later in the year, thus helping to depress the price of bacon upon which the pig price partly rests. But apart from this disadvantage to the producers, irregular supplies cause very great difficulty and disappointment to our sales organisation and our customers. This is, at present, a very great weakness of the Schemes and it is up to the producers to do better in this respect. If they do better for the curers by giving regular deliveries they will do better for themselves in regard to pig prices.

Another vital thing that requires amendment is the distribution of pigs between factories. The price that a man can give for raw material must be based upon his ability to have sufficient of that raw material to bring down his standing charges to a reasonable and regular level per pig.

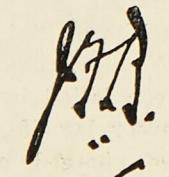
As we have said before, some factories have had 100 per cent. and over of their capacity occupied, while others have had 20 per cent. There can be no sure basis for a national scheme if these extremes are not made to meet in a reasonable manner. If this could be attained, as it must, the greater

part of the advantage will go to the pig producer, and it is believed that if all curers had an assured and proper percentage of through-put they would be able to offer a better price for pigs. No matter, therefore, what the difficulties may be in regard to a more equitable allocation of pigs to factories, we hold that it is the work of both Boards to find a solution in the interest of the producer and the curer.

These are some of the problems which are already being tackled in connection with arrangements for the 1937 contracts. There are many more matters of vital concern to both sides of the industry that require to be put upon an efficient and economic basis for all concerned.

It would indeed be a lamentable thing if, instead of progress and increased employment in the Pig and Bacon Industries, there should, through a restricted viewpoint, or a lack of vision, be only destructive criticism of the vital principles which will come before the Boards.

Upon the solution of these difficulties depend the outlook and future of many of our people. We are losing no opportunity of seeking sane and reasonable settlements of all the problems which have become apparent in the working of the Pigs and Bacon Schemes.



Canned Foods.

A BRIEF HISTORY.

IN or about the year 1795 a Frenchman, Nicholas Appert, was awarded a prize of 12,000 francs by the French Government for devising the best method for preserving perishable foods. He found that by hermetically sealing food and then cooking it the food would keep fresh and sweet for years. The canning industry may, therefore, be said to date from these early experiments. A further step forward was made in 1809, when an Englishman, engaged in the making of tin-plate, took out a patent for the manufacture of a vessel made of tin-plate for the preservation of foods. After that date history is silent on the subject until 1820, when Underwood and Mitchell, in America, commenced canning certain kinds of fruit. In 1852 William Hume, with two associates, James Booker and Percy Woodson, established the first salmon cannery, a very crude affair, on the banks of the Sacramento River. From this humble beginning the salmon canning industry has grown to enormous proportions, and is now one of the great food-producing industries of the world.

In this country food canning hardly existed when George V. ascended the throne. To-day it can certainly be regarded as an important industry, employing many thousands of people and producing canned foods of a quality unexcelled by those made anywhere in the world.

The great strides made in this country are to be attributed in no small degree to:—

(1)—The necessity which arose for the preservation of our own food during the years of the Great War, when importation became so difficult. (2)—The "death" of the old bogey that canned food is unsafe to eat (whereas it is really the safest form of all food). (3)—The largely increased consumption due to the public confidence in canned foods, the excellent quality of the almost endless varieties now offered for sale, and the great facility with which nourishing and dainty meals can be prepared at a few minutes' notice. The tin-opener is now certainly an indispensable household tool.

It is not the purpose of this article to digress upon the part that science has

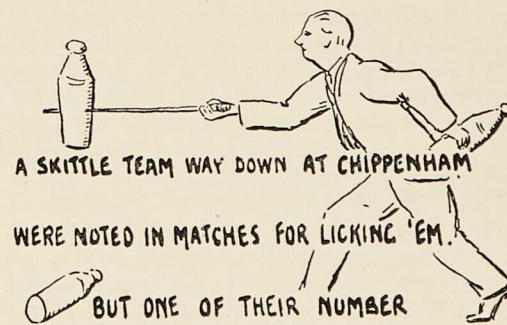
played in building up the world-wide trade of food canning, but it is largely due to scientific investigations that the canning industry of to-day is in existence.

Before M. Appert's epoch-making experiments, enormous quantities of food were allowed to waste and rot because the knowledge of how to save it and make it available to millions of people elsewhere in the world did not exist. Nowadays, almost anywhere where there is a surplus of food, a canning factory will be found, and food hitherto wasted is now preserved in times of plenty to be used in times of scarcity. In the words of John D. Lee, a famous figure in the American Canning Industry, "it places the June garden into the January pantry. It puts the fresh fruits of the tropics on the table of the Laplander, and fresh salmon from the Behring Sea upon the bill of fare of Havana hotels."

There is no great secret about canning food. Nothing whatever is used except heat to sterilise and prevent fermentation. By this relatively simple means food can be kept fresh for an indefinite period. It will never go bad unless the can gets punctured or rusts through. Meat preserved in cans as long ago as 1880 is still in a perfectly fresh condition.

The discovery of the means of preserving all kinds of food for as long as may be needed is most certainly one of the greatest boons ever given by Providence to man.

"Branch 'Imericks."



CUT PIGS THROATS ASUNDER,

AND SO HE WAS NOTED FOR STICKING 'EM.

Thanet.

WHERE shall we go for our holidays?" This question, which is doubtless exercising many minds just now, is a fruitful topic for debate.

Some there be who like to return each year to the same well-loved spot where they know every nook and corner and have made friends of years standing, and who assume proprietorial airs with newcomers.

Others, again, like to break fresh ground when the annual holiday comes round and seek in the varied aspects of our lovely homeland fresh beauties and new explorations.

Of such are my wife and I, and thus it was that we sat one evening, about a year ago, earnestly debating the annual question—whither?

Awhile we talked and in imagination went many a mile along the highways, over the hills, through the green valleys, but ever arriving at the sea. At last, a brain-wave! Broadstairs!! Not too far away, sea nearly all around it, places of interest within easy reach, Margate and Ramsgate handy for frivolity—what about it? . . .

Behold me, then, scuttling home at mid-day on the last Saturday in June, 1935, in a great hurry to be off. Everything was ready for a quick getaway—car overhauled, greased, and polished, luggage all packed, and a meal waiting on the table. A hasty meal, a chorus of "good-byes," and we were off. The weather had turned fair on the longest day, and was now settled, fine, and hot.

Up the London road we went, along the Colchester by-pass, through Witham, then the Chelmsford by-pass, and at Brentwood we turned left, and made for the Tilbury—Gravesend ferry. We were lucky here and got across very quickly, to find ourselves in the narrow, crowded streets of Gravesend. It was like an oven in Gravesend, and we were glad to win clear and take the fine wide road through Gadshill to Strood, where we joined A2, the old Roman road called Watling Street. Here the traffic was very heavy, and we proceeded cautiously to Rochester, where we crossed the Medway, and so into Chatham—full of Naval ratings—and eventually won clear to the open road for Canterbury. The scenery on this route is not particularly inspiring, but it improved

beyond Sittingbourne, and the hop fields, with their symmetrical rows of tall poles, the oast houses, and the cherry orchards made a pleasant enough picture to eyes which were unaccustomed to them.

At Canterbury we had some tea, and I had great difficulty in persuading my wife not to visit the Cathedral then and there.

"Another day we will come in and have a good look round, with more time to spare."

Traffic was just one long crawl in Canterbury—narrow streets, traffic lights, blazing heat—but we emerged at last, after a long wait at a level crossing (at Sturry, I believe it was), to where the signposts pointed on the left to Herne Bay, and right to Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. Greatly heartened at this sight, we toiled along merrily through Upstreet and Sarre, Mount Pleasant and Haine, past roads leading to Buckington, to Westgate-on-Sea, to Sandwich and Pegwell Bay, and so to St. Peters, which gives access to Broadstairs, arriving at our destination safe and sound, filled with happy anticipation of a fortnight's holiday.

A good wash, a change of clothing, and, of course, more tea were indicated at this juncture, after which we sallied forth to investigate Broadstairs. For those who, like ourselves, like a fairly quiet place, with good sands, plenty of bathing, and a cosy, happy-family atmosphere, Broadstairs just fills the bill. The promenade runs along the cliffs, with steps down on to the sands here and there. There is a little jetty, and on the cliff above stands Bleak House, of Dickens' fame. The cliffs form a series of little bays, and you choose your bay and come there daily to swim, play, and bask in the sunshine.

For lovers of Dickens the town abounds with mementos of that great writer, for he seems to have resided in quite a number of houses at various times, whilst writing his books. In fact, on one house we saw a notice, "Charles Dickens did *not* live in this house."

It is quite an adventure to go for a tram ride into Margate. The Broadstairs trams are, to put it mildly, ancient. I am not sure if they were first used by the early Romans—but that, perhaps, is an exaggeration. Anyway, they're great fun, and awfully good for the liver.

Margate and Ramsgate we visited, of course, but they were too crowded for our liking, albeit the crowds there seemed all very happy. We were favoured with glorious

weather—day after day of sunshine, with long, delightful evenings.

Little trips we made in various directions—to Sandwich and Deal, to the now deserted war-time port of Richborough, to Herne Bay, and the quiet little inland villages of Thanet. Cherry orchards abound, and we could buy a bag of the freshly-gathered fruit at the orchard gate and eat them joyously.

One thing we noticed, which was strange to us, and that was that the cornfields were cultivated right to the edge of the road with no hedge, ditch, or grass verge between. One could draw up at the roadside, with the golden wheat rustling along the running-board.

Of course, we had a day in Canterbury and saw the Pilgrims' Stones, and the Weavers' House, and the old 16th century house where pilgrims rested, who arrived after the City gates were closed for the night. We went over the great Cathedral, so full of historical associations and ancient tombs. If I tried to recount all that we saw in that wonderful building it would make this casual article into a guide book. One thing, however, was of outstanding interest. Our guide brought us to where lay a recumbent figure—that of a knight in armour, shining like polished gold. It was the tomb of the Black Prince, and above were hanging his surcoat, gauntlets, and shield. "Up till a few weeks ago," said the guide, "this figure was of a dull, practically black colour, and had been so for several hundred years. It was believed that it had always been so ever since it was brought over from Flanders. Recently, however, an English antiquarian from the study of some old M.S.S., came to the conclusion that this was not so. He sought, and obtained, the necessary authority and came here armed with some ammonia and a large sponge. When he had finished his work the figure was as you now see it, a splendid piece of Flemish bronze bright and untarnished as gold, quite uncorroded by the passing of many centuries."

We passed from quiet cloisters, the lofty aisles, and the solemn calm of the great Cathedral into the noise and bustle of modern traffic, in ancient streets, feeling as one coming into another world.

Quickly passed the days—too quickly, indeed, until there came the time to return. Usually, we seek another route for the homeward trip, but this time it was rather

impracticable (a glance at the map will show you why), and anyway we did not leave Broadstairs until well into the afternoon.

We took, therefore, the same route as on the outward journey, had tea at Gravesend, crossed old Father Thames once more, and so home, bringing with us large areas of sunburnt skin and the happy memory of sunlit days in pleasant Thanet.

A.H.McK.

* * *

THE GROCER GOES TO SCHOOL.

Throughout the country, grocers' assistants are anxiously waiting the final examination by the Institute of Certificated Grocers. There has been a three years' course in schools or by correspondence. First and second exams. have been passed, and now all is set for the final.

As you know, our Chief is president of the I.C.G. This gives us added interest.

To-day more is expected from the grocer's assistant than to hand out a package. He must know where the goods come from, have some knowledge of their dietetic value, &c. He must know how to protect himself in accordance with the Food and Drugs Act. He should be able to distinguish the various kinds of teas, to tell the difference between margarine and butter, and have a knowledge of book-keeping and arithmetic. He must be able to cut up a side of bacon and price the various sections.

The original classes were commenced by the late Mr. J. Williams and Mr. Hugon, in Manchester. The pioneers realised the assistant should have a better knowledge of the various commodities he handles. Great credit is due to both promoters and students.

The promoters had to rely largely on their friends in the trade, while the assistant who worked very long hours was asked to give up his only free night.

To-day the Educational Department of the I.C.G. is very skilfully organised. With increasing competition it is more than ever necessary for the grocer to have a thorough knowledge of all commodities, to buy in the best markets, and then contact with his customers will ensure success.

The successful students are usually taken for a tour of various manufacturers, so Calne will probably again be visited in the near future by the perfect grocer.

A.E.K.

Rudyard Kipling.

(By Rev. G. H. HARRIS, M.A.)

WE are the poorer for the loss of two men, both lovers of England and the English. I refer to the King and to Rudyard Kipling. But whereas the King loved both England and the English through all chance and change, Kipling, loving us as we were and always will be, had lost touch with modern England. He loved and understood the Englishman (or, shall I say, the Briton?).

Loved him with all his virtues and all his faults. Sometimes it seemed as if he was too kind to his failings. And the Englishman has not changed. But England has. By force of circumstance no longer the workshop of the world, no longer mistress of the seas, no longer of Europe, but in Europe; no longer sentinel by the ocean wave, England is different; not less lovable, not less noble, but different.

The King was alive to the change, but Kipling was oblivious to it. And so to the end he remained apostle of the old Imperialism, minstrel of the old guard.

Kipling is a popular favourite, because, reticent as we are, we wanted somebody to sing our praises. And Kipling has done this, not idealising us, by any means, but singing the common virtues of the common man, his courage, his humour, his love of a scrap, his patience when he's back to the wall. Sometimes, too tender to our faults, but not afraid of chastising us, as when he upset the Universities by allusions to "flannelled fools" and "muddied oafs." For Kipling believed in discipline, and had no use for a three-months' training and go-easy for the rest of one's life. He would say that no nation could prove its worth that hadn't its proper balance of fit septuagenarians. The law of the jungle had bitten deep into Kipling's mind, and he saw it at work as much in the Stock Exchange, the engine room, and the market place, as in the tiger roaming the sunberbunds of Calcutta.

Kipling is hailed as a poet; but he was not really a poet. He was a writer of most attractive jingles—jingles that never jangled out of tune. He was not even a writer of fine prose. He was a brilliant story-teller—vivid and racy. Wherein then lay his

genius? In this. That those gifts of storytelling and verse writing were added to the quality in which he was supreme—that is keen, accurate, comprehensive observation—a great power and he was indeed fortunate—and so are we—that his literary abilities enabled him to give that power full scope and credit. He drank in things as they are, things just so; all things belonging to the panorama of the world lying about him. Whether of men, machinery, or beast of the field, the car, the wireless, the cinema, no doubts were used by Kipling, but to the thousand-fold wonder of the world added but the tiniest fraction Kipling would have been Kipling as much without as with them.

The Jungle Book is a treasury of the things that seeing eyes can see and hearing ears can hear.

Finally, his great merit is that he strove to make us "never forget" that we are Englishmen. In days when the Little Englander was abroad he stood out for the masterfulness of the Englishman, his sense of justice, his hold of duty, of truthfulness, and straight-forward dealing. We owe him a great debt. Shall we not repay it by showing that, however much circumstances may have changed England, the Englishman remains such as will still gain her the respect and admiration of the world?

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

RACEHORSE—A thrilling experience is indicated—that horse you backed will not be left at the post.

RAINBOW—Changes for the better are foretold—there'll be no rain, bo!

RECORD—Avoid the company of a bearded man—He has much to hide.

RESIGN—Beware of a gossiping lodger—"Our lodger's not a nice young man."

RICE—You will receive news of a former sweetheart—You must rice to the occasion.

RUIN—Avoid lonely spots this week—Otherwise you may be "One of the ruins that Cromwell knocked abaht a bit."

* * *

The hand that signs the cheque book rules the world.

* * *

There's many a slip 'twixt the toe and the heel.

The honeymoon was spent in Bournemouth. Miss Biffen was a keen worker for the Magazine from its inception.

The marriage between Miss E. J. Holbrow and Mr. J. T. P. Edwarde took place at St. Mary's Church, Chippenham, on Saturday, 22nd February. The bride wore an ivory velvet dress and was attended by two bridesmaids in pale blue velvet dresses. Both bride and bridegroom had been members of the Office staff for a number of years, and their colleagues presented them with a canteen of cutlery.

* * *

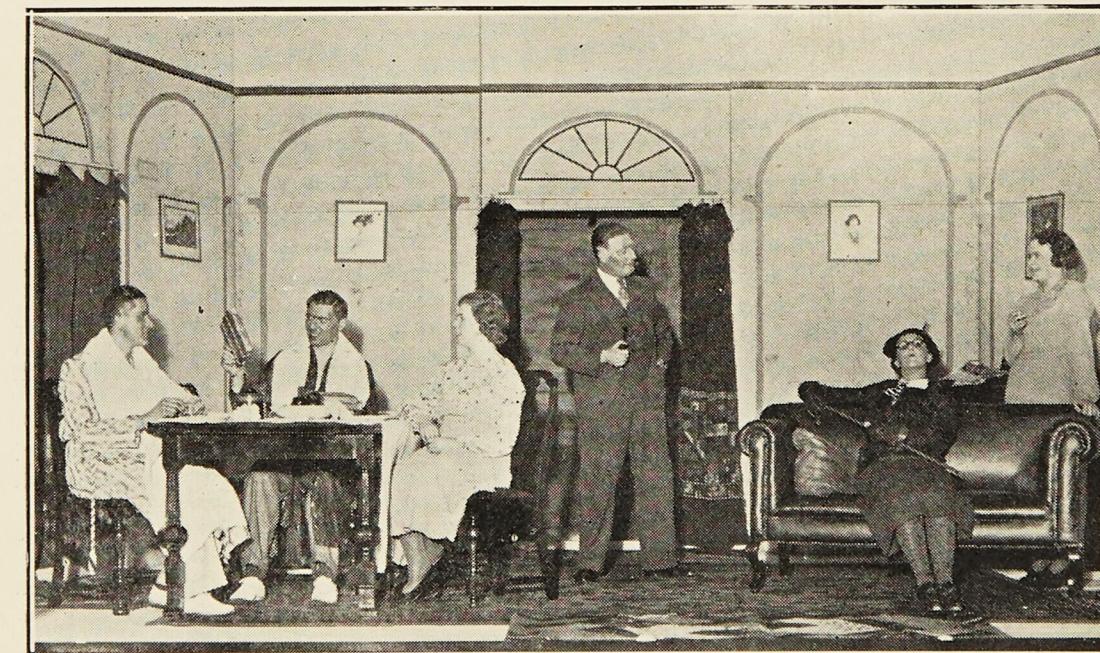
A certain stout woman was in the habit of taking two theatre seats for herself so as to be comfortable. On one occasion when she entered the theatre a new attendant stopped her.

"Excuse me, madam," he inquired, "but who is going to use your second ticket?"

"I am going to occupy both seats," replied the woman.

"Just as you wish, madam, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."

"THE HAPPY ENDING."



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Our French Feature.

MARS—MARCH.

AVRIL—APRIL.

Heureuses Pâques à tous.

Quand le prochain numéro du Magazine paraîtra, nous serons à quelques jours de Pâques, mais au moment où j'écris ces lignes nous sommes en Carême.

La veille du Carême s'appelle le Mardi Gras.

Le premier jour du Carême porte le nom de Mercredi des Cendres.

Le quatrième Jeudi du Carême (le 19 Mars cette année) porte le nom de Mi-Carême.

On mange des crêpes et des beignets le Mardi Gras et la Mi-Carême.

Beaucoup de personnes jeûnent pendant le Carême, et se privent de quelque chose.

Le Dimanche avant Pâques est le Dimanche des Rameaux.

La semaine avant Pâques s'appelle la Semaine Sainte.

Lundi Saint.

Mardi Saint.

Mercredi Saint.

Jeudi Saint.

Vendredi Saint.

Samedi Saint ou veille de Pâques.

Pâques est la plus grande fête religieuse de l'année.

Le Dimanche de Pâques.

Le Lundi de Pâques.

Oeufs de Pâques.

Joyeuses Pâques.

(To be continued).

D.G.T.B.



- 1.—What was the surname of Henry II.?
- 2.—What is Merino wool?
- 3.—When is St. Valentine's Day?
- 4.—Where the River Severn rises?
- 5.—What three new ranks the King has assumed? From when do they date?

(Answers on Page 77).

Excavation work on the big sewer had reached a low, mucky place, and the Italian labourers were having their troubles with the soft mud.

Suddenly there arose a shout :

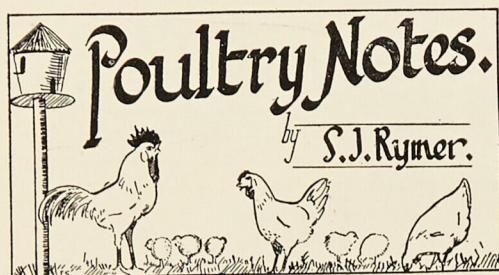
"C'mear, queek! Bringa da shov! Bringa da peek! Pietro's stuck in da mud up to hees knees!"

"Tell him to wade out," shouted the foreman.

"He canna no wade—he wronga end up!"

* * *

A good husband is one who will wash up when asked and dry up when told.



by S.J. Rymer.

The small poultry keeper who is lucky enough to have a grass run for his birds has to do everything that he can think of to save the valuable enclosure.

This is how one enthusiast tries to solve the problem :—He keeps a dozen Rhode Island Reds, and, having a fairly large garden, when planting he always bears in mind the fact that he will want to run the fowls over portions of the ground after the crops have been lifted. For instance, all the winter greens are planted together, not a few here and a few there.

On the sunniest side, a narrow plot, the entire length of the garden is reserved for fruit bushes ; this is the chicks rearing ground. The grass run at the end of the garden will be available as soon as the grass has been cut to make into hay for the nests.

The hens are allowed to run over vacant plots of ground (their house is portable, of course) until all the garden has been planted ; they are then confined to their house and a small run until after "haymaking."

For about six months the stock can revel in the grass run, but even then great attention is necessary to keep the ground from becoming stale. Our friend does not like to curtail the area available by wiring off portions of the grass for alternate runs, so he thought of covering parts of the runs with old pea-sticks or faggot wood. This saves the ground and provides entertainment for the birds. They spend a certain amount of time climbing over or perching upon the sticks. When the wood is moved the hens enjoy the comparatively fresh piece of sward.

The dust bath is kept inside the poultry house. On very wet days the birds are confined to house and scratching shed, and plenty of straw provided for the flock to exercise in.

Prospects for the forthcoming Fur and Feather Show, in August, are decidedly

bright. Last year's effort certainly stimulated interest in the keeping of furred and feathered pets—and, judging by all the accounts to hand this year, we shall eclipse easily the previous exhibition.

All those who have the welfare of the venture at heart are anxious to make the show as varied and interesting as possible, and in this connection there is a tendency on the part of potential exhibitors to go in for and specialize in something out of the ordinary in either animals or birds. The poultry fanciers are working quietly but effectively towards the improvement of their stock, and there are many newcomers to the ranks of those who find enjoyment in the keeping of cage-birds. Should the plans of some of our friends mature the cage-bird section will provide some very interesting exhibits. It is astonishing to hear of the number of privately-owned aviaries in the Calne district, and there will be more in the near future. One enthusiastic supporter has gone in strongly for high-class rabbits and bantams. In connection with rabbit breeding I am told that the pelt trade is better now than it has been for many years.

The prizes offered this year will probably be exceptionally attractive. It would be very nice if we could have lists of exhibits, together with the names of owners, printed so that the public could purchase these guides.

It is to be hoped that by the time these lines appear in print a meeting of all interested will have been held and a committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the supporters of the Fur and Feather Section.

* * *

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW"

- 1.—Plantaganet.
- 2.—The wool of a Spanish sheep.
- 3.—February 14th.
- 4.—Plinlimon (Central Wales).
- 5.—(a) Admiral of the Fleet ; (b) Field-Marshal ; (c) Marshal of the R.A.F. ; as from January 21st last, date of accession.

* * *

There's nothing new under the sun, but there are many old things that can be made to look new.



"The Stray."

SOMEWHERE IN WHARFEDALE WITH THE ROVERS.

In contrast with the adventures abroad related in a recent Magazine article, we Homeland Rovers, with the approach of Easter, think of Camping and the open spaces. The weather being unfit during the winter for the use of tents, a number of friends secured an old cottage high up above the Leeds reservoirs, ideally situated between towering rocks and dark pine woods amid the grandeur of the Wharfedale hills.

This has been the scene of many happy events since we repaired and diligently patched it up. Now a "Den" we are proud of has developed; cosy and snug while the cold winter winds whistle outside. As the snow falls fast we think of the fun we will have tramping back to civilisation over the paths lost under a thick blanket of snow.

Inside is a huge open fireplace where a crackling pine log fire blazes continually from Saturday noon until Sunday night. On the walls and old beams hang snake skins and miscellaneous bones, together with banjos and tin mugs. In the loft are our beds, stacked one on top of another—rough home-made frames with a lattice of rope stretched across them.

In the morning a refreshing fresh water bathe can be had down at the reservoir overflow which lies about two miles away down in the valley. At night, after a long tramp, the fire is welcome. Each fellow sits on his own home-made stool and successfully keeps his friends entertained. Reminiscences are often enjoyed as much as the events themselves, especially

when told in such pleasant company. We laugh at the time one of our number had to be fished out of the ice-cold river after he had toppled off an improvised tree trunk bridge. Not very amusing for him at the time, but now he laughs the loudest. Discussion then follows over improvements to the tree house we are building high up in a tall pine, from where we can see the woods and lakes stretching for miles around.

Then comes supper. The huge kettle is placed over the fire and our store cupboard is opened, revealing its treasures, among which the blue and red labels of "Harris" glasses and tins wink in the firelight. And then to bed.

How grand it feels to be out in the country for the week-end, seemingly living in another world. I bless the day I joined the Scout movement and learned to appreciate life such as is lived at "The Stray," and would recommend others to try our Homeland camping idea as a pleasant change from the popular craze of cruising abroad.

I know of a group of young ladies who do in Scotland exactly as we do in Wharfedale, and once a year, in summer, they go on a trek over the Cairngorms, in Aberdeenshire. One year they actually tackled the wilds of Donegal and found such a hearty welcome as to encourage others.

Should any readers be interested I shall be glad to offer any guidance if you write to our Leeds office.

W. TRUMPER.

* * *

It's good to be alive, man,
Good to take the road and tramp,
When the morning smells of meadows
And the lanes are cool and damp.
There's light enough to see by,
Growing stronger as you go,
And the air is sort of hushed like,
Breathing very long and slow.

We have already reached the third month of 1936, and a very great deal has been crowded into these months.

International affairs are taking up much space in the newspapers, and these must indeed be anxious days for the members of His Majesty's Government. With the big re-armament programme we begin to wonder what our Income-tax is going to be for the coming year.

Turning to our own business, it is encouraging to know that pig supplies are now tending to improve and we all hope that this will continue.

Much anxious thought by those responsible is being given to the present problems of the industry, which still continue to make themselves felt and will, no doubt, lead to a number of alterations in the present schemes.

From time to time we make reference to the fact that this page is intended to keep our far-flung representatives informed of the doings of their colleagues and for the publication of items of general interest from any of our Representatives and Van Salesmen. Our task is made very much more difficult when these news items are few and far between, as has been the case during the past month or two. We appeal again to all our friends on the road to send in any items which they think will be of interest.

Van-Salesman K. W. B. Harris, of Cardiff, is a very keen cross-country runner and has achieved a large number of successes at various meetings and championships in South Wales and elsewhere. We congratulate him upon being chosen to represent Wales in the forthcoming International cross-country race, to be held at Blackpool at the end of March.

Van-Salesman D. Dolman has been appointed to Weston Van 58, and Van-

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Salesman J. B. Gale to Van 55, Enfield.

Relief Salesman A. W. Eldridge has taken over the Portsmouth Van No. 60.

Van-Salesman R. J. Ball, of Portsmouth has been away for some weeks suffering from rather a serious illness, but we are glad to say he has now fully recovered and has taken up his duties once again.

We are exhibiting at the Oxford Spring Trades Exhibition during the month of March and shall also have a stand at the Manchester Grocers' Exhibition, at Belle Vue, in April.

J.H.G.

* * *

THE REASON.

He wanted to put an order through to his grocer, but the 'phone box was occupied. After waiting some time he opened the door and said, "Here, what's the game? I've been waiting a quarter of an hour; you've had the receiver to your ear all the time, but you haven't spoken a word."

"Hush," whispered the man at the 'phone, "my wife is at the other end."

* * *

The war-time recruit asked for week-end leave, telling the usual story about fifteen children, and so on.

The old sergeant-major looked at him and said: "Son, one of my eyes is a glass one. If you can tell me which one it is you can have the leave."

The recruit looked at him for a few seconds and said, "The right one, sir."

"Correct!" answered the S.M. "How did you guess?"

"Well," replied the recruit, "there seemed to be more sympathy in that eye."— "British Legion," London.

Photographic Notes.

MAKING THE MOST NATURAL PORTRAIT STUDIES.

SECRETS OF AVOIDING THAT "WOODEN" SELF-CONSCIOUS LOOK

In portrait making the amateur photographer has a great advantage over the professional. He can photograph his friends or relations at almost any hour of the day when they are feeling at ease among familiar surroundings.

The weather is still too cold for making outdoor portraits in comfort, but you have an ideal "studio" if you have a room with a large, well-lit window or sunny window-seat.

A clear, bright day should be chosen for making these exposures, and, if possible, everything should be prepared before the sitter arrives. If the sitter has to wait several minutes while the Kodak is adjusted, or the background arranged, he or she is likely to get fidgety and to assume a "wooden," self-conscious attitude.

Watch Your Lighting.

One of the chief points in work of this kind is to catch the sitter in a care-free mood, and thanks to the short exposures possible when a modern camera is loaded with the new fast film, there is no need for any stiffness or awkwardness.

The strong light from a sunny window is likely to make the sitter squint or screw up his eyes. To prevent this a white lace or muslin curtain that does not throw shadows should be stretched across the lower half of the window. This will produce a pleasant diffusion of light and, at the same time, do away with the harsh glare of an unprotected window.

If the room is rather dark, a reflector should be used to throw the light on to the shadow side of the face. This can easily be arranged by placing a sheet over a screen or the back of a high chair.

The Level of the Lens.

The Kodak should, of course, be placed on some firm base, and with the lens on a level with the sitter's eyes. If it is not equipped with a special focussing adjustment it is necessary to fit a portrait attachment over the lens to enable a clear, detailed image to be obtained from only a few feet away.

When everything is ready the sitter

should be asked to take up his position. If it is a child, give him a toy or picture-book to occupy his attention, while in the case of an adult a preliminary conversation to take his thoughts from the camera may prove helpful. Then, when the sitter is really interested in what he is saying, the amateur can release the shutter and secure a characteristic and natural portrait.

* * *



This is a busy month for gardeners, especially during the Easter holidays. Some have probably already sown their broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, and Brussels sprouts; but if not get on with it early this month.

Rapid growth is the secret of tender salad crops. Sowings at intervals of two or three weeks should be made of lettuce, radishes, mustard and cress.

Dress asparagus beds with salt.

Frost is still a danger. Mats, straw, newspapers, and dry litter are useful protection.

Thin out carrots, onions, parsnips, &c., as necessary, and use the hoe as soon as possible between the rows.

Flower Garden.

Sow hardy annuals, such as clarkias, larkspur, mignonette, and Californian poppy early this month.

Plant out rooted cuttings of antirrhinums, pentstemons, and violas. Hardy lilies can be planted, also begonias and Cape hyacinths. Sweet peas need support.

Lift and re-plant snowdrops where too crowded.

Fruit Garden.

Green fly will become troublesome if warm days occur. Spray immediately with paraffin emulsion.

New strawberry beds can be made this month. Spray apples coming into bloom with lead arsenate to check the codlin moth and March moth. Never spray when the blossoms are open, you may kill bees.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Men of the Last Frontier," by Grey Owl.

Grey Owl is a half-breed Indian who was born somewhere near the Rio Grande. His father was a Scot and his mother an Apache Indian of New Mexico, and he himself has been made a blood brother of the Ojibways. There is an account of the ceremony in this book which also tells of the hard lives led by the trappers and the Indians in their efforts to gain a living in the wild and lonely country of Northern Canada.

After serving in the Army during the War, Grey Owl returned to Canada to continue his occupation as a trapper, but eventually became very interested in the preservation of the beaver, and one of the most interesting parts of the book describes the habits and work of this amazingly-industrious little animal. The book contains a number of photographic illustrations, some showing the magnificent scenery, and several showing the dams and lodges built by the beavers.

CLUB NOTES.

The Cricket Section held a whist drive on 14th February. There were thirteen tables and the prize-winners were as follows:—Ladies—1st prize, Miss A. Haines; 2nd prize, Mrs. C. Moody; 3rd prize, Mr. J. Wiltshire (as lady). Gentlemen—1st prize, Mr. E. Lewis; 2nd prize, Mr. R. Stevens; 3rd prize, Mr. J. Dean.

Mr. I. J. Taylor was the M.C., assisted by members of the Committee. Unfortunately the drive clashed with several outside functions, otherwise the company would undoubtedly have been much larger.

On the 21st February, the Games Committee arranged a whist drive, when there were ten tables. The prize-winners

were as follows:—Ladies—1st prize, Miss Watts; 2nd prize, Miss Townsend. Gentlemen—1st prize, Mr. J. Mence; 2nd prize, Mr. W. Coombes. Mr. P. Carter was the M.C., and was assisted by Mr. T. Clark.

Two Flying Billiard Handicaps were arranged during the month, on the 7th and 21st February. The winners of the former were:—1, Mr. R. King; 2, Mr. W. Arkell; and the latter—1, Mr. J. Garraway; 2, Mr. R. B. Swaffield.

A Snooker Knock-out Competition has also been arranged. There are 50 entries, and the first round has just been completed. Members are asked to make arrangements to meet their opponents as soon as possible, so that this competition may be completed before the end of March. It may interest members to know that, so far as any competitions which are arranged by the Games Committee are concerned, all the entrance fees (and often more than these) are returned by way of prizes. The Games Committee do not make any profit from competitions organised by them.

An appeal is made to members to support competitions and in particular to be present when any games are due to be played off, otherwise there will be no alternative but to arrange for a defaulting member to forfeit his right to play.

The Skittle Section held a smoking concert in the Skittle Alley on February 25th. A good company was present and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent.

The Buffet has been opened, and members frequenting the Club House may obtain light refreshments at less-than-cost charges every evening.

Canteen.—This is now in full swing for the benefit of employees residing outside of Calne. Any information in regard to the Canteen can be obtained from the Steward.

Employees are asked to give the Steward every assistance to enable satisfactory catering to be carried out. For instance, meals should be booked for definite periods and at least two or three days' notice of discontinuance should be given. Employees bringing their own food for cooking would considerably help if such food could be left at the Woodlands (in packages with names clearly written thereon) before the meal time arrives. Such food would then be ready when the employees arrive. This would save unnecessary waiting and give the Woodlands' staff a much better opportunity to satisfy everyone.

In view of the fact, however, that meals are provided by the Company at such moderate prices, which indeed are very much below cost, it is hoped the practice of bringing food to be cooked will very soon be discontinued altogether and that, instead, employees will avail themselves of the Canteen meals, which, in view of the fact that they are freshly cooked, will be of much greater benefit to employees generally.

The purchase of Canteen Voucher Books in advance of the time meals are required will also simplify matters and go a long way to assist in the smooth working of the Canteen.

F.H.A.

* * *

Sandy: I'd like to give my fiancee a surprise for her birthday present.

Mac.: Why not tell her what your income really is?

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1935-36.

Results to March 30th, 1936.

	Played.	Won.	Pts. Poss.	Pts. Obtd.
Slaughter (A)	22	18	44	36
Warehouse, Pie, Box, Despatch, Lifts, Factory Office, & Shop	22	17	44	34
Kitchen	22	16	44	32
Printing, Lard, Manager's Office, and Tin	20	13½	40	27
Boning and Rinding	21	11	42	22
Slaughter (B)	21	10½	42	21
Retort, Export, and Trolley Washing	20	10	40	20
Engineers and Maintenance	22	9	42	18
Office	22	8	44	16
Traffic, Chauffeurs, Groundsman, Mill, Broken X, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Veterinary, and Watchmen.....	22	5	44	10
Sausage	18	4	36	8
Hangar and By-Products	19	4	38	8

AN UNLUCKY 13.

In view of the stupendous, gigantic, and colossal success of last month's Kultur Skeems we have persuaded the author to submit a few more. For reasons of his own personal safety he insists on remaining anonymous.

BLUE BLACK—That skating-rink shade.
GENERAL RED—"Who dropped that rifle on parade?"!!

INDIAN RED—An explosive colour—a sort of "Bomb—Eh."

BURNT UMBER—The umber after collecting the insurance.

DARK GREEN—A green nigger.

CARMINE—So she says.

ITALIAN PINK—The colour that makes the Red Cross!

NEW BLUE—Sometimes Nue Blew.

OLIVE GREEN—The sister of Ivy Green.

PAYNE'S GREY—Used by farmers to make grains pay.

WARM SEPIA—Ordinary sepia on a hot day.

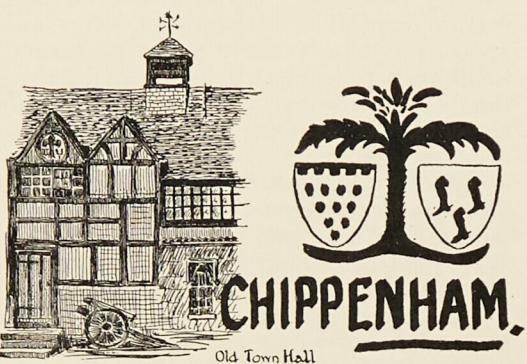
CRIMSON LAKE—Not the "Lovely Lake in London."

AURORA YELLOW—The schoolboy after a tanning "I roar a yell 'Oh.'"

* * *

Only the man who can impose discipline on himself is fit to discipline others or can impose discipline on others.

Friends Elsewhere.



Games Evening.—On Friday, February 22nd, 1936, we visited Lacock, where we were entertained by members of the Workmen's Institute.

The skittle match proved to be one of the keenest we have taken part in, and although we lost by 8 pins we were not outclassed.

The first leg was certainly in our opponents' favour, who proved to be the better side with 11 pins. Our team improved during the second leg, and although we were unable to win this, we kept the number of pins even. The last leg found the factory in good form and they were able to win this by 3 pins. Total score:—

Lacock 80 91 75—246
Chippenham 69 91 78—238

At billiards we were able to keep the honours even, both winning one match each.

We are once more indebted to our Lacock friends for the excellent way they entertained us.

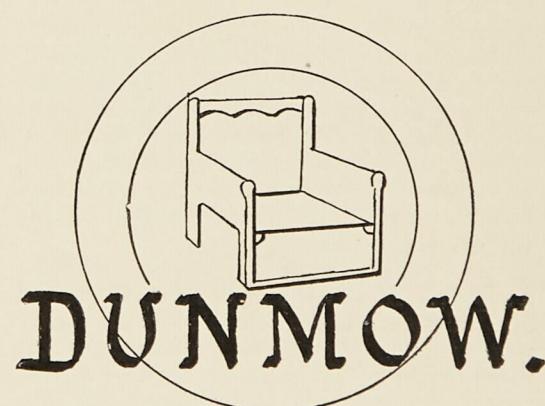
Illness.—We are pleased to report that most of those members of our staff who were on the sick list last month have now resumed work. We regret, however, to report that our lorry driver, Mr. R. Kington, has been taken to the Isolation Hospital with pneumonia. It is the sincere wish of all his fellow-workers that he will soon be restored to health, and we express to Mrs. Kington our sympathy in her anxiety.

Our sixth annual social was held on Saturday, February 22nd, in St. Paul's Church Hall, when over 160 members and friends of the Welfare Association were present.

During an interval in the proceedings Mr. Bodinnar addressed the gathering previous to presenting the long-service medals to those qualified to receive them. Subsequently Mr. Long said he now had a little duty to perform which would give him greater pleasure than anything he had ever done before, and which he knew would give equal pleasure to everyone in the hall. It was to present to the Deputy-Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. Bodinnar, the silver inkstand they saw on the table before them, and which had been subscribed to by every individual member of the factory, office, and shop staffs. In handing Mr. Bodinnar the inkstand, Mr. Long said: "Will you accept this inkstand with our best wishes for your better health, as a token of our esteem and affectionate regard, and a slight recognition of all you have done for us?"

Mr. Bodinnar, who was much moved, replied: "Thank you, so much, Mr. Long, and thank you everyone of you for your very kind thought. I have always thought it was a mistake to look on business as merely the means of making one's salary or wages. There is something more than that. I remember when I was a child the one thing I wanted was to be loved, and I hope to-night I can say without vanity you have succeeded in showing me that at Chippenham."

* * *



Saturday, February 15th, opened with a thick fog, cold, and some sleet; in fact, a typical Essex day. But it did not stop a small party travelling from Dunmow to attend the annual Ipswich social.

Arriving at Ipswich about six o'clock, we were soon sitting down to a most excellent

repast, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

After dinner came games and dancing.

We from Dunmow had to leave about half past eleven, so that we could get home at a respectable hour.

All our friends at Ipswich did everything they could to make our visit a pleasure, and in this they were thoroughly successful. We all had a most enjoyable time, and would like to express thanks to our Ipswich friends for the very cordial reception we had, and for the hospitality shown to us.

We only hope that those of them who intend to visit us on February 29th for our annual social will enjoy themselves as much.

O.J.S.

We held our postponed annual social on Saturday, 29th February, and thanks to our Cornish friends, who postponed their effort specially so as to make it possible for Mr. Bodinnar to attend both at Redruth and Dunmow, we had, to our very great pleasure, our Company's Deputy Chairman and Managing Director as President at the supper table.

We at Dunmow feel most grateful to Mr. Bodinnar for his continued interest in us in these and other ways. He could, being much under par physically—and because we had had to alter our date—very easily and justifiably have dropped us this year; but he did not.

We are likewise grateful to Mr. Ludgate and the several other friends from Ipswich, and to Mr. and Mrs. Coles from London, for their presence again. Also, we had Mr. E. A. Greenwood, Mr. W. Palmer, and Mr. G. A. Dobson, of our Outdoor Staff, with us, as well as various other guests, including a full load from Silver End. All these helped in making the evening a pleasant one.

We cannot aspire to a dinner—we have a supper. And after supper Mr. Ludgate and Mr. Coles each had a few friendly and witty words for us. We also had, after supper, the usual dancing; an half-hour turn by a competent conjurer; a stump-speech by Mr. Fowles (of our Silver End Staff); a piano-forte duet by Miss M. Robinson and Miss Jean Culpin, "Waving Pines;" a piano-forte solo by Miss P. Cox, "Country Gardens"; and two piano-forte solos by Miss M. Robinson, "Liebestraume" and "Contented."

We were delighted to have Mr. Bodinnar

with us for almost three hours at this social, during which time it was noticed that he was "doing full time" chatting with all and sundry before and after supper. Our men appreciate these friendly personal chats to them, perhaps as much as (shall we say more than?) the formality of supper and its speeches. These remarks, while supporting the "man to man" chat, must not on any account be misunderstood, for Mr. Bodinnar's after-supper speech to us was, as one man put it, one in which he "Struck twelve." We do not print much of it, but only parts, and these are given underneath.

"I agree with Mr. Coles that Mr. Culpin has reason to be proud of this splendid gathering. I once heard it said that the people of Essex required a good deal of knowing—that they were rather slow to show their appreciation of any new people who came amongst them. All I can say is that that has never been my experience of Essex, so far as Dunmow is concerned. A warmer, kinder-hearted lot of people I have not had the privilege of meeting, and I am very grateful indeed to all of you who belong to Dunmow for receiving me and asking me to come here to-night.

"I am very glad to be here, because it gives me the opportunity, for example—I do not want to single out too many names—of seeing old friends like Barney Clarke and his wife, and Charlie Jacques, and my old friend—my old Irish friend—Walsh over there; and Crick, and others who were in the thing right from the beginning. I am very glad to see you old warriors and to welcome you here to-night, and to show how glad we are that you were associated for so long with the factory here; and that you are still able to come and join us on a night like this. I am very glad indeed to see all the members of the old brigade . . .

"Now this is Dunmow, and coming down in the train this morning I saw, as I did not see before, more of the things of Essex. All the miles of glass houses, the little bits of water, and in one place, a delightful spot, a lovely old house that stands just by a river; and all the time I was remembering that Essex had something to say, and that Dunmow had something even more than the whole of Essex to say to me. Nobody talks of Dunmow without thinking of the Flitch, and there you go back into history for more years than has ever been determined, to the old ceremony in regard to

the Flitch, and how the Flitch was won by those who had been happy together in their married life for, I think it was, a year and a day, or something of that kind. So Dunmow has a tradition, and . . . to-day is a day that has got a great tradition. Leap Year day, February 29th. In the year 1288 a law was passed in Scotland that on this occasional extra day which comes in February, if a spinster approached a man and said, 'Will you marry me,' he had jolly well got to marry her, unless he could prove that he was already engaged to another girl. So to-day speaks of old tradition. That law passed in Scotland was adopted in France, and one or two other Continental countries, and that Scottish law passed in 1288 has never been repealed, and is the law to-day. Thank goodness to-night I am not a single man, or I would not know what might happen to me before I leave Dunmow presently. I hope I am not putting thoughts into the minds of single girls who may be here and who may be looking at the many eligible single men that are around these tables.

"But all these things are called traditions; that is to say, something that has been built up in the past that is being remembered, and that forms part of the thoughts and the history of people nowadays; and I like to think that at Dunmow and at Ipswich, and in London, and in Calne, Chippenham, and all the other factories, we are building up some sort of tradition; something that the people who come after us will remember, and will look back upon as something that was done or started in Dunmow and elsewhere in the years that have gone by. . . . It is to help those ideas, and to bring about an understanding between ourselves, between everything and everybody, that we have this sort of little 'flare-up' once a year that we can get to know each other better.

"Believe me, the sum total of our life, your life and mine, is not made up by killing pigs and making bacon, but it is made up by good fellowship and comradeship, and humour, and sympathy, and an endeavour to understand one another. . . .

"We have got a Savings Scheme. It is there for you. I am not wishing to preach its virtues, because they are there for anybody to accept and appreciate; but I do want to ask just one question. There are in the Dunmow factory 61 people who

are eligible to use that scheme. Forty of them are doing it. . . . What about the 21? A lot of you are single men; a lot of you are looking forward seriously, and hopefully, to the time when you will be able to have a home of your own. We were talking just now, over a cup of tea, upon the vicious principle which I have seen worked in the United States on my visits there, of crowds of people who buy everything they want from a house down to a pair of shoes on the credit principle, by paying so much per week. I say to my young friends, my young men friends, here to-night, do not be tempted to start your lives in that way, but try and pay for everything as you go along, as far as is humanly possible. To that end, don't think of taking the responsibility of a wife until you have got enough in hand to start things off in a modest way, and another little bit for the day when your wife falls ill. A man has no right to take a woman to be his wife unless he is prepared to sacrifice for her and to set aside, as opportunity allows, something that will provide for her at least when illness and trouble and worry come upon her. To that end, why don't you young fellows in the smallest possible way try to make use of the Savings Scheme?

"One word more, and that is about the Bonus Scheme. Most of you are in receipt of this bonus, and a number of you others will become eligible for it when you have passed the qualifying period. That bonus can never be mixed up with wages; it has nothing to do with them. You do not know from one year to another if it is going to be continued; it can be withdrawn at any time. Why was it given? You have had it in operation for eight years. In some of the factories it has been in operation a little longer. That Efficiency Bonus Scheme was designed so that no fellow who wanted to do a little better would feel he could not get on and have something better than a level rate of pay. It was something to encourage him to do a little bit better than he otherwise might do for himself, and for the firm.

Finally, may we thank all who helped to make this social the best we have had.

We were glad indeed to notice when Mr.

Bodinnar was at our social on the 29th February that he was seeming brighter and better than he had been. We at Dunmow do sympathise with him in his "below par" state, and we all wish for him as complete a recovery as his best friends would wish.

We are glad to say, in closing, that Mr. Charles Jacques was the happy recipient of a bar to his medal on this occasion, marking his completion of 25 years with the firm at Dunmow. To Mr. Jacques' pleasure Mr. Bodinnar personally pinned this bar on the recipient and, as usual, expressed his cheery good wishes appropriate to the occasion.

We sympathise with Mr. and Mrs. Fowles, of our Silver End staff, in the loss of their daughter, Marion, as a result of a very bad collision with a motor-car outside their own home.

FOOTBALL—DUNMOW v. IPSWICH.

On the same afternoon as the social the Factory team played Ipswich Factory, at the Causeway Meadow.

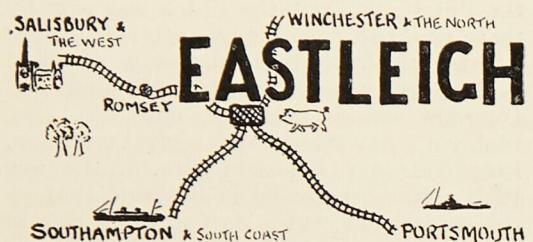
A very thrilling game, played in the best of spirit, resulted in a 7—2 defeat for Dunmow. The well-tried Ipswich team did not have all their own way with the Flitch boys, who played good football, but could not quite produce that little extra to hold their opponents. The home team should have been on even terms at the interval instead of 3—2 down, but for one or two missed chances. Several changes were made after the interval, but these proved of no avail, Ipswich scoring four more goals. Both sides had a penalty goal. As Ipswich scored their last goal the Dunmow goalie's vision was cut off by his cap falling over his eyes.

How and Banks (penalty) scored for Dunmow. L.F.

* * * BELOW ZERO!

The following lines were suggested after reading of the hardships of this cruel winter in Kidlington:—

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will our Oxonians do then, poor things.
With a hammer so nice
They'll chip lumps off the ice,
For a swim in their dear lily pools, poor-r-r-things.



Owing to an error in spelling, we received an order recently for "Lions." We were sorry not to oblige our customer, but duly sent the *loins*, which, no doubt, pleased him. We tremble to think what would have happened had a consignment of lions been sent.

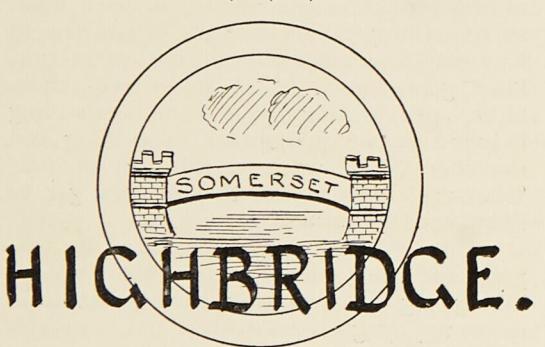
The weather during February has been very fickle, with temperatures varying from freezing point to almost summer heat. This, we know, has been in common with other parts of the country, but, despite the weather, we are pleased to report a clean bill of health.

Official figures of the Southampton Airport, Atlantic Park, Eastleigh, show that during 1935 20,331 passengers passed through the Airport, and 7,308 machines were checked in and out.

We would again wish to remind our Eastleigh readers that any item of *News* will be welcomed for the Magazine.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



At a recent meeting of the Committee of the Welfare Association, Mr. H. C. Marsh, one of the joint secretaries, intimated that for private reasons he would like to be excused from offering himself for office during the coming year. The committee, whilst very sorry to lose the able services of Mr. Marsh,

could but agree, and we feel sure that all the members of the association will regret his decision. It would not be right to let the opportunity pass without referring to the very keen interest in and hard work expended on behalf of the association since its inception by Mr. Marsh. He was the first secretary appointed, and has continued in office since, and it is no exaggeration to say that he has put more work into the association than any single member, and his work will be very greatly missed. However, we all hope that we shall continue to receive his advice and that at some future date he will again take up his previous position.

R.C.L.

WINTER SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.—We are pleased to report that our team is doing considerably better this season, and we congratulate the players for the progressive spirit shown, and it is only by playing in co-operation with one another that they have vacated the place at the bottom of the Bridgwater League and found themselves half way up the table. Our advice to them is to "carry on," and they will find that the team spirit is bound to bring success. Our correspondent has noticed that at times there is a lack of decision on the part of players and we suggest that they should ever keep in mind the football slogan, "First time," as he who hesitates is surely lost.

We regret, however, to report that the support on the field of play is very poor on the part of spectators, and we should like to see more support given to our team, as it "bucks" them up and gives encouragement and, besides, it is a means of helping the financial side of sports, which is an absolute necessity. Sport is like any other job; it cannot be run without money.

SKITTLES.—In the Highbridge and District League our team have been very sporty through the season and, up to the present, we have played 22 matches, but we are sorry to relate that our ambitions have not been realised, as we had hoped to have been successful in reaching somewhere near the top of the table. Alas, we find ourselves at the base, supporting the rest, but we are not downhearted, as all the members of our team have enjoyed the games and we have had some fun out of it. So long as that spirit prevails that is all that matters,

as the whole idea is to provide recreation and relaxation from the daily round and common task.

We give the following table showing matches played and scores to date:—

Name.	Mchs	Plyd.	Score.	Avg.
W. J. Pople	22	1,190	53.85	
R. C. Lynham	20	1,033	51.8	
C. B. Shier	16	824	51.5	
A. H. Hill	22	1,117	50.77	
W. J. Young	17	865	50.88	
W. H. G. Young	2	100	50	
E. Cann	12	598	49.83	
H. B. Blackmore	21	1,012	48.2	
F. Pople	16	748	46.75	
D. Smith	3	139	46.3	
J. Young	8	273	45.6	
H. Hardwidge	15	648	43.3	
H. Marsh	3	116	38.6	

"ANNE KIDLEY" CUP COMPETITION

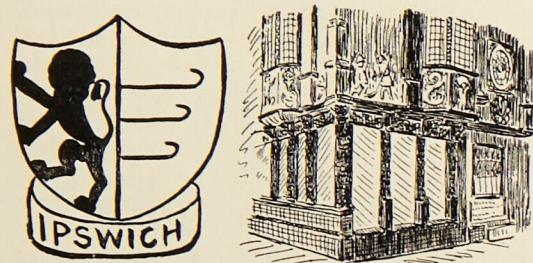
The fifth round of this competition has just been played, and we have no doubt that the sixth and final game will prove to be a keen and competitive one, as the following table shows. It would be impossible at the moment to suggest who the winner may be, as there are only 13 pins between the leading man and the sixth, and only 3 between the top four on the list. So here's good luck to the winner:—

Name.	Mchs	Plyd.	Score.
R. C. Lynham	5	283	
A. Holley	5	281	
D. Smith	5	280	
C. B. Shier	5	280	
W. J. Pople	5	276	
W. J. Young	5	270	
H. C. Marsh	5	257	
A. H. Hill	5	255	
E. Cann	5	254	
W. H. G. Young	5	249	
J. Swaine	5	248	
R. Gibbs	5	241	
H. B. Blackmore	5	232	
J. Young	5	226	
W. Sage	4	198	
F. Pople	4	189	

C.B.S.

* * *
Many of us waste time deciding questions which should decide themselves.

* * *
Many a pearl is still hidden in its oyster.



February has run its course, and, on the whole, it's not been *too* bad for February.

Three red-letter days are marked on my calendar in February—the 8th, 15th, and 29th—as indicating the London, Ipswich, and Dunmow annual socials respectively. At the first of these joyous jamborees Ipswich was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, and Mr. Ludgate's enthusiastic description of the evening made me regret very much that I had not been able to go.

One matter should, I think, be made clear—Mr. Ludgate's inveterate habit of acquiring pewter pots at the London social does *not* in any way indicate familiarity with their normal use. On this occasion, indeed, he promptly offered his newly-won trophy as a prize for a darts competition amongst the London Warehouse staff, under the impression, no doubt, that they could find more use for it than he could.

The next outbreak took place at Ipswich, when, on the 15th, the Great White Horse Hotel was invaded in the afternoon by the little guests at the annual tea given by Mr. Bodinnar, and held under the auspices of the Sports and Social Club, who were holding their annual children's party for the families of the employees. Here they had a great time with tea and entertainment, culminating in the advent of Father Christmas, who distributed a notable array of toys from the great Christmas tree, aided and abetted by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, whose generosity had again provided them. Our old friend, Mr. F. T. Smart, as Father Christmas, excelled himself, and seemed to fairly revel in his novel guise.

The shortest of breathing spaces and the curtain went up upon the evening's entertainment, when the proceedings were opened with an excellent dinner. Mr. Ludgate, who presided, voiced the feelings of us all in deplored the absence of Mr. Bodinnar, who had found it impossible to be with us this year. Our regret at this unavoidable

defection was very real, as we had come to regard Mr. Bodinnar's presence at our annual social as an assured event, and this break in our tradition robbed our evening of its chiefest pleasure. The letter from Mr. Bodinnar, which Mr. Ludgate read to us, made us realise that if he could possibly have come to Ipswich he would have done so, and we hope that the telegram which, at Mr. Ludgate's instance, we sent to him in reply conveyed to him our good-will, our loyalty, and our hopes of his speedy restoration to health.

The dinner was followed by dancing, games, vocal entertainment, concurrently with a twelve-hand whist drive, all being thoroughly enjoyed. We were delighted to again welcome our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, and party from London, and Mr. Culpin and party from Dunmow. Their presence enhanced, as always, our happiness in the evening's entertainment, and we keenly appreciated their coming.

Something must have bewitched the clock, for we were astonished to find that it was time for Mrs. Ludgate to present the various prizes, and for the Ludgate Cup to be presented by its donor to the winning team. This year the honours fell to the Bone and Tallow Department, captained by Mr. Charlie Chambers, who wrested the victory from the cup-holders, Slaughter Department B, and thereby became darts champions. Mr. Chambers made a neat little speech into the microphone—we are quite up-to-date in Ipswich—was vociferously cheered, and departed rejoicing. Thus ended a happy and memorable afternoon and evening, the organisation of which reflects the greatest credit upon our popular secretary, Mr. "Les." Storey, and his committee.

An interval for recuperation and we find ourselves at Dunmow, where our friends of the Flitch are spreading themselves in joyous abandon. Mr. Culpin, when at Ipswich, had rashly challenged us to a football match, and hinted darkly that we were "for it." "Veni, vidi, vici," 6-2 in favour of Ipswich. Dust and ashes on thy presumptuous head, oh, Mr. Culpin!

Never mind, it was a good game, played in a real sporting, friendly spirit, and served as a fitting prelude to a very happy evening. They have a splendid new hall at Dunmow, and there we "kicked-off" with a top-hole dinner, with Mr. Bodinnar in the chair. As

there will, no doubt, be an account of this function from some scribe at Dunmow I will not dwell in detail upon the events of the evening.

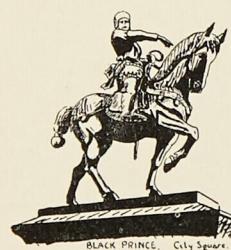
We, from Ipswich (and I know our London friends agree with us), had a splendid time, for which we thank our hosts, and congratulate those responsible for the arrangements. Even a forty-mile drive home in the snow failed to mar our happiness or chill the warmth of our feelings. Thank you, Dunmow.

Our sick-list this month is, unfortunately, rather high, and we extend our sympathy and best wishes to Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department), Miss E. Tooke (Small Goods), Mr. R. Slade and Mr. H. Ward (Bacon Department).

We were glad to welcome Mr. C. Seaman back after his illness, which for a time deprived the Small Goods Department of their foreman.

A.H.M.

LEEDS



No doubt readers will be charmed with Mr. McKaig's lovely heading for our notes. The knight in armour is the Black Prince, who sits majestically astride his black charger in the centre of City Square, immediately opposite the London, Midland, and Scottish railway-station. The statue was modelled by Sir Thomas Brock, R.A., and is regarded as one of the finest equestrian figures of modern times. Cynics would probably vow that the Knight's only connection with Leeds is his colour. Nevertheless, Leeds is proud of the Black Prince, surrounded by the bevy of symbolic figures typifying "Morn" and "Even," whose lamps illuminate the massive pedestal at night. At the corners are statues of famous men, among whom James Watt and Joseph Priestley are prominent. Leeds will be even prouder of City Square when the new dignified approach to the station and the palatial hotel are completed.

Readers who do not know Leeds may be interested in a few facts about the city. It stands very near the centre of England, and, at Kirkstall, just outside, there is a stone which marks the half-way point between London and Edinburgh by road. It is a great railway centre as well as being the home of engine design and engineering—the famous Kitson products being known the world over. It is the home of ready-to-wear clothing; the great factory of Montague Burton employs thousands of operatives, and the various garments of Joseph May are famous from New York to Shanghai. Leeds is also the third greatest centre for printing in England. Chiefly colour printing—posters, show cards, calendars—as a great many factories, such as Waddingtons, Petty, Chorley and Pickersgill, and Alf. Cooke, Ltd., testify. Chemical manufacturers include the great Brotherton firms in ammonia and tar distillation, Watson's soap works, and many others.

Leeds University is becoming one of the really great centres of learning and research, special departments being concerned with chemicals, textiles, engineering, agriculture, and commerce. The new buildings are now taking shape, and the wonder, Brotherton Hall, which is to house the Brotherton Library, will be ready by Easter—a great gift from a great business man.

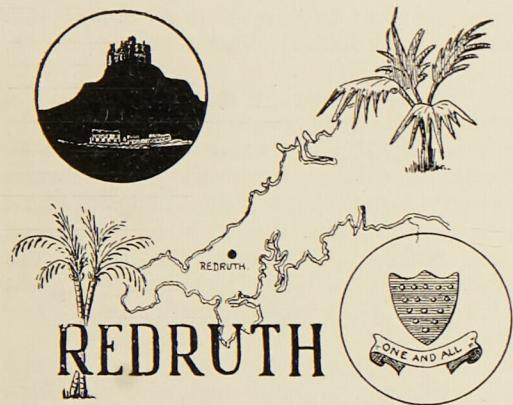
Of passing events, we had a thrill in the West Riding on Monday evening, 24th February, when we were told that Bradford was in the dark. A great fire had broken out in the electricity works and the whole grid system broke down—trams, lighting, theatres, mills, streets, shops, lifts, everything blacked out, and stopped. Among the extraordinary experiences was the emergency operating of the telephone system by means of their own storage batteries and travelling generators. Whole staffs of Bradford newspapers were transferred to Leeds newspaper offices, and prepared and printed their papers there. The head of one of our chief customers had the eerie experience of being called out of bed by the police at three a.m., and had to get a taxi down to his premises, where the police had heard a fearful racket going on. It turned out that, when the electric power failed early in the evening, the switches were not put off, and when the power returned all the bacon machines, coffee roasters, and other

machinery in the place commenced to hum. This is the humorous side, but such a catastrophe sends one's thoughts wondering. We all try to provide against emergencies, yet one feels that to-day we depend so much less on ourselves and so much more on mechanical appliances. Can we rely on the machine? As we see our land disfigured by pylons and wires, on which we depend for power and light, are they not easy targets for the airmen, and should they not at least have been underground?

And so we return to our own little job. Bacon and sausages are selling nicely, thanks to our mornings—cold and grey and white. We just hope our factories will get enough pigs to keep us going.

G.S.C.

* * *



The Redruth Factory social was held at the Masonic Hall on Saturday, March 7th. About 90 people attended, and we were delighted that Mr. Bodinnar was able to make the long journey to be present with us.

The tables were laden with various kinds of foods, but Cornish pasties and saffron cake took pride of place. Supper finished and the loyal toast observed, we were entertained to a wonderful programme of singing, &c., by the Camborne Glee Singers (well-known B.B.C. artistes) until 8.30. At this point Mr. Roynon said "it was his duty and pleasure to express a very sincere and hearty welcome to Mr. Bodinnar on behalf of all those present. We had heard of his illness and, because of our distance from Calne, we had our fears whether Mr. Bodinnar would be well enough to come. His presence, therefore, gives us still greater joy."

Mr. Bodinnar then addressed the gathering.

"I want to thank you so much for your kind welcome. I could not possibly miss the opportunity of coming to Redruth once more to join you on an occasion like this. For one thing, it is Cornwall; and if I needed any reminder of that I have had it in three ways to-day. First, the great welcome I had from many of you whom I had the opportunity of speaking to in the factory this morning. Second, the very great kindness I have received this afternoon from Mr. and Mrs. Roynon, who put me to sleep, and who, in addition, took me for a drive along the coast. The sight of your Cornish rocks and the rollers coming in was a real refreshment. In addition, the third reason—if I had wanted to know where I was I should have known by that splendid recitation we have just heard. I do not know any of the old Cornish language, but it was a real delight.

These are difficult and changing times, and that must have been brought home to you by the historical events of the last few weeks. It was my great privilege, with many thousands of other people, to go and stand for a moment in Westminster Hall to pay my homage to him who lay in state. A great and good man has gone. It was by a bit of good luck that one day last week, as I was on my way to the Ministry of Agriculture, I saw the new King. These events represent our changing times, and altered conditions. Those of us who listened this evening to the news heard of the action taken by Germany to-day which may alter the whole history of the world. I pray that those words that were spoken by Hitler to-day from a German point of view, may do something to lead us in this country and in the Continent of Europe in the ways of peace. It would be hell if, while the foul smell of the last bloody battle is still in the nostrils of the nations of the world, we were once more to go to war. I ask you Cornish people, whose motto is "One and All," to think and pray at this time that our statesmen may be led wisely in bringing this country of ours into peace and quietness.

Now there are some changing things in these troublous times, but there are one or two things that will never alter. Good fellowship between men who work together

is just as essential to-day in times when a level of prosperity seems to be coming back to those countries who stood shoulder to shoulder in fighting a common enemy as it was in drearier days. If those of you who work together in the Redruth Factory, who rub shoulders every day, will encourage the spirit of co-operation and good faith between each other and the Firm, you will be assisting in sharing the common burden, and you will be encouraging progress in the ways of peace.

We have had a difficult year—I am not sure that you in Redruth have had all the difficulties which have been present in many other factories. You have a moderate number of pigs for 1936, but in some of the factories in the country—166 of them—there are insufficient supplies. The problem has been that we might have to face the position that after three years of hard work which have meant in all our factories more work to those who had no work, we might now, in some of the factories, have to say, 'We shall have to put you off.' I believe in these Schemes, but they will not be fully effective until they have had very drastic amendments. I believe they can be made to work so that every factory in the country will have its proper proportion of pigs, and thus keep people employed. We hope that in the bacon industry in Cornwall we may do something to help the unemployment and misery in this delightful county.

You have a Bonus Scheme, which is awarded for efficiency to those who have put in two years' continuous service. May I remind you that you have never asked for that, nor has it anything to do with wages. It was given for one purpose, and one purpose only, that a man might not feel that he was always in a rut and working for a standard rate of wage, but that if he did his job with perseverance and intelligence, then his individual efficiency would be recognised by a free bonus gift. This is computed at the end of each month and is put, at the end of the year, to the credit of his Savings Scheme account. It was given for the purpose of being saved. I know of no Savings Scheme in this country which, being invested in gilt-edged securities and having the guarantee of the firm behind it, gives you 5 per cent. interest—one shilling in the pound. These Bonus and Savings Schemes have, since their commencement, cost our Companies many thousands of

pounds. If they have meant that in many cases monies have been saved for the rainy day that has to come, then we shall count those thousands of pounds as representing one of the best investments we have ever made.

Now, if it is true, as I sometimes think, that those who have gone from us into the Great Beyond know something of what is going on in the lives of those who have been left on earth, there can be no deeper hell than the memory that a man has left his mate and his children without a penny in the world. I hope that my men friends, especially my young men friends, of whom I was so glad to see so many, who may be thinking of taking a wife, will prepare financially before they do it and will never impose upon the woman of their choice such a wicked, cruel, and unnecessary burden as is involved by a lack of provision for the day of illness and death."

After his speech, Mr. Bodinnar presented Long Service Medals to Miss C. M. Roberts, W. Pengelly, H. Cowen, C. Scoble (20 years), and M. Crowley (40 years)—the first Gold Medal to be awarded at this branch.

Our friends, the Camborne Glee Singers, then continued their programme, which was appreciated by all, and not the least by Mr. Bodinnar (who appeared to have no difficulty in understanding the Cornish dialect recitations).

Soon after ten o'clock Mr. W. B. Friggens thanked the entertainers for coming and giving us what was unanimously agreed to be easily our best social, and a very happy evening ended by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

W.B.F.

Cornwall listened with rapt attention to the first broadcast speech of King Edward VIII. since his accession to the throne. It was a speech marked by simplicity and by plain, homely words that could be understood by all. His message reached our hearts, and we sincerely hope that the efforts of the new King "to promote the well-being of his fellow-men" will be rewarded with every success.

Many will not be sorry that February is over. It has been a month of storms and rain, yet the beaches and sea-shore, even at this time of the year, have a wonderful charm.

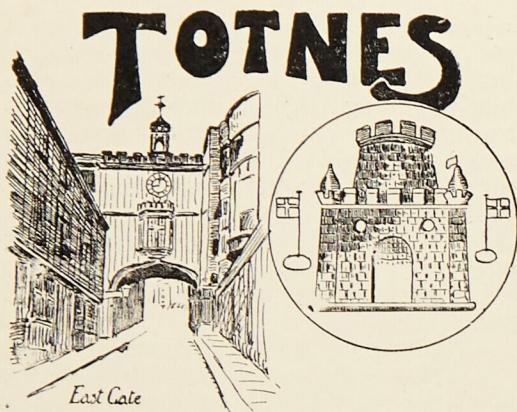
The seaside to quite a number of people is a place where summer holidays are spent—a place of yellow sands and shimmering seas reflecting the blue of the cloudless sky—if we are lucky! Once the summer is over the sands and the sea begin to lose their appeal, and by the end of September the holiday-makers flock back to town. In reality, however, it is then that the sea-shore's real life begins. It is then, too, that the local inhabitants come back to their accustomed haunts. They may not dress in fashionable beaching suits and parade their sunburn, but they are able to turn any holiday-maker wide-eyed with astonishment by their knowledge of the secrets of the beach. Eagle-eyed locals reap a strange harvest after the storms of this time of the year, for the high tides and rough seas strip the beach of its surface covering of stone and pebble, revealing money and trinkets which the crowds of visitors have dropped during the summer.

Then there are other people who welcome the winter storms, and they are the collectors of precious stones along the Cornish coasts. It is a back-breaking job looking for specimens, but the true collector thinks it worth it.

Winter time is also a busy time for seaweed pickers along the North coast of Cornwall, for then it is that edible seaweed is in season. It is known locally as "laver," and clings in dark oily ribbons to the rocks. Rich in iodine, it is valuable as a food, and it is interesting to note that on the Welsh coast laver has been a delicacy for many years. Farmers and market gardeners prize the coarse, ordinary seaweed as a manure, and hundreds of tons are carted away after every storm. Then, of course, there are those who are constantly on the look-out for wreckage that comes in after the storm. The ground seas break up a boat that has been lying some miles out, perhaps for several years, and the old-time wrecking instinct comes to life again. It can be said that the sea-shore reaches its highest point of usefulness when the majority regard it only as a memory of last summer. Like nature herself, the beach reveals its true character only to those who are acquainted with it under all conditions.

We sympathise with W. H. May in the death of his brother in Michigan, U.S.A.

W.B.F.



An item of some local interest was the announcement that the King recently attended a Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, at Buckingham Gate, and there was a decided feeling of satisfaction when the Council endorsed the report that his Majesty intends to continue to administer the Duchy as when he was Prince of Wales. We receive supplies of pigs from one of the Duchy farms, and are pleased to know that the King is retaining his interest in the Duchy affairs.

We have lately experienced a considerable number of very high tides on the Dart, and this, with the heavy rains and snow on the moors, has resulted in much land being flooded in our neighbourhood, and has retarded the usual early work on the land. It has also had the effect of causing the spring wild flowers to be some weeks behind in their appearance. In most years the primrose and violet appear in our lanes in February, and are very welcome heralds of approaching spring, but this year it looks as though we shall have to wait until well into March before they will be seen in any quantity.

* * *
KIDDIES' PAGE.

The story of the adventures of Sally and Sam have been unavoidably held over until next month.

* * *
Helper (to victim of accident) : How on earth did it happen ?

Victim : You see that cliff ?

Helper : Yes.

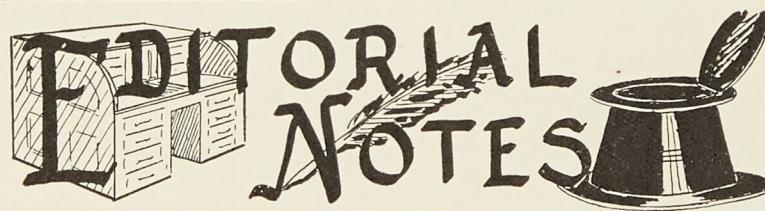
Victim : Well, I didn't.

"The Irish Motor Trader."



HARRIS MAGAZINE

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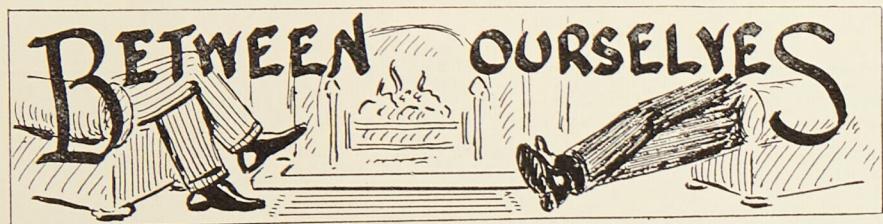
TWENTY-FIVE years ago we were favoured with one of the most brilliant Summers within living memory. From May to October, with the exception of a brief period in June, the weather was so warm and sunny that for several years afterwards the expression, "The halcyon days of 1911," became common-place.

Whether the lack of refreshing showers was the cause will always remain a point of controversy, but the number of sporadic strikes which occurred during that Summer furnished a remarkable coincidence. The troubles culminated with a transport strike in August, which made London a deserted city for two or three days, and a week or so later there was a railway stoppage which paralysed the country whilst it lasted.

The writer remembers vividly the adventures of a journey to London on the Friday when the strike commenced ; a

journey which took ten hours to complete instead of two. The approaching lines to Paddington were crowded with the soldiers, who were there not because of the strike, but for a very different reason, which was not divulged until some eighteen months later.

The next day, from the carriage windows of the boat-train to Queenboro', one looked in vain for any signs of activity at Chatham. The dockyard was deserted. A few words uttered a few weeks earlier, at a City banquet, had caused ministers and rulers to scurry from country to country. They had mobilised Army corps and sent fleets out into the blue. Returning on the same line, in the opposite direction, some days later, the Naval port was crowded with Naval craft of every class ; a striking and awe-inspiring sight. Once again, the inevitable had been avoided ; but three years later it could brook no further delay.



MY word must be a very short one this month. I am afraid that almost constant absence in London on negotiations in connection with the 1937 Contracts has inconvenienced our Editors who have been waiting for my article.

This year contracting negotiations are being conducted on slightly different lines. At the suggestion of the Ministry of Agriculture a Joint Committee has been set up consisting of four members of the Pigs Marketing Board, four members of the Bacon Marketing Board and an independent Chairman, who is Sir Robert Greig.

Considerable progress has been made already and all parties are most anxious that an announcement shall be made to the Producers at a very early date so that they may be enabled to prepare for their pig production in 1937.

Larger supplies of pigs, and better quality pigs at that, are essential if we are to attain our two objectives. There must be, on the one hand, a more economic throughput of pigs in every factory in the

country, so as to reduce all working costs as far as possible, and on the other hand, conformity and quality in the pig so as to bring something to our customers which is equal in every way to the continental bacon.

Given those two factors it is then up to the curers to efficiently, economically and thoroughly produce nothing but first class bacon that will make its own appeal to the consuming public.

These are strenuous and difficult times in International matters. The present and the future are fraught with dangerous possibilities. They are strenuous and difficult times also for those who are responsible for the national policy of the Pig and Bacon Marketing Schemes. There must be no slackness or inefficiency in any Bacon Factory if it is to live up to the opportunity which, at long last, *may* still be ahead of the industry in the country.



"Farewell Winter!"

ACCORDING to the official division of the seasons Winter ended on March 21st. This year the official ending came in with a blaze of glorious days borrowed from June. But the end may not be yet, for Winter often lingers in the lap of Spring. Looking back on the Winter of 1935-36, I am unable to recall a worse season for our outdoor staff. The changes were rung through periods of heavy rain, snow, extreme cold, and dense fogs alternating cruelly with spiteful rapidity.

There have been two instances out of many that serve to illustrate the unusual beastliness of the weather conditions. On Saturday, March 21st, the Calcutta Cup match at Richmond was played in cricket weather, but over the season there had been seven Saturdays when Rugger was impossible—and it takes a lot to choke off the Rugger fellows. There is an old adage which says of Winter time, "as the days lengthen the cold strengthens," and one finds it generally true that January and February are colder than November and December, and so the London Transport Board ran a risk when, on February 1st, they decorated their vehicles with pretty pictures of Coltsfoot, together with the captions, "Farewell Winter," "Fields and Wayside Places." For no Coltsfoot was to be found, and the worst of the weather had yet to be. The ordinary passengers read the advertisement and shivered; the skaters bound for Wimbledon, Hampstead, and other parts, where skating was in full swing, grinned and relished the joke. I had always thought of Coltsfoot as a definitely Winter wild flower, and on enquiry of the local botanists I find in normal Winters it is due to flower during the third week in January, but this year none was found until February 20th, when a stray bloom was discovered in a very sheltered hedgerow. So it was a *full* month late. Now, at the end of March, we have had a quick spurt and the flowering trees are out around Watford only ten days later than normal.

More or less disregarding Spring and Autumn, many of us interested in sports rather split the year into two periods—Summer and Winter time. Summer time here is fixed later than in France, and when

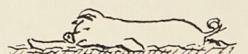
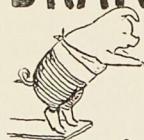
it does start we shall have the usual spurt of newspaper correspondence. People will say we should not meddle with the clock. But after all clock time is only an average time or, as we say, Greenwich mean time. This has to be so because the earth on its passage round the sun does not travel at a uniform rate. In October the clock is behind the sun. In February it is ahead of the sun.

March was the first birthday of the modern 30 miles per hour in built-up areas. At Watford we celebrated the birthday by putting up a record. The period came to an end with our Motor Ambulance not having been called out to deal with a road case for 19 consecutive days. We could hardly have believed this to be possible, for Watford had an evil reputation as a danger zone, and it had got to be an ordinary sort of day's work for the Ambulance to be called out for road cases two or three times, and there were periods when our large local Hospital was crowded up with accident cases. We have a local Watch Committee who closely study all the details, and the result is that Watford is now safe.

And so all the more we can greet the coming of Summer and look forward to enjoying the open road.

R.E.H.

BRANCH'IMERICKS.



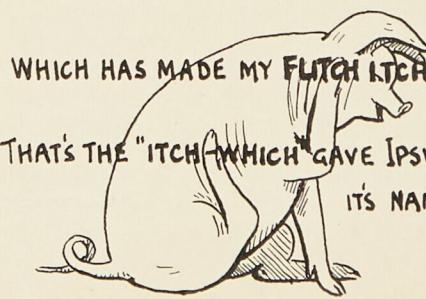
IN THE ORWELL A RIVER OF FAME

A PIG BATHING ONCE WAS PROFANE.

SAID THE PIG ITS THAT DITCH

WHICH HAS MADE MY FLITCHITCH

THAT'S THE "ITCH" WHICH GAVE IPSWICH ITS NAME.



The Drama—Its Mission.

A RECENT editorial, in which the view was expressed that "In these days of 'flicks and radio' the drama might easily become a lost art, if it were not for the interest aroused in stage plays by the amateur dramatic societies up and down the country," recalls to the mind of the writer a recent interesting debate upon which of a certain choice of professions could we, if we would, do without. The banker, lawyer, parson, doctor, schoolmaster, and the actor all were arguing that their particular profession was essential to mankind. Of course, each profession finds a place in our modern civilisation, and really cannot be done without, but whilst that of the dramatic profession may be the least obvious, it is certainly not the least in influence. A few reasons why:

In a Board of Education report on adult education it is written:—"From the days when our forefathers performed their ritual dances or enacted rude representations of myth or history down to the present day there has never been a time when drama, in some form, has not made a popular appeal. Not even Puritanism could keep Milton from writing masques, or make Cromwell himself condemn that solemn recitation of verse to music, which proved the forerunner of English opera. The history of the drama is indeed interwoven with the history of our nation. With us, as with the Greeks, drama proved the most direct and effective method of religious instruction, the natural vehicle for satire, the popular picture of contemporary life and manners."

The main idea invariably underlying the progress of the drama through the ages is a vivid representation of ideal life. It teaches humanity quite directly to what it should aspire, and what it should cast aside as base and worthless. As an instrument of education drama (always supposing that education means a knowledge of leading a life best calculated to help the community) stands alone. It shows every phase of life. It brings the whole of man's life into the compass of 2½ hours; it throws a light on the fundamentals of life through mimic action. It shows the definite significance of small actions on human affairs, and thus enables a man to weigh up his actions and

to sort out his moral ideas. Indeed, it has a higher claim. It is capable, as no other art is, of combining every form of artistic expression into one perfect whole. Architecture, sculpture, and painting, music and diction, poetry and prose, gesture and dancing are all ready to find their places in the drama, and to combine in its production. As we see our own foibles, wickednesses, casuistries, hypocrisies, and cowardices laid bare before our eyes, we feel ourselves to be not merely, as Shaw has said, "passive or flattered spectators," but guilty creatures sitting at a play, and so become part of the drama like the guilty King in Hamlet.

Literature has been defined as a "criticism of life." Drama is something more than that. Like great poetry, it is not only a criticism and an interpretation of life; it gives us also gleams and visions of what life might be or ought to be. If, amending a saying of Keats, "Tragedy is but a mirror of the process by which the intelligence acquires identity and becomes a soul," or a more deeply intelligent soul, then how great is the need for the study of the drama, and especially the tragic drama. For do what we will, human life is so beset by limitation that the tragic fact in life awaits us all somewhere; and though it may not be wise to dwell overmuch on the fact, it is essential that we should train ourselves to meet it. In that sort of education drama, and especially the modern drama, may be a great help. In many other ways we notice the power and help of the drama.

A few instances:—Take the "Old Vic." and Sadler's Wells Theatres. What wonderful work is being done there in the poorer parts of London. Lilian Bayliss, who directs this project, says, "The drama has a wonderful effect on tired minds," and the work and the influence of the "Old Vic.," &c., has been very great. She remembered one boy who had been blinded in the war. No-one could get him to take any interest in life until he was brought one day to the "Old Vic." to a performance of "Mignon." From that time he had quite changed. Another man had been cured of stuttering by his love of "Julius Caesar," of which he had learned every word. There was another man who was on his way to commit suicide by throwing himself over Waterloo Bridge, and happened to come into the theatre for a few moments, not knowing what sort of entertainment was being given there. It

happened to be "Everyman," and he had found in it something which gave him enough courage to live. For another instance, take the Lena Ashwell players. The Players had their origin in the concert parties, which were sent out during the War, and had much success in France. Nothing helped the people more when there was trouble. The drama kept people from going over the edge. In Moscow, when famine was at its worst, and life was a dreary and sordid thing, the ballet, opera, and drama were the three things which preserved in Russian life some sense of the beautiful and so saved the nation from being driven to complete hopelessness and despair.

The happiness of the people, the sensible acceptance of law and order with the spirit of compromise which the age had developed, largely depend upon an informed, sympathetic, and vital spirit—the yeast of life which will transform the sour dough into living bread. Lose from your civilisation this, one of the greatest of arts, and you will rob man of that compensation which makes any existence a matter of joy and gratitude, and render him unfit for humdrum industrial life. Rob us of the dramatic profession, and you rob us of what is unique in its power of attraction and its power to promote moral and intellectual development. Do without drama, and you will deprive us of the elements of healing, and of reconciliation, which the dramatic comradeship brings into the worrying elements of our national life.

As the editorial which prompted these lines has it, "It is all to the common good that we should have a flourishing dramatic society in our midst, capable of attracting attentive and appreciative audiences, if only because, as Viscount Morley puts it, 'the drama provokes in each age some great man to lead us into inner moods of settled peace, to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure.'" So, Harris Dramatic Section, "play on!"

R.B.S.

* * *

The shades of night were falling on a Highland glen, where an Aberdeen motorist had spent most of the day repairing his car. Looking up from his task to the array of bolts and nuts on the ground, he was heard to exclaim: "Ah, well; I havna used much petrol the day, an' a'll maybe save the hotel bill."



Vegetable Plot.

Make a further sowing of broad beans, if desired.

Seedling cabbages raised in boxes are ready for planting out. Hoe frequently during hot weather. Sow outdoor main crop of beet. Plant out broccoli seedlings in well-prepared soil. Earth up potatoes as necessary.

Carrots sown in January and February should be thinned and the thinnings would be useful in soups, unless the weather be too warm for such. Those sown in the open should be thinned to 8ins. apart.

Transplant celery. Sow lettuce for succession. Sow peas during this month for use in late summer. Make frequent sowings of turnips and cover them with grass clippings to discourage the turnip fly. Sow seeds of pumpkins out-doors.

Flower Garden.

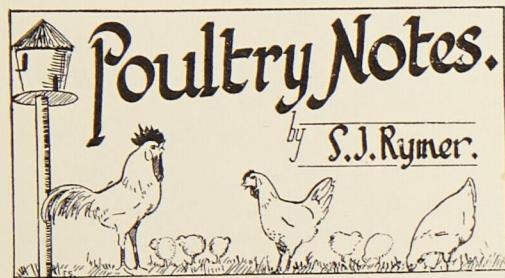
Lift the early spring bulbs carefully and re-plant them in an odd corner of the garden to die down naturally. They will then flower again next season. Hyacinths and tulips can be treated in this manner. Daffodils, snowdrops, and crocuses may be left in the ground undisturbed. Antirrhinums, stocks, and larkspurs should be transferred from the cold frames. Annuals, if grown for mass effect, can be left unthinned. Prepare borders for bedding plants and bed out as weather permits.

Plant out dahlias at the end of the month if weather is favourable. Sow sweet peas in the open for succession, also plant chrysanthemums. Wallflowers can now be sown in the open.

Fruit Garden.

Dress strawberries with super-phosphate of lime. Place clean straw between strawberry plants to keep the fruit clean. Remove runners not required for making young plants.

Raspberry suckers should be thinned out. Only enough to replace the old canes should be left. Remove grease bands from standard trees.



Although so late in the season, I suppose many readers are still hatching out chicks by means of broody hens. The following hints, therefore, may not be out of place:—When transferring hen and chicks to coop, should the broody be wild, hold her firmly in coop and place chicks on the floor in front of her. Do not use hay for litter because chicks will become entangled in it; personally, I do not put litter of any description in coop. When feeding chicks allow mother hen to have some of their food for a few days. For water I put one drinker for the hen and another in the run away from the coop for the chicks. Stand coop on board, especially during the night, and keep this board clean. During wet weather cover coop and run with a sheet of galvanised corrugated iron.

In reply to a reader who wants to know how to render an egg unfertile, here are three ways in which this may be done:—By shaking the egg so as to break the yolk, by pricking the large end with a needle, and by leaving the egg under running water (cold, of course) all night.

I am prompted to write something about feather eating by the fact that a friend had some fowls which were guilty of this objectionable habit. Some people believe that laziness is the real root of the trouble and, if so, the remedy would be to provide the hens with occupation. Possibly lack of animal food may be the cause, therefore the giving of more bone and animal food, also green stuff, is clearly indicated. Feather eating is often more common where birds are enclosed in a very small place, but with stock on free range it may be that when the hens (hens are usually the chief culprits) are standing together in a heap suining themselves in some warm corner, a few of the fowls may have insects which the others pick off; they probably pull out feathers as well and, as a rule, the young quills soon grow again. These quills are full of glutinous matter and

so the birds become feather eaters. One could try dabbing the bare places with Stockholm tar. In very bad cases isolate the victims and rub in vaseline, which will help the feathers to come quickly. Additional salt in the food has been found efficacious. In the case referred to at the commencement of these remarks on feather eating, a complete cure was effected by releasing the hens from confinement and giving them free range.

How do our birds recognise us? Undoubtedly by the clothes we wear. Therefore it will be found to be a very wise plan to wear always the same kind of coat when feeding stock. A prominent fancier told me that the foregoing applies with equal force to cage birds.

There is a new hobby which is gaining ground rapidly in this country, viz., the keeping of ornamental pheasants, and as, after seeing some of these beautiful birds in the shows, many people are anxious to make a start with them, I have gleaned the following details for the benefit of readers who may be interested. The Ornamental Pheasant Society was formed last year. There are many varieties of pheasant, but apparently some are not only difficult to rear but, until they are fully acclimatised, are lacking in hardiness. Beginners, therefore, should make a start with species that are hardy, chicks easy to rear, and surplus stock easy to dispose of. The pheasants recommended are Silvers, Goldens, or Amhersts. Silvers are not so beautiful as the others, but the chicks are quite as easy to rear as poultry. Goldens are extremely popular and, being fairly easy to rear and in great demand at present, I should say that to breed them would prove to be a profitable undertaking. The Amherst is a glorious bird and ideal for confinement in aviaries. A person seeing one of these magnificent pheasants for the first time undoubtedly would be amazed at its beauty.

Obviously the keeping of ornamental pheasants is not a job for the "back-yarder," but those with the necessary amount of space available should derive an infinite amount of pleasure from such lovely pets.

* * *

The most pitiable sight in the world is a man in a big departmental store looking for a place to buy a reel of cotton.

The Norfolk Giant.

During recent years we have had several names of persons brought before the public for their extraordinary height and weight, but none of them appear to be so well proportioned as was the Norfolk Giant.

As the writer's wife is a descendant of the late Giant Hales, he has interested himself in gathering the following particulars:—

Robert Hales, the Norfolk Giant, was born May 2nd, 1813, at the village of Somerton, near Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. His father, a respectable farmer, was 6ft. 6ins. in height, and married Elizabeth Dimond, of the same neighbourhood, who was 6ft. in height, and weighed 14st. Her family consisted of five daughters and four sons, all of whom attained an extraordinary stature, the males averaging 6ft. 5ins. in height and the females 6ft. 3½ins. The height and weight of Robert Hales, whose portrait has been engraved, are as follows:—Height, 7ft. 8ins.; weight, 33st. (14lbs. to

the stone); measurement round the chest, 62ins.; round the abdomen, 64ins.; across the shoulders, 36ins.; round the thigh, 36ins.; round the calf of the leg, 21ins.

In 1848 Mr. Hales had a great desire to see the Western world. He accordingly took passage on board H.M. Royal Mail Steamer Canada, and after one of the most boisterous and dangerous passages ever made across the Atlantic, he arrived in New York on the 14th December, 1848. He remained in America two years, during which time he excited much curiosity in the States. Tradition tells us that it was he who brought over to this country the original Tom Thumb and his wife, whom he could hold standing on each hand with arms extended.

In January, 1851, he returned to England, and took the "Craven Head" Tavern in Drury Lane. On the 11th of April Mr. Hales had the honour of being introduced to her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and six of the royal children at Buckingham Palace. The Queen presented him with a gold watch and chain.

The caravan in which he travelled this country has been turned into a dwelling, or bungalow, and may be seen with the bedstead upon which he laid, at the village of Beighton, three and a half miles from Cantley Railway Station, Norfolk.

Hales was cheerful and well informed and had none of the unwieldiness for which persons of extraordinary stature are remarkable.

He died in 1863 and was buried in West Somerton Churchyard. The following is the inscription upon his tomb:—

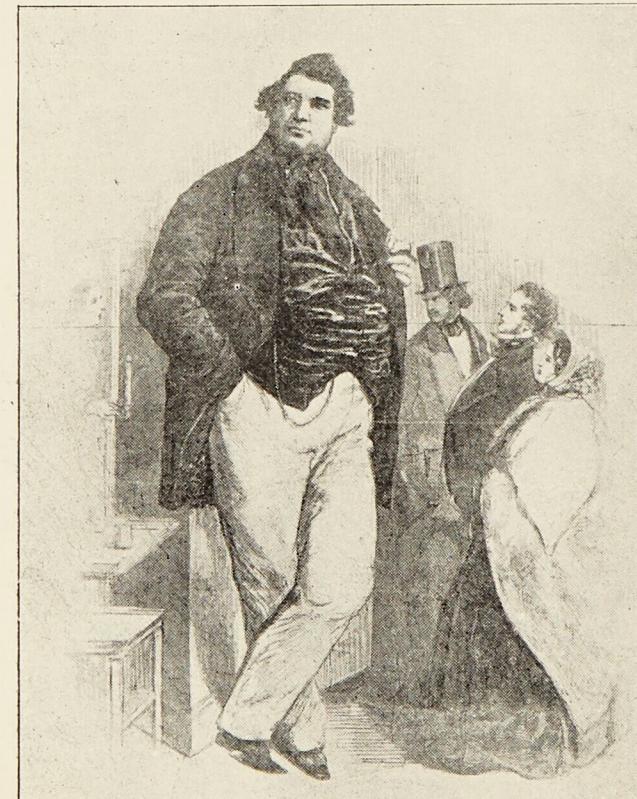
"Here are deposited the mortal remains of Robert Hales, the Norfolk Giant, whose height was seven feet eight inches. He died at Gt. Yarmouth, November 22nd, 1863, aged 50 years.

Remember the dust must be your fate,

Giants are opposing powers,
But the strong and great
Will be low as ours.

This tomb was erected by his affectionate widow."

P. ANDREWS, *Dunmow*.
(Engraving and words copyright).



Our French Feature.

MAI—MAY.

What about a holiday in France? There are several routes which you can take:—

	HRS.
“ Douvres ”/Calais (Dover/Calais).....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Folkestone/Boulogne	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Newhaven/Dieppe	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Folkestone/“Dunkerque ” (Dunkirk) ...	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Southampton/Le Havre	7
Southampton/St. Malo	9 $\frac{1}{2}$

On arriving in France (en France) you have to show your passport, the French name for which is “ Passeport,” pronounced “ pass-por.” If your passport is in order and you are only going to France for a holiday you will not be asked any questions; you need only show it and it will be returned to you without any comments. The passport official will know that you are on holiday as it is necessary to fill in a card giving the reason for coming to France, name, address, and profession. This card can be filled in in English or in French as the questions are printed in both languages. A similar card has to be filled in by all aliens arriving in England and handed to the passport official.

After your “ passeport ” has been examined you must go through the Customs “ La Douane,” pronounced “ dwann.” You will be asked—

“ Avez-vous quelque chose à déclarer ? ”
Have you anything to declare?
“ Tabac, cigares, cigarettes ? ”

Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes ?

Anything new is dutiable and should be declared, but tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes are monopolies of the French Government, so these are specially mentioned by the Customs Officials, “ Employés de la Douane,” or “ Douaniers.” They may say to you—
“ Ouvrez, s'il vous plaît.”

Open, please.

Or “ Voulez-vous ouvrir cette valise ” or “ cette malle.”

Will you open this case or this trunk. A hat box is “ Un carton à chapeaux.” A handbag is, “ Un sac à main.” An umbrella is, “ Un parapluie.” A walking stick is, “ Une canne.” And a camera is, “ Un appareil photographique.”

To leave the Custom House you must

give up a ticket issued by the Passport Office, and your luggage must be marked with chalk to show that it has been through the Customs. You can then take the train for Paris or a taxi to your hotel. D.G.T.B.
(To be continued).

ONE COMMONWEALTH.

This little isle, set in the silvery sea
In sweet repose, clothed with calm majesty,
Has stood the storms and stress through
ages past.
And still shall stand secure while time shall
last.

Britain, awake ! Remember days of old
With grateful hearts thy blessings manifold ;
The deeds of worthy sons from age to age,
Bequeathing us our precious heritage.

Britain, arise ! Heed ye the clarion call,
Cast off all fear which doth thy life enthrall.
The shams and systems which thy soul
enslave,
Shall fade away—if *faith* be bold and brave.

Our daughter nations, lapped with ocean
spray,
Their eager eyes and hearts are still our stay ;
Then weld our mutual bonds strong in the
fight
For Freedom, Law, Truth, Justice, and the
Right.

United then press forward undismayed,
Beware of nations now in arms arrayed,
The Commonwealth will be our greatest
strength
To crown endeavour, purpose, hope—at
length.

W.S.G.

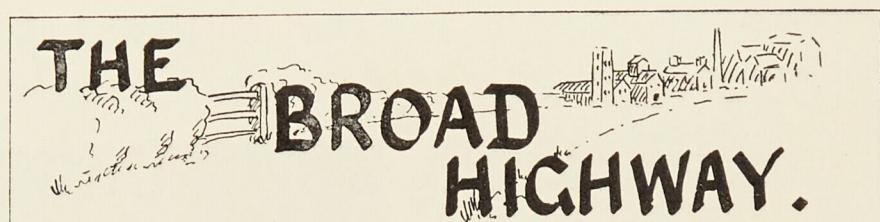
* * *

Do you know?

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—The origin of a bean-feast ?
- 2.—(a) How many lbs. in a bag of flour ?
(b) How many gallons make a peck ?
- 3.—Who conquered Wales ?
- 4.—The world's largest airship, and to what nation she belongs ?

(Answers on Page 111).



We feel sure that all his colleagues on the road will wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to Van-Salesman S. H. Jones, of Swansea, in the great loss which he has sustained in the death of Mrs. Jones on the 14th April.

We congratulate Van Salesman R. E. Bunting, of Kingston Van 47, on the birth of a daughter.

We welcome Mr. H. N. Grace, who is making a start in Calne as a Relief Salesman.

Relief Salesman H. Crabtree has taken over Aldershot Van 59.

J.H.G.

“ OWT ABOUT OWT.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I propose to send you a few sketches dealing with some of the most important Lancashire towns we visit. Controversial matter will be avoided. We shall deal chiefly with local colour and character. We shall have to rely largely upon our trade friends for data. Every effort will be made to be as accurate as possible.

Our object is that our friends at Calne and branches may have some idea of the towns to which they are daily sending goods.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. KAY.

BOLTON.

Bolton is essentially a modern manufacturing town. Very little is known of its early history. In 1251 Henry III. granted a Charter, giving the right to hold a fair there. Up to 1253 the townsfolk were not allowed the crafts of shoemakers, skinners, and fullers. A fuller was one who cleansed and thickened cloth by washing and beating it. The 1253 Charter granted this privilege, and this was the town's first acquaintance with the Textile Trade.

We take it that Boltonians must have

been a very law-abiding people. There is very little to record until 1513, when Bolton men fought under the banner of Sir Edward Stanley at Flodden Field.

By this time Bolton had gained some prominence and mention is made in Leyland's “ Itinerary,” published in 1558, that “ Bolton upon moore standeth upon cottons and cowre yarns.” These cottons were not the cotton of to-day, but really woollens.

The settled state of the district during this period is proved by the number of halls and large residences built—Smithills Hall, Hall-i'-th'-Wood, &c., &c.

George Marsh, the Bolton martyr, who died at the stake at Chester in 1555, was first examined at Smithills Hall. Hall-i'-th'-Wood stands to day as when built in the late 15th and early 16th centuries. Here Samuel Crompton invented the “ mule ” spinning machine, which revolutionised the Lancashire cotton industry. Hall-i'-th'-Wood was purchased by W. H. Lever, afterwards Viscount Leverhulme, who restored it and fitted it up as a Museum, and presented it to the Bolton Corporation. The place is scheduled as an historical building by the Historical Monuments Commissioners.

The end of the eighteenth century was a period of great expansion. The revolution in industry by the invention of the steam engine, coupled with the great increase in textile production, due to Crompton's invention, led to the factory system. The new machinery permitted the manufacture of “ all cotton ” goods, instead of a mixture ; it also permitted goods of a much finer quality to be produced. The inventions of Kay, Hargreaves, and Arkwright were also of great benefit to the industry.

Bolton took this with both hands, the trade in woollens quickly dying out. Bolton became the centre of the fine cotton-spinning industry, which position she holds to-day. The consistent demand for Egyptian cotton has had a repercussion in the development of

the cotton growing areas of Egypt and the Sudan.

Next in importance to the textile industry is engineering. Evidence of Bolton's constructional engineering is to be found in all parts of the world, while textile machinery, manufactured in Bolton, is used by those countries who, to-day, are Lancashire's biggest competitors. Coal and other minerals are in abundance practically on their doorstep.

The Chamber of Trade, which embraces the retail trades, has done much to improve conditions.

Bolton has produced some very fine men, notably W. H. Lever, later Viscount Leverhulme. It was here that Lever opened a small grocer's shop; his original hand-bill, setting out the price of a few commodities, is to be seen in the offices of W. H. Taylor & Co., Ltd. A few years ago you received a very fine testimonial from this town. In 1917 Thos. Graves writes:—"This year completes my 50th year in business. During that time I have not missed sending you an order each Saturday for 'Crown' Bacon." This has been carried on by his son, except that the orders are now passed through the writer, a truly wonderful record.

Sport.—Like many other northern towns Association Football is the chief sport, and the Wanderers can always be relied upon to give a good exhibition of the game. It is interesting to note how the name "Wanderers" was arrived at. Years ago, before football was organised as to-day, a number of youths would meet in various places to select their team for the coming Saturday until a kindly innkeeper offered them a room free of charge.

The first rule to be passed was the name of the club. In view of their many buffettings they chose "Bolton Wanderers." Sometimes they are referred to in the Press as the "Trotters." This has nothing whatever to do with the club or their wanderings. Every Boltonian dearly loves a boiled sheep's foot, hence the "trotters."

Much more could be said about Bolton and its numerous activities, but I have already exceeded the space allotted.

A.E.K.

* * *

Most people are like the darkey; they've more confidence in a piece of paper with some writing on it than the spoken word.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. C. T. FOTHERBY.



Mr. Chas. T. Fotherby, of Lesbury Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who is now in his 83rd year, has been in business for 69 years and has represented the Wiltshire Bacon Company Ltd., Chippenham, in the Newcastle-on-Tyne district for 28 years. He is one of the oldest and best-known commercial travellers in the Tyneside area and has a large circle of business friends with whom he is on the best of terms.

* * *

Business is usually quiet with the concern that keeps quiet about its business.

* * *

The man who is all intellect and has no heart is as useful as a hammer which is all head and has no handle.

* * *

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others, but he can never have their heart but by giving his own.

* * *

The tragedy of life is not so much in good purposes not carried to an end, as in good purposes not carried to a beginning.



CLUB NOTES.

It is gratifying to note that the Club House has proved such a boon to so many members during the winter months. All the rooms have been well attended, with the exception of the Girls' Room, and one wonders whether something might not be done to stimulate interest in what really is one of the best rooms in the house. Have the girls any particular wishes in regard to this room? If so, perhaps suggestions will be forthcoming—they shall receive consideration.

The Lounge, Billiard Room, and Skittle Alley have been extremely popular, and a good average attendance has been maintained ever since the opening evening in November last.

There are one or two instances, however, to which attention is very reluctantly drawn, namely:

(a) Some employees have used the Club House, but have not yet paid their annual subscription of 1s. We hope to see the Association 100 per cent. strong. It is at present just over 60 per cent., so a special appeal is made to all those who have not yet joined to do so without delay.

(b) A little more care might be exercised by a few members who frequent the House. Careless damage was reported on two occasions during the month of March. The newspapers and periodicals are in some cases also badly handled.

(c) The rooms should be used for the purposes for which they are provided. A good deal might be said in regard to unnecessary noise both in the rooms and especially in the main hall and on the landings.

It is hoped that proper use, care, and behaviour will be exercised in the future, and that this really will be the last word of complaint.

Now that the brighter days will soon be upon us we hope to see quite a number of

our old folks at the Club House. Their room is reserved for them, and the President will be glad for them to take full advantage of it as a meeting place for a friendly chat, a game of cards, and a smoke.

The Snooker Handicap has just been completed. The preliminary rounds were decided by one straight game, but the semi-final and final were decided by the best two games out of three and resulted as follows:—Semi-final—R. King beat A. Dixon, 49-48 and 62-27. J. Smellie beat W. Arkell, 42-38 and 62-30. Final—J. Smellie beat R. King, 55-34 and 56-18. The values of the prizes for this competition are—1st, 12s.; 2nd, 8s.

A Billiards Handicap of 150 up will now be commenced.

By way of encouragement to the boys, matches were arranged between six men and six boys, each boy receiving a start of 25, and each game timed to thirty minutes. The boys played extremely well and were particularly keen. The scores were as follows:

	BOYS.
D. Foxwell	84
S. Baker	65
W. Arkell	130
S. Toogood	84
R. B. Swaffield	92
J. Smellie	108
C. Gale	83
E. Bowyer	61
Frank Cleverly	85
Harold Brittain	91
Reg. Brewer	96
B. King	77

Similar games will probably be arranged in the future for the boys' benefit.

Thanks are due to Mr. T. Clark for the hard work he has done in connection with the snooker handicap and boys' game. He conducted these games to the satisfaction of every player, and we are looking forward to some good inter-departmental League teams in the near future, which we feel sure Mr. Clark will manage most efficiently.

A whist drive was held on the 31st March. There were 18½ tables and the prize-winners were:—Ladies—1st, Mrs. E.

Dean ; 2nd, Mrs. T. Clark. Gentlemen—1st, Mrs. W. Coombs (as gentleman) ; 2nd, Mr. J. Smellie. Mr. P. Carter again kindly acted as M.C. and was assisted by Mr. T. Clark and the Club Secretary. It was generally agreed that this was a good gathering and a well-conducted drive, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

F.H.A.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

“*Looking Forward*,” by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A comprehensive survey of the political, economic, and social situation in the United States of America, and the plans for re-organisation. Each chapter deals with a separate subject, stating the condition of a certain industry, or law, or the waste of natural resources, the causes for its condition, and the remedies which are being tried or considered for its improvement. One chapter deals with the attitude of America to the League of Nations, and the book closes with President Roosevelt’s inaugural address, given at Washington in March, 1933.

CRICKET SECTION.

With the approach of May we leave behind us the winter sport and turn our thoughts to cricket.

The secretaries would like to mention that we have a formidable fixture list for this year, and to maintain the record of 1935 some very strenuous practice will have to be put in as we have taken on two or three stronger elevens this year.

Particulars of practice nights will be put on the Notice Boards, and it is hoped that members will make a point of attending at least one night each week.

Fixtures for May are as follows :—

1ST XI.

May 2.—Avon Sports 1st XI. (h).
" 9.—G.W.R., Swindon (h).
" 16.—Savernake 1st XI. (a).
" 23.—Warminster 1st XI. (h).
" 30.—Warminster 1st XI. (a).
June 1.—(Whit-Monday) Garrards (h).

2ND XI.

May 9.—Spye Park (a).
" 16.—Goatacre (h).
" 23.—Avon Sports 2nd XI. (a).
" 30.—Lacock (a).

Friends Elsewhere.



WEDDING.

At the Monkton Hill Methodist Church, on Saturday, March 28th, 1936, Mr. A. F. Hawkins, of the Factory staff, was married to Miss V. R. Hunt, of Chippenham.

After the reception in the Parish Church Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins left for Torquay. The entire staff at Chippenham wish their colleague and his wife every success and happiness for the future.

SYMPATHY.

We wish to convey to Mr. John Dight an expression of sympathy in the loss of his brother, Mr. George Dight, who passed away at Devizes at the age of 65.

In doing so, it recalls to many of our old employees the early days of the old Wiltshire Bacon Curing Co., Ltd. Mr. George Dight came from the Highbridge Bacon Factory with his brother, and helped to commence the activities of the present Factory, leaving after a few years to work in the cellar of the Central Wilts Bacon Co., Ltd., at Devizes.

ILLNESS.

We are pleased to report that Mr. R. Kington is now making satisfactory progress, after his recent attack of pneumonia, and we are now looking forward to having him back at work with us very shortly. Unfortunately, Mr. W. Wiltshire has not fully recovered from his illness, but all hope the time is not far distant before he will be in the Factory again.

WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

A successful whist drive and dance was

held in the Town Hall on Saturday, March 28th, 1936, the arrangements having been made by the Welfare Association, of which our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, is chairman, and Messrs. A. B. Fortune and J. G. Hooper joint hon. secretaries.

The whist drive was once again left in the hands of Mr. B. F. Pinfield, who has proved himself to be a capable M.C.

Our employees were again unable to carry away any of the prizes, the winners being :—

Ladies—1st, Mrs. Weaver ; 2nd, Mrs. Drummer ; 3rd, Mrs. Bartlett. Gentlemen—1st, Mrs. Bray (playing as gentleman) ; 2nd, Mr. Walker ; 3rd, Mr. Edwards.

At the conclusion of the drive the hall was cleared for dancing. About 200 persons were present, including Captain C. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Kenneth Bodinnar (who has again given us much help), and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hooper. Unfortunately, much to everyone’s regret, Mr. W. V. Long was unable to be present.

The music was provided by Harold Church and his Embassy Dance Band, and the refreshments were supplied to the satisfaction of everyone by Mrs. Yeates.

SKITTLES.

The return skittle match with our Lacock friends was played on Friday, March 6th, 1936, at the Railway Inn. We were hoping that we should be able to record our second win of the season, as we only lost at Lacock by four pins, but our visitors were in fine form, and we were defeated by 15 pins.

Lacock	248
Chippenham	233

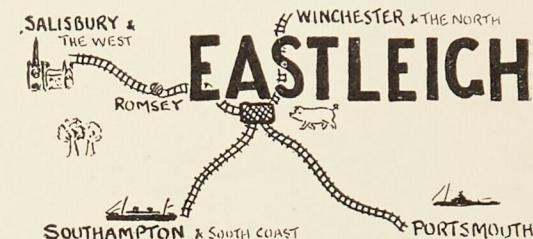
Three matches between the Factory and Office staffs have been arranged, and the winners of these matches will hold the James Bullock Cup for the coming year.

The first match was played on Friday March 14th, and a representative gathering of both Factory and Office staffs were present, as this also constituted the first round of the J.G.H. Challenge Cup.

A very keen match resulted in a win on this occasion for the Factory by three pins.

Factory	177
Office	174

W.H.W.



Plans are well in hand for our annual social on April 17th, when, we are glad to say, we shall have the pleasure of again welcoming our Chief. We are pleased to have the news that Mr. Bodinnar will be with us for this event, as we feel that it would not be complete without him. We realise the sacrifice of time which Mr. Bodinnar is making in coming to Eastleigh, and we shall not fail to appreciate it on the occasion of his visit.

The fascination of watching a big ship arriving in dock grips most people, but excitement will be very intense when the “Queen Mary” arrives at Southampton at the end of March. We understand that elaborate plans are being made to welcome her. The Southern Railway are considering throwing open the quay front at the new docks, and those who are fortunate enough to view from that vantage point will be well rewarded, for the “Queen Mary” will steam straight for the new King George V. Graving Dock at Millbrook.

We are hoping at a later date to be able to describe a personal tour of this wonderful boat.

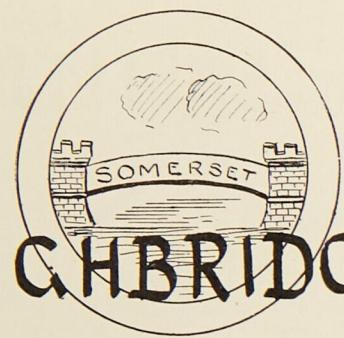
It was unanimously decided at the annual meeting of the Eastleigh Hospital Committee to hold a carnival, as usual, this year. The dates fixed are from August 31st to September 5th.

We know that this news will be of great interest to our staff as a whole—we cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement—but, it has been rumoured, that one of our lady clerks is entering a *certain* competition. If this is true we wish her success.

EASTLEIGH.

* * *

A man is not necessarily brilliant because he is always casting reflections.



HIGHBRIDGE.

With the end of Winter, the countryside begins to put on a new appearance. First, the grass appears more green than it has been for what seems a long while, and then one can see the swelling of the buds and the bursting of the leaf on the hedges and trees. Add to this the joy of watching young lambs frisking about in the fields and listening to the singing of the birds, and those of us who live in rural areas, far from the tumult of the towns, can feel we have an advantage over our city cousins which all the gilded sights and pleasures there cannot hope to compensate. This year, particularly, Spring seems doubly welcome, after what has been a long and dreary Winter. We have had, at least in the West Country, not a hard but a wet and dull time, and the burst of sunshine and the new life in nature all around is bound to affect the most indifferent and act as a tonic to all. With the lighter evenings many of us make a start with our gardening operations, and if the results oftentimes are not so splendid as the seedsmen's catalogue pictures, and the wife compares the size and quality of our vegetables with those the professionals send to the shops, any amount of pleasure is derived from the "pottering about," and we get much valuable relaxation from our work in factory and office. In other words the "Back to the land" slogan is a good one, even if your "land" is only a little garden, and there must be thousands who would miss its pleasure if it were missing.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. R. P. Redman during the past month.

We congratulate Mr. C. King, a member of the Factory staff, on his recent marriage, and we all wish him and his wife a very happy and long married life. Mr. King received a presentation from his colleagues.

We are sorry to report that Mr. W. H. G. Young, jun., has had to go into hospital for an operation, and we would all wish him a speedy return to health.

R.C.L.

SPORTS.

Football.—We are pleased to say our combined team is maintaining its place in the Bridgwater League. Although we experience a rough patch now and again, this could very well be obviated if only some of our members were less fickle. What is really lacking is "loyalty" and the sporty spirit that gets the most out of these games; that spirit which knows not defeat, but recognises a set-back as a means to an end, for without failures we should not achieve success. Pull together, boys.

Skittles.—We have now completed our season's games in the Highbridge and District League, and although we are still at the base in the table we are not downhearted, as we endeavour to maintain the sporty spirit throughout.

We give below scores and averages:

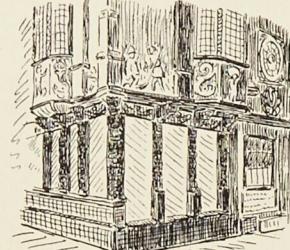
Name.	Matches	Pld.	Score.	avg.
W. J. Pople	26	1,405	54.38	
W. J. Young	20	1,030	51.50	
R. C. Lynham	22	1,131	51. 4	
E. Cann	16	813	50.81	
A. H. Hill	26	1,320	50.76	
C. B. Shier	20	1,015	50.75	
W. H. G. Young, sen.	2	100	50. 0	
H. B. Blackmore	25	1,232	49.28	
F. Pople	20	938	46. 9	
D. Smith	4	186	46. 5	
J. Young	8	273	45. 6	
H. Hardwidge	15	648	43. 3	
H. C. Marsh	3	116	38. 6	

"Ann Kidley" Cup Competition.—We hope to play the final of this competition on Thursday, 2nd April, when we anticipate a very exciting finish. We are all looking forward to this evening, when we shall conclude with a social and sing-song. We cannot now suggest the name of the winner. It is anybody's game for the first six on the list.

The Welfare Association, in conjunction with our sports secretary, Mr. C. B. Shier, are arranging a football and skittle match with our friends at Chippenham, as last season, and we are looking forward to our visit there on Saturday, 18th April, 1936, when we hope to have a real good time. We

shall certainly give them a good game. Who cares if we win or lose so long as the spirit is there? Chippenham hope to return the visit to Highbridge on Saturday, 9th May, 1936.

C.B.S.



March is nearly sped, Spring has officially arrived, and Easter has emerged from the dim and distant future into the near-at-hand.

A very pacific month, with a notable absence of high winds and a number of really fine days. Small wonder that, encouraged by the pleasant warmth of the sun, our minds have happily envisaged the halcyon days yet to be, when the Summer sun will shine from a blue sky, and golden sands, gently lapping seas, and fields of cool and lovely green await our pleasure.

We who are so fortunate as to live in Ipswich have, at easy distance, sea, heath, and pleasant countryside in which to enjoy our leisure, whereas the majority of our colleagues in other branches have a far more limited choice.

To our friends in other branches who have not been to East Anglia, we suggest that they try a holiday with us. Any information that we can give regarding the coast holiday towns, the Norfolk Broads, places of interest, &c., we shall be only too happy to furnish.

We continue to do an occasional spot of work, and have every belief that we are in for a busy year.

The death of Denys Judd, after only a fortnight's illness, was a great shock to us all, and a very real grief. To Mrs. Judd, and the family, we offer our deepest and sincere sympathy.

Two other members of our staff, Mr. C. Seaman and Mr. A. J. Burrows, also suffered bereavement, in each case by the loss of a

mother, and to them also we tender our sympathy.

Our sick-list is lessening, happily, and we were pleased to welcome back Mr. W. Slade (Bacon Department), Mr. H. S. Brock (Office), and Mr. H. Ward (Bacon Department).

Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department) is still away, but convalescent, and we hope soon to have her back with us, also Mr. F. Bowman (Offal Department).

Another good man has taken the plunge and, on our behalf, Mr. F. T. Smart made a presentation to Mr. Jack Meekings (Slaughter Department) on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Cooper, of Ipswich. Good luck, Jack, all the best!

The Company's representatives are not usually absent-minded, but one gentleman had a lapse from grace recently, and put the wrong address on a small parcel. This parcel arrived at our office, addressed to the Company, but, when opened, contained some gentleman's socks, together with a note requesting that they be darned! I wonder what function he had been attending.

A.H.M.

DENYS.

It is hard to realise that he is gone; that death has taken from our midst a figure so familiar, so well liked.

Ever since the Ipswich branch opened in 1921, Denys Judd, one of the small party sent from Calne, had been one of the most popular members of the staff. His tall figure, long face, and pleasant Wiltshire accent, his unfailing good humour (no-one had ever seen Denys in a temper), his innate good nature, and willingness to oblige, were so familiar to us all that we just took it all for granted.

For some years he served in the Small Goods Department, and was then transferred to the Transport Department. He liked his work, and was liked by all with whom he came in contact.

I was privileged to be his friend, and it is with a saddened heart that memory recalls the many happy times we spent together. Only last year he and Mrs. Judd, my wife, and I went to Whipsnade together, and had a lovely day. Dear old Denys was like a big, happy child, enjoying every moment, laugh-

ing happily at any little incident . . . He had planned that we should all go again this year—he was full of plans for this Summer.

At Christmas he always came to a party at our house—at first with his fiancee, and then, later, with his wife. We looked upon him as almost one of the family—and now he is gone. Only 36 years old.

Never has the heartfelt sympathy of the whole Factory been more sincerely offered than to Mrs. Judd and family.

It was a beautiful day when he was buried, a day when Spring shows forth and brings hope of happiness to come, and, as we stood by his graveside, the Benediction of that day of Spring brought some solace to our hearts as he passed for ever from our mortal eyes.

Farewell, Denys, dear old friend. May God grant unto you His eternal peace.

A.H.M.

ROUND THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF BUSINESS.

We are indebted to Mr. J. E. Francis, export manager for Messrs. Crane, Ltd., of London and Ipswich, for some impressions gained by him on a world-wide business trip, which he has just completed.

If you happen to have a map of the world by you you would find it interesting to follow Mr. Francis' trip round the world. Commencing with Freetown, in Sierra Leone, thence to the Gold Coast, Accra, Coomassi and Lagos, down the South-West Coast to Cape Colony and Transvaal. To Rhodesia and up the Congo River to Lake Tanganyika. Thence to Zanzibar and Nairobi. Up country to Egypt, then to Palestine and on to Cyprus. Back to Port Said, en route for India, and on to Burma. By boat down to Strait Settlements and Malay. Motor trip through Malay, visiting Malacca, Kuala, and Penang. Up to Siam to Bangkok, called the City of Temples. Then to Dutch East Indies and on to China, calling at Hong-kong and Shanghai. From Shanghai by Canadian Pacific liner through the beautiful Inland Sea to Japan, returning to Hong-kong for Australia. Thence to Tasmania and New Zealand, and through the Pacific to Hawaii, San Francisco, Canada, and U.S.A. Truly a wonderful and enviable trip.

In West Africa Mr. Francis was very much impressed by the City of Kano, which has a water supply and an electric light service installed and paid for by the native

administration out of purely native funds.

The next place to visit was South Africa, where he describes the conditions as "wonderful," due to the gold supplies, and the future of the country can scarcely be estimated.

Leaving South Africa, he journeyed up the Congo River to Lake Tanganyika, where, at a place called Ujiji, he saw the monument erected at the spot where the explorer, H. M. Stanley, found Dr. Livingstone.

Egypt is a most interesting market, but one of the cheapest in the world. The Egyptian buyer does not care from what country he purchases his goods, so long as the price is the lowest. There is, however, here a great potential market, and with the increased price on cotton, prospects for business are favourable.

Undoubtedly the Jew is returning to Palestine, partly of his own will, and partly on account of the recent persecution of the Jews by Germany. The sacred spots of Palestine are very much commercialised, and it is difficult to realise the sacredness of the territory under the cloak of the touring facilities that are afforded. Sometimes a touch of the great past is brought back by a trivial every-day happening, such as the sight of women going down to a well with water-pots on their heads.

Cyprus is a typical English colony, well kept and fairly prosperous.

Manufacturing in India is increasing, roads are being built, and large public works are being carried out. The Indian is gradually replacing the European in some of the more important administrative positions. Trade conditions are improving, but the population is increasing, and the supply to India of foodstuffs and other things which she may require will be a serious consideration in years to come.

From India he went to Burma, where the oil is pumped some 750 miles through a pipe line down to Rangoon.

Increases in the prices of rubber and tin have resulted in more activity in the Straits Settlements. A vast amount of work is in progress at the port of Singapore, which is also an important naval base.

There is a good trade to be done in Siam, but the market calls for goods of cheap quality and the Japanese have a large influence in the trading community.

The penetration of the Japanese into China is very evident. In spite of this good

business is still possible with that country with the prospects of a progressive turnover.

Whilst every courtesy is extended to a foreigner in Japan, he is conscious all the while that he is being watched. In Osaka, with between three and four million people, there are nearly 7,000 factories, thus making it larger than Manchester and Birmingham combined. This is only one of their large industrial centres. Although the Japanese are turning out goods at absurd prices, it must be admitted that their quality is improving, although it still leaves much to be desired. In making up their export prices little, if any, consideration is taken in regard to overhead, the domestic trade having to bear that part of the cost. The Japanese are not inventors but superlative copyists, and once an article is imported they set about trying to make it in their own country.

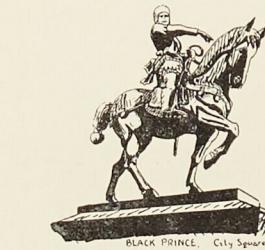
The vastness of the territory covered by the Australian continent is emphasised when it is realised that the distance from Thursday Island in the North to Melbourne is as far as from Liverpool to New York. Conditions are improving in the Commonwealth. The Australian is a good spender when he has the money, and as the prices of wool and other commodities have gone up, we may look forward to a time of prosperity in Australia, contingent upon world conditions elsewhere.

From Australia he went to Tasmania, a wonderful little country doing business in fruit and timber.

For loyalty and affection for the Old Country New Zealand certainly stands ahead, and whenever the New Zealander can buy from the Motherland he always does so. The buying capacity, taking into consideration the population, is very heavy. The development of water power, electricity, and other up-to-date methods make the New Zealand of to-day a very different place to what it was a few years ago.

After leaving New Zealand Mr. Francis crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, touching at Fiji and Hawaii with its lovely land, unvarying climate, and contented people. A return home was made across the North American continent, visits being paid to the works of Messrs. Crane, Ltd., in Canada and the United States.

Trade follows the flag, but it is equally true that trade follows travel, and constant contact with the overseas buyer is a vital essential to the maintenance of trade.



LEEDS

Since our last bulletin, Leeds has been busy striving to make itself more pronounced on the map. A considerable stimulus was given to this matter during the meetings connected with the Advertising Congress, and the Publicity Council is actively pressing forward measures to bring more factories to this locality. Many may smile at this as they think of the hundreds of factories already here. But the face of Leeds is changing, and artistic white buildings on the outskirts are taking the place of the drab factories of former days, while great new housing estates are replacing the rows of dirty slum property. The Leeds City Council is showing its policy regarding the £14½ million housing scheme which was started by the last Labour Council. The slums are still to be cleared, but the "Means test" and "Rent free houses" idea are dropped.

We certainly keep up-to-date here. Leeds was the first English city to have an electric tramway laid down, and now the tram service is being replaced by an excellent fleet of motor buses. This is resulting in more comfort for the passengers and less congestion of traffic in central areas.

By the way, a man in a bus recently gave up his seat to a lady. She fainted. She recovered and thanked him. He fainted.

We have been interested in the recent production at Calne of the "Ghost Train." Yorkshire amateurs are exceedingly keen, and splendid shows abound at this season. Without presuming to know the taste in and around Calne, we might mention a few successes here this season:—"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Secrets" are two excellent period plays, and Arnold Ridley's "Third Time Lucky" a very good comedy. We are also sufficiently presumptuous to mention opera. Rawdon Amateurs produced "The Student Prince" last week, which was done on a smallish stage in the

local cinema. It drew packed houses every night for a week. This is a light opera which requires a first-rate men's chorus, with a good leader for the students; a top-notch lady vocalist for Kathie, and a really good baritone for the Prince, with a sprightly lady for Gretchen. We offer our congratulations to Calne upon its fine achievement, and shall look forward to news of the next.

Our sparring partner, Mr. A. E. Wade, looked in at the office the other day with a few travellers' yarns. Listen!

"The cashier one morning had occasion to mention to the Managing Director that Mr. So-and-So, one of the travellers, had passed away, and the staff were sending a wreath, and would he like to subscribe half-a-crown like the others? The gentleman tossed over a sovereign, remarking, "You can use the change if you succeed in getting rid of another seven."

G.S.C.

* * *



JUST PADDY.

It was in a London County Council Hospital that I met Paddy. I had gone in for an operation, and his bed was next to mine. He had undergone a serious abdominal operation a few weeks previously, but such was his indomitable spirit that he was going out in a few days time.

As bedmates we talked together, difficult for me at times because of his rich Irish brogue, and I learnt that he was a roamer, having left his native land years ago, and in turn had been soldier, sailor, and gentleman of fortune.

The hospital was hopelessly understaffed, and that's where Paddy came in. On being told of the operation I was to undergo he said, "Indade! But to worry at all ye've no need, its meself as will be looking after ye." And he did! On my return it

was Paddy who sat beside my bed and told me I looked "just foine." "Bejabbers, its walking about ye'll be in a day or two!" All of which I well understood but appreciated all the same.

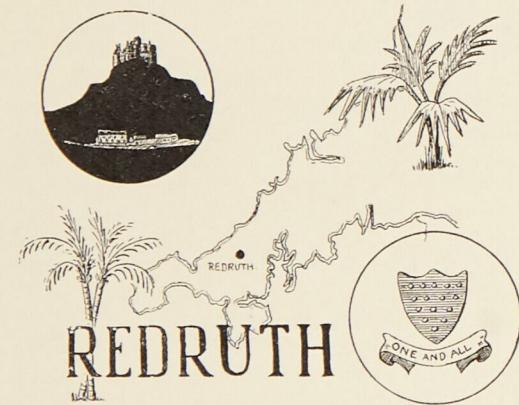
In the few days of helplessness that followed, Paddy was a brick. At 5.30 prompt he was up and had shaved me before the nurse came to wash me at six o'clock, and throughout the day he was in constant attendance. At one time I remonstrated with him, but in the politest of tones he told me to mind my own business. "Phwats worrying ye, anyway? It's meself as knows ye'd be doing the same for me."

There is an old saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and that's what suits Paddy "just foine." The day he left hospital was a gloomy one for me. I felt I had lost a very old friend. But I haven't seen the last of him. He's promised to call and spend a happy evening some time—and I know he'll be there.

E.F.J.

From the article above you will notice that Mr. E. F. Johnson has had to undergo an operation. We are pleased to say that this has been successful and hope his progress may be such that he will again be back in business by the time these lines are in print.

* * *



With the approach of Spring great activity is necessary in the flower harvest in the Isles of Scilly and Cornish mainland. It seems that, in spite of all the drawbacks from the late storms and unusually severe weather, there will be little about which to complain when the harvest is over. The season is two weeks behind last year, and the first flowers were a month late, but the yield when it came

largely compensated for the time lost. At the beginning of last week, in one day, 10,000 boxes of flowers containing 3,500,000 blooms reached London from the Islands.

In addition to the flowers from the Scillies, the harvest of those from Cornwall is now in full swing. The impression that Cornish exports of flowers relate entirely to Scilly is fairly general, and a few years ago was more or less correct. Recently, however, a number of Scillonians have emigrated to Cornwall, and established flower farms here. This Cornish section of the industry is making rapid strides, so much so that the production last year actually surpassed that of the Islands. We notice that in other parts of the country, particularly the Spalding district of Lincolnshire, the bulb growing business is increasing rapidly, but for early production the natural advantages and climatic conditions will enable the extreme west to continue to be easy winners.

We have succeeded in keeping clear of sickness right through the winter, but we have been hit rather badly in March. At the moment several are still at home and we are particularly glad to know that the following are now convalescent after very bad attacks of flu:—W. T. Wood, Edgar Merritt, and Sam Perry. We also hope to have Jim Dunstone, who has been out of action for several weeks with a badly-cut hand, back with us again soon.

We sympathise with W. E. Seymour and his relatives in the death of his brother-in-law, Petty Officer S. Street, in Devonport Naval Hospital.

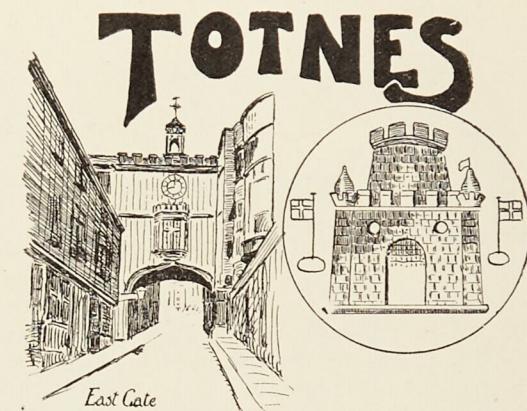
* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW.

- 1.—Reward of boon-labourers, i.e., extra labour in time of pressure—feast given at landlord's expense (Saxon times).
- 2.—(a) 140lbs. (b) 2 gallons.
- 3.—Edward I.
- 4.—The Hindenburg, belonging to Germany.

* * *

You can sit on a mountain, but not on a tir-tack.



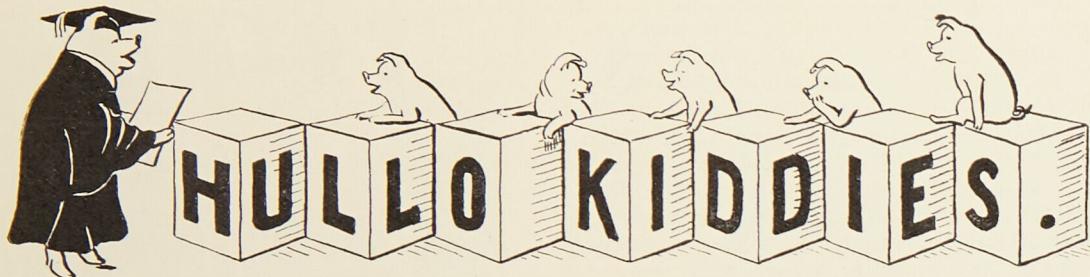
We are pleased to report the continued good form of our local "soccer" team, which, as we have mentioned before, is captained by one of our employees. They have so far remained undefeated throughout the whole season, and with four games to play, only one point is needed to assure them of the championship of the League, Division 2, a record of which they may well be proud on the first year of the club's return to activity. It is, therefore, almost certain that next season will once again see first division football (Devon League) at Totnes.

The name of John Galsworthy has been considerably to the fore of recent months, partly as the result of the publication of his life and letters and partly from his plays being discussed from Broadcasting House. John Galsworthy did a very considerable part of his writing in Devonshire and Cornwall, his Devonshire resort being at Manaton, which is a charming village situated on the edge of Dartmoor, and a few miles from famous Widecombe.

There is all the peace and charm of rural life at Manaton, which one may imagine to have been a great asset to Galsworthy's industry. Although the village is surrounded by moorland and beautiful views, the near-by farms remain very fertile as a result of plentiful water which reaches them from the moors. It is pleasing to think that such a man was attracted to spend much of his time in this county.

We are pleased to report the return to health of F. W. Dash, our foreman, who has been ill with bronchitis; and also of Miss Dale, a member of our Office staff, who has been suffering from a poisoned hand.

T.H.R.



How glad we all are to have the Spring days with us once more! Days when at last the plump brown tree buds can contain their secret no longer and are bursting with the news that "Spring is here," and are throwing out with stately pride their wealth of green; when primroses and bluebells are blooming at our feet and flowers and trees and birds alike are joining in that beautiful Spring song that fills our hearts to overflowing with joy and gladness after the dark and gloomy wintry days.

Now that the wild flowers have come back to us again (and how plentiful they are already after the many rainy days) I am wondering if you would like another Wild Flower Competition? Last year we started off very well, but Margaret Gegg and Cynthia Hart were the only two who were really keen during the whole of the Summer, so before we decide whether or not to continue it this year will those who would like to enter send in their names to "Aunt Susie," at the Office, and next month you shall hear the verdict, "Yes" or "No." It depends on you, doesn't it?

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM.

(Continued).

And so life at the farm went on—rather strangely and very quietly, but still it went on. The two boys worked like trojans—it was holiday time and, in the ordinary way (if they hadn't gone to London as they had planned), they would have been up to all the mischief they could find, but now neither of them wanted to play. They had lost their little pal, and they had never realised until now how much she had helped to make their fun complete. And now she might never play again!—that was the thought they couldn't get out of their minds.

As for Sally, for three days she lay quite unconscious, and the doctors were very anxious about her. On the fourth day she opened her eyes and smiled at her mother, who was sitting by her side. She tried hard

to speak, and looked round the room in wonder, as much as to ask, "Where am I?" "You're all right, darling," said mother, "just lie very still. You have had a nasty fall and we had to bring you to this nice hospital. I won't leave you, and you'll be very happy here."

Again Sally tried to speak, but the pain was so very bad, and she was so weak that very soon she had gone off again.

Just then one of the doctors came in and mother told him that Sally had come round for a few minutes. "That's good news," he said, "and I've just seen the result of the last X-ray we took. It's pretty bad, and I am afraid she will never walk again, but I think we shall pull her through."

The next few weeks seemed years to Sally, who had to lie on her back in the hospital, scarcely ever free from pain—the bright and nimble Sally, who had been able to share in every prank and game, now a helpless cripple!

Not that she was a dull patient—the nurses and doctors marvelled at her cheeriness and her ready smile, even when her back and legs hurt most. Often she would smile away the tears that would break through, and cling to the nurse's arm and say, "Don't let me be a baby." Then they laughed together and nurse told her a part of the story that she kept for the worst days—a really true story, of things that happened when she was a little girl in a land across the sea. The story had started the day Sally's mother had left the hospital. She had stayed as long as possible, but auntie had had to return to London and so mother was obliged to go back to the farm to see to things there, but not until Sally had promised that she would be perfectly all right and happy with the nurses, all of whom were very kind to her. It had been a big struggle for Sally, though, and although she tried so hard to be brave, as soon as mother had really gone she sobbed into her pillow as though her heart would break.

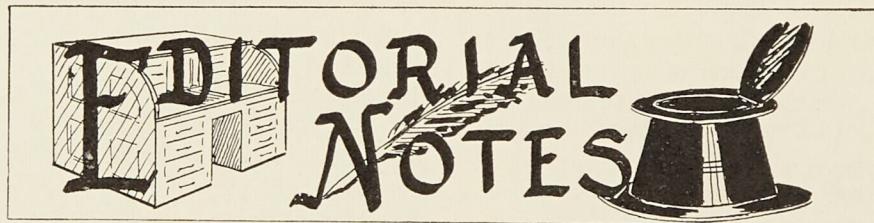
(To be continued).



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. — JUNE, 1936. — No. 6.



THE fear, implied by one of our correspondents, that competitors using elaborate vases and epergnes in the table decoration classes at the Flower Show are more likely to receive awards than those using simpler media is without foundation. The judges in these classes are experienced and sound, and competitors can rest assured that artistic merit in their eyes is at a premium, and artificial aid at a discount.

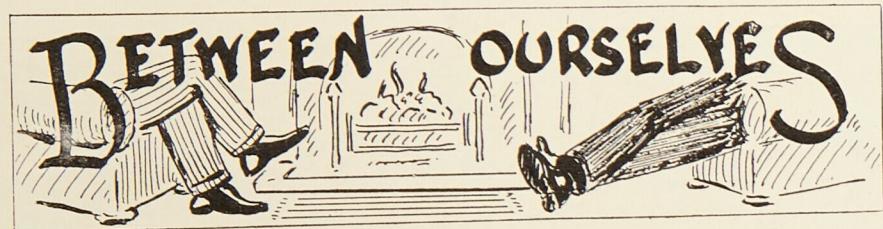
We reproduce the letter, because, amongst other things, it reminds us of a good, but untrue, story about a remote Cornish parish. Service had commenced when news percolated through to the congregation that flotsam had been washed ashore. Interest in the service waned, and at last the strain reached breaking point, and several men began to make strides for the door. Observing this, the Rector quietly remarked, "At least, let us all start equal," and, concluding the service, was on the seashore within a few minutes of the early arrivals.

The complexity of this question of human equality is emphasized by two opposite maxims with which we were confronted in the Victorian era. Old gentle-

men maintained "that all men were not equal," and then, when exhorting us to personal endeavour, urged "that what one man had accomplished another could also accomplish."

From the welter of modern life the fact emerges that provision of material for the use of the individual for the moulding of happier and more cultured lives is of a more bountiful nature than was at the command of previous generations. Natural and inherited material endowments may vary, but it is their use in the service of humanity which counts, rather than their mere possession. The man who is doing what he should be doing, and doing it to the utmost of his ability, is never an envious man, and, consequently, always a happy man.

In this direction we have made strides. Until a generation ago material power and social prestige were almost the only recognised goals of achievement. To-day, schoolmasters and parents alike are anxious that children shall enter callings which will make them useful, happy, and develop all that is best in them. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."



I WAS in Clifton yesterday (Sunday, May 10th). The middle of a quiet Sunday afternoon was broken by crowds of newsboys who were calling a special edition of a week-end paper, "Latest War News."

The mind went back to similar occurrences in the early days of August, 1914. This morning in one of the papers there is an account of a personal interview with the exiled Emperor of Abyssinia. Put shortly, he described the causes of defeat as aeroplanes and gas. At a reception of reporters each visitor was asked not to attempt to shake the Imperial hand because it had been damaged by poison gas.

We remind ourselves again that such is modern warfare. We have, at Geneva, a League of Nations which has declared that one of the parties to the dispute between Abyssinia and Italy is an aggressor. Under the League Covenant there are pains and penalties which apply to aggression of the kind that has been carried out, and, at the moment of writing, the whole of the thoughtful world is wondering how, out of this turmoil of diplomatic muddle, a course can be steered that will uphold the dignity of nations and prevent a spread of conflict.

Upon the assurance that the British Empire has been weakened in negotiation because of its lack of strength in arms, we are committed to at least a three-year re-armament programme at home. To those of us who are unversed in the ways of International diplomacy there naturally comes the question as to where all this will lead. There seems to be a need for the re-birth of the conception of the value and purpose of individual human life, whether that life finds its embodiment in skin that is white, or yellow, or black. If it be true

that behind the birth of a seed into flower or plant, behind the growth of a tree, and behind the amalgamation of cells into human life there is a definite purpose or plan, then it is difficult to find justification for rightly bringing such human life to an end before its work is done. Cheap jargon and loose thinking and the jingoistic attitude that characterised us, among others, in other days cannot now be fit and proper, in view of the march of men's intellect to a fuller understanding of the aim and purposes of individual life in a forward scheme of betterment and civilisation.

At most of the by-roads which enter upon the main thoroughfares there is, for the safety of the entrants to main traffic, the direction, "HALT." The common masses of the people who make up the real life of every nation are coming down the by-roads to watch the nations as they gather speed in the production of armaments. If it were possible that some great figure could, with authority, say to all the peoples of the world at this time, "Halt and think before you enter," and so made it possible that for a period there could be wholesome contemplation of the drift that is going on towards undesirable happenings, one of the greatest services to the world might be performed.

If the nations of the world enter into another world-war, they must realise before they commence that over the portal of their entrance will be written, as in another case, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."



Our French Feature.

JUIN—JUNE.

On arriving in France, if you want to call a porter, it is quite easy as the name is almost the same as in English, "porteur" (pronounced port-err, emphasizing the last syllable).

If you have not reserved accommodation at a hotel beforehand you can enquire—

"Pouvez-vous me recommander un bon Hôtel?"

(Can you recommend a good hotel?)

Of course, it is preferable to book beforehand, especially at holiday times, "au moment des vacances," and during the season, "pendant la saison." If you have done so and you do not see the hotel car waiting for you, go up to the driver of a taxi (taxi in French, too) and say—

"Voulez-vous me conduire à l'hôtel?"

(Will you drive me to Hotel?)

When you reach your destination ask the chauffeur—

"Combien vous dois-je?"

(How much do I owe you?)

If this is too much to remember simply say, "Combien?" (How much?).

French money is very easy to understand; the unit is the Franc. One franc is worth 100 centimes, and everything is priced in francs and/or centimes. For example:—

350 frs.—350 francs.

25 frs. 95—25 francs 95 centimes.

0 fr. 25 or 25 cmes.—25 centimes.

The French coins are:—

0 fr. 05 or 5 centimes (also called un sou).
0 fr. 10 or 10 centimes (also called deux sous).

0 fr. 25 or 25 centimes (also called cinq sous).

0 fr. 50 or 50 centimes (also called dix sous) which is $\frac{1}{2}$ a franc.

1 franc (also called vingt sous).

2 francs (also called quarante sous).

5 francs (also called cent sous).

10 francs (dix francs) and 20 francs (vingt francs).

There are bank notes for 50, 100, 500, and 1,000 francs.

At the time of writing the French rate

of exchange is frs. 75.40 to the £. Supposing you pay frs. 20 for a room.

„ 5 for breakfast.

„ 12 for lunch,

and „ 12 for dinner.

the price per day would be frs. 49, or approximately 13s.

It must be remembered that 10 per cent. is now added to all hotel bills for gratuities. This would make the price per day frs. 53.90, or approximately 14s. 3d.

French breakfast usually consists of coffee and milk, "café au lait" (pronounced kafayolay), or chocolate "chocolat" (pronounced schocolah), and rolls and butter, "petits pains et beurre," but you can, of course, have an English breakfast if you ask for it, but the charge would naturally be more.

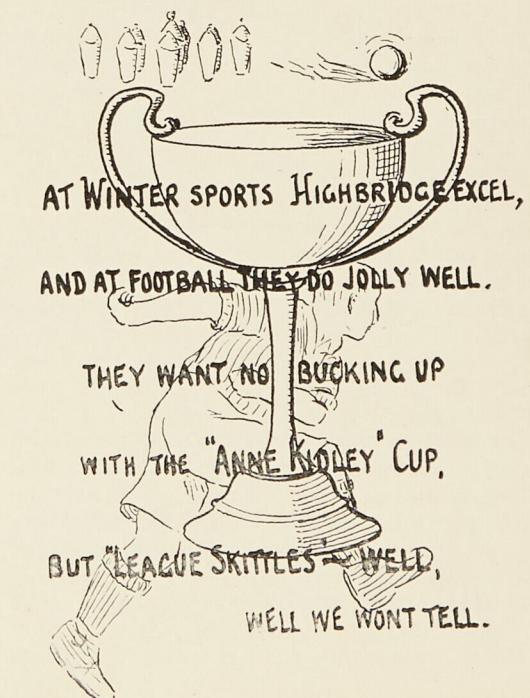
The following is a useful phrase to use on arriving at your hotel:—

"Y a-t-il quelqu'un ici qui parle Anglais?"

(Is there anyone here who speaks English?).

(To be continued). D.G.T.B.

BRANCH O' MERRICK.



Clydeside Glory.

It is a pleasant relaxation to look back upon the thrill of the first holiday break of the year at Easter. There is magic in the air on Spring days—the realisation of the longings and hopes and dreams maturing after the chill and dark winter. And so we throw down our cares and take the precious Easter days and use them, to catch the spell of gladness from the awakening countryside.

Where did you go? I went to bonnie Scotland, like all the Anglo-Scots—at least, the trains seemed to say so. Contrary to general prophesy, the weather became milder and more sunny as we sped north, and the sunset glow and star-spangled sky were cheerful omens. On the west coast the promise held good all through, and we had fine weather all the time.

The panorama of the Clyde estuary, with the big peaks of the surrounding mountains just showing the last traces of winter snow, was worth all the journey. And it was delightful to note the signs of returning prosperity. Even the tragic job of ship-breaking, exemplified in the sight of the great burnt-out French liner, "L'Atlantique," at Port-Glasgow, passing to its final doom after the glory of its career, told of work and wages for men.

These notes, however, were not intended as a travel diary, but for the purpose of recording in these pages something about the great liner, "Queen Mary," the pride and the very soul of Clydeside. There is a quiet satisfaction among this populace at the achievement and, while the world rocks, these clever engineers feel a deep pride, but go silently forward to the new task of preparing for the next and better sister ship. They tell you freely that she is "out of date" already, and the next one will be streamlined, &c., and improved from experience gained.

Figures are not light reading, but a few may help us. The first Cunarder, the "Britannia," was built in 1840, and that vessel, along with the whole three vessels of Columbus' fleet, could be laid in the first-class restaurant of the "Queen Mary." The lounge could hold nine double-decked buses and three Royal Scot railway engines; and these same three engines could run freely abreast through one of her funnels. The "Queen Mary" was built at Clydebank by Messrs. John Brown. Thousands of tests

with scale models, in their wonderful experimental tank, were made before the keel was laid, and the builders knew exactly beforehand what "534" would behave like in every kind of weather when she became the "Queen." As she grew, a gaunt skeleton of special elastic steel, extremely light and resilient, the amazed visitor could only gasp. When, one bleak day in September, 1934, King George and Queen Mary came to Clydebank, and her Majesty pressed the magic button which launched the giant liner into her element, each workman knew that the very best had been put into her vitals, and all their efforts were magnificently vindicated. During the launch it was the piles of enormous drag chains which lay in heaps by her cradle, which pulled her up within an ace of the opposite bank of the river, and the weight of every chain and every link was known to the nearest pound—such was the scrupulous care of her builders.

Each of her four manganese bronze propellers weighs 35 tons, cast out of solid blocks weighing 42 tons. The firm who cast them are pre-eminent, and made the propellers for the "Normandie," the "Bremen," and the "Europa."

The whole construction is the last word in safety. Owing to elaborate precautions, no imaginable injury to the hull could put more than two sets of boilers and engines out of action, and she could then still steam at twenty knots. The bridge is the nerve centre that directs and controls the whole organisation of the ship, and it is the central fire station where danger is recorded by detectors constantly watched by six first-certified officers.

Towards the end of 1935, with her three funnels up, and her super-structure erected and painted, she was a fine sight, but when the great day arrived and she slid down the river to Greenock, the public arrived by the million to cheer her on her way.

Of the glorious beauty of her decoration, and the provision made for the comfort of her passengers and crew, there is no space here to tell. But you will not lose patience if you try to grasp this final mental puzzle. The commissariat is almost unbelievable, and requires special buyers and great warehouses on land at Southampton and New York. For a single voyage these figures will give some inkling of the organisation behind the larders, viz:—100 cattle, 350 sheep, 1,400 domestic fowls, 14,000 game birds, 1,000

kegs of butter, 1,500 boxes of fruit, 10,000 lbs. of fish, 100,000 eggs. *But I cannot tell you how much bacon.*

So we breathe our "God Speed" to "Queen Mary," to her Commander, her officers, and her crew, and we know in our hearts she epitomises our dear Motherland wherever on the giant ocean highways of the world her flag is carried.

G. S. CAMPBELL.

* * *



Vegetable Plot.

A further sowing of peas can be made now. Cut no more asparagus after the middle of this month. To save space in the garden, radishes and lettuces can be planted between the celery trenches. Plant out tomatoes in a sunny position, preferably against a south wall. Plant out ridge cucumbers on a sunny bank. Plant Brussels sprouts, broccoli, savoys, and cauliflowers.

Sow turnips in shallow drills 1 foot apart. Continue to earth up potatoes and stake runner beans.

Flower Garden.

Plant out dahlias in well-manured soil. Roses are all in flower during this month and next, and occasional doses of liquid manure would be beneficial. Keep weeds down by hoeing. The following seeds can be sown this month:—Coreopsis, delphiniums, lupins, phlox, honesty, and wallflowers.

Fruit Garden.

Wall fruits need plenty of water at the roots except in the case of apricots, which appreciate dry conditions. Gooseberries should be thinned out. Loganberries would be better with a mulch of manure round the roots. They need plenty of moisture, and repay generous feeding.

Watch for green fly and spray immediately it appears.

* * *

He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything.

Our Post Bag.

DEAR SIR,

A summary of numerous shopkeepers' reasons for slack trade may be of interest.

First, we are told in the early part of the year that working classes are short of money, due to the Christmas festivities. Shortly after we hear that people are saving up for the Easter holidays. Almost immediately following we learn of further saving up—this time for the children's Whitsuntide treats and the purchasing of new clothes (apparently a Northern custom). Then comes the effort to horde as much as possible for "Blackpool Week." Recovery from this great event is reputed to take a considerable time. There is just sufficient time left to save up once more—this time for Christmas. We then have a New Year among the "Stoney Public" once again.

Usually, in addition, we hear of unforeseen "extras," such as strikes and "part-time shifts" at collieries and factories.

How do people live?

Leeds.

A. HALBAUM.

FLOWER SHOW HINT.

April 17th, 1936.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

May I suggest that in the Table Decorations entry all competitors start level.

This can be done by supplying of the table and cloth, and also one centre bowl and 4 tumblers. This would make things equal for all competitors and, incidentally be a real test of flower decoration.

Yours faithfully,

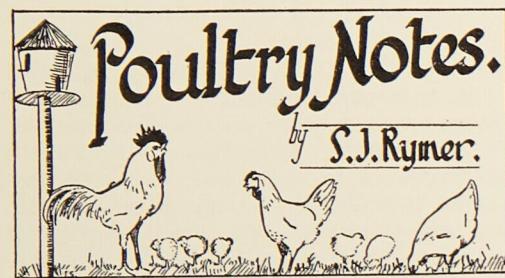
H.

Do you know?

QUESTIONS?

- 1.—What two races carve ivory beautifully?
- 2.—How many counties are there in England?
- 3.—What great poet was Cromwell's secretary?
- 4.—In what novels, by whom, do the following characters appear:—(a) Becky Sharp, (b) Mr. Micawber, (c) Salvation Yeo, (d) John Silver, (e) Saladin, (f) Jolyon?
- 5.—What is pewter?

(Answers on Page 120).



June—the month of roses, and the time when the small poultry keeper should be able definitely to count the number of pullets he has been able to rear successfully. The sexes now should be separated. By the way, have you noticed how all the fight seems to go out of the cockerels the moment they are taken away from the pullets?

Many readers will be having trouble with the broody hens. There will be plenty of broodies now that they are not required. When they are not wanted for hatching purposes, they should be taken off the nests directly they are seen there, after the fowls have gone to roost, and put in a coop in a light place. Given a moderate supply of grain (some people withhold all food), some green food, and water, they will get over their broodiness in a few days and shortly commence to lay again.

In these days brown eggs are as common as white eggs, yet many people still believe in the superiority of the former. I believe some poultry-keepers are able to obtain slightly higher prices for brown-shelled eggs. As the shells are not eaten by the public I do not mind giving the following hint to those who wish to sell brown eggs. Keep a breed such as the Minorca, which lays large white eggs, and stain them any shade of brown you wish by dipping them in tea or coffee, or a little permanganate of potash.

Two-year-old hens and any duds in the flock will have to be disposed of before they commence to moult. Very few hens are profitable after their second year, and room will be required for the pullets. The reason for the non-success of many poultry-keepers is because they do not get rid of their old hens and replace them with pullets. Of course, you may wish to keep some particular hen to set her eggs for hatching next spring. Nowadays it is common to see eggs and chicks advertised from second and third season breeding stock, although to get the

number of eggs required to fill the incubators it is obvious that hatcheries are bound to have pullet eggs. The old hens simply could not lay enough.

A friend sent us one of those tiny eggs found frequently in the nests at this time of the year. Why do hens lay these little eggs? Does any reader know? We offer no prize for a correct answer.

Just a few words about fowl paralysis, as so many cases have been brought to my notice this year. Very little is known about this disease, except that it is unpreventable and incurable. Birds become paralysed after showing lameness, leg weakness, and dropped wings. There is nothing to be done but to kill off every fowl as soon as she is seen to be ailing.

Do not forget to look for red mites in the poultry houses. Apply paraffin or creosote to the perches weekly. Some people prefer to use perch paint, the effect of which is lasting.

Cage bird fanciers will be interested to hear that a Budgerigar recently committed suicide by flying out of the hedge against the bicycle of a young lady who was cycling from Devizes to Calne. I believe the colour of the Budgie was blue. The bird was in good condition and had a ring on one leg, but no record was kept of the marks (if any) on the ring.

A conversation between two enthusiasts inspired the following:—

One poultry-keeper to another said, "Hatched any chicks with broodies this year, Ned?"

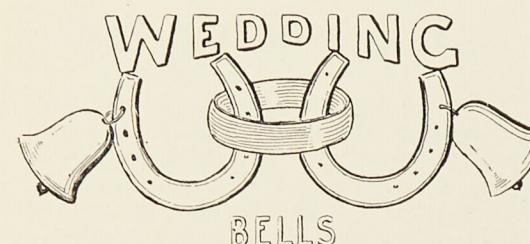
Says Ned:—

"Of such bad luck I've never heard, I couldn't set a solitary bird, And so I went to see old Farmer Giles, Although it meant a jaunt of 14 miles, And after putting up with all his tricks I came away with fifty day-old chicks. You know he doesn't deal in second-raters, And hatches 'em by these here 'elevators.'"

TRADITION.

At Calne, in 1770, Prime Baconers they killed, Butchered and trimmed by Harris, expert skill'd; Strewn with salt, by this means cured, then smoked, As (ere since George III.) is Crown Brand Bacon still.

C.M.S.



The Methodist Church, Studley, was the scene of the wedding of Miss Betty Fortune and Mr. Gordon Hall. The bride was given away by her brother and wore a gown of white satin, with wreath of orange blossom and veil. She carried a sheaf of lilies.

Three bridesmaids attended the bride, one attired in a dress of pink fergoneen, with head-dress, stockings, and shoes to match. Her bouquet was of pink carnations. The two small bridesmaids wore blue fergoneen dresses, with shoes to tone, and head-dresses of roses and forget-me-nots.

The bride's going-away costume was a blue ensemble with hat and shoes to tone.

Miss Fortune was employed in the Kitchen Department for over three years, and was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery. Mr. Hall is employed in the Engineering Department of the Totnes factory.

At St. Nicholas Parish Church, Bromham, on April 11th, Miss Nellie Cleverly was married to Mr. Edwin Little, of the Boning Department. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white georgette, with wreath of orange blossom and veil. Her shoes were silver and the bouquet was of cream roses and fern.

Four bridesmaids attended, two dressed in pink silk frocks, with wreaths of silver leaves and silver shoes. The other bridesmaids wore dresses of blue georgette, with wreaths of silver leaves, and silver shoes. All carried bouquets of pink carnations.

Miss Cleverly was over two years in the Boning Department. The combined wedding present was a drawing room clock.

On April 18th, at the Castle Street Baptist Church, Mr. A. Hitchins was married to Miss Betty Barnet, of Calstone. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin, with wreath and veil,

and carried a bouquet of white carnations and lilies.

Two bridesmaids attended the bride dressed in frocks of powder blue, with wreaths of silver leaves, stockings to tone and silver shoes. They carried bouquets of pink carnations.

Mr. Hitchins is attached to the Kitchen Department, and was the recipient of a time-piece from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church on April 18th, Mr. Victor (Bert) Dolman was married to Miss Evelyn Thomas. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of heavy ivory satin with a sunray pleated train, wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

The retinue was comprised of the bride's sister as matron of honour, four bridesmaids, and page. The matron of honour and the bridesmaids wore dresses of lavender tulle, with picture hats to match, and elbow gloves, stockings to tone, and silver shoes, and carried bouquets of lavender carnations and lilies-of-the-valley. The page wore long trousers of lavender satin and Russian blouse to match, and black shoes with silver buckles.

Miss Thomas was twelve years in the Basement Department. The combined wedding present was a kitchen cabinet.

The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Parish Church, Congresbury, of Miss Dorothy Cockram and Mr. Douglas Horner.

The bride was a member of the office staff and a keen helper in the Dramatic Section of the H.W.A.

The Rev. J. Winterton conducted the service, and the bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a navy blue ensemble, with a spray of lilies of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Horner were the recipients of a large number of presents, including one from friends of the bride employed in the Office at Calne.

* * *

There is always a best way to do a thing, if it be but to boil an egg.

* * *

"Religion is best understood when most practised."

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. J. F. G. EDWARDE.



Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde came to us in December, 1919, after a varied experience in engineering. After studying in London he served terms of employment in Avonmouth, Carlisle, and Glasgow, and also spent several exciting years in Dublin.

Mr. Edwarde has always shown a keen interest in Welfare work, and is a member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the H.W.A.

* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—Chinese and Indians.
- 2.—Forty.
- 3.—John Milton.
- 4.—(a) "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray, (b) "David Copperfield," by Chas. Dickens, (c) "Westward Ho!" by Chas. Kingsley, (d) "Treasure Island," by R. Louis Stevenson, (e) "Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott, (f) "Forsyte Saga," by Galsworthy.
- 5.—An alloy of tin and lead.

H.R.M.

A Link with the Past.

The photograph on the opposite page (and another which will appear next month) are of workmen who were in the employ of Messrs. Chas. Harris & Co., and Messrs. T. Harris & Sons, some 45 years ago, and it will be of considerable interest to many of our present employees, who will recognise their fathers and grandfathers in the groups.

There are also one or two of our friends on the retired list who will find it interesting to compare their youthful appearance in the early 90's of last century with their latest photographs.

The No. 1 Factory was first taken, and some amusing remarks were made by the employees at No. 2 regarding the appearance of the two officers of the Wilts Constabulary, who, when the men took their place in front of the Lansdowne Arms Hotel, quietly and without invitation "took them in charge."

At that time the work was not departmentalised to the extent it is to-day, and during busy times the same men would work in the Slaughter House in the early morning, the packing yard in the afternoon, and the cellars in the evening; the result being a sense of comradeship in labour which, in these days of more ample leisure, is fostered at the Club House and in the sports field.

It will be noticed that both groups consist entirely of men with a boy or two here and there. Neither women nor girls were employed at that time either in Factory or Office, the great majority of Harris employees being householders and heads of families. Consequently, although the number employed does not approximate to the number of the present staff, the contribution made by the firms to the life and prosperity of the town half a century ago was of the greatest importance, and very largely contributed to the progress that has given the Loyal and Ancient Borough its proud place in the Bacon County.

* * *

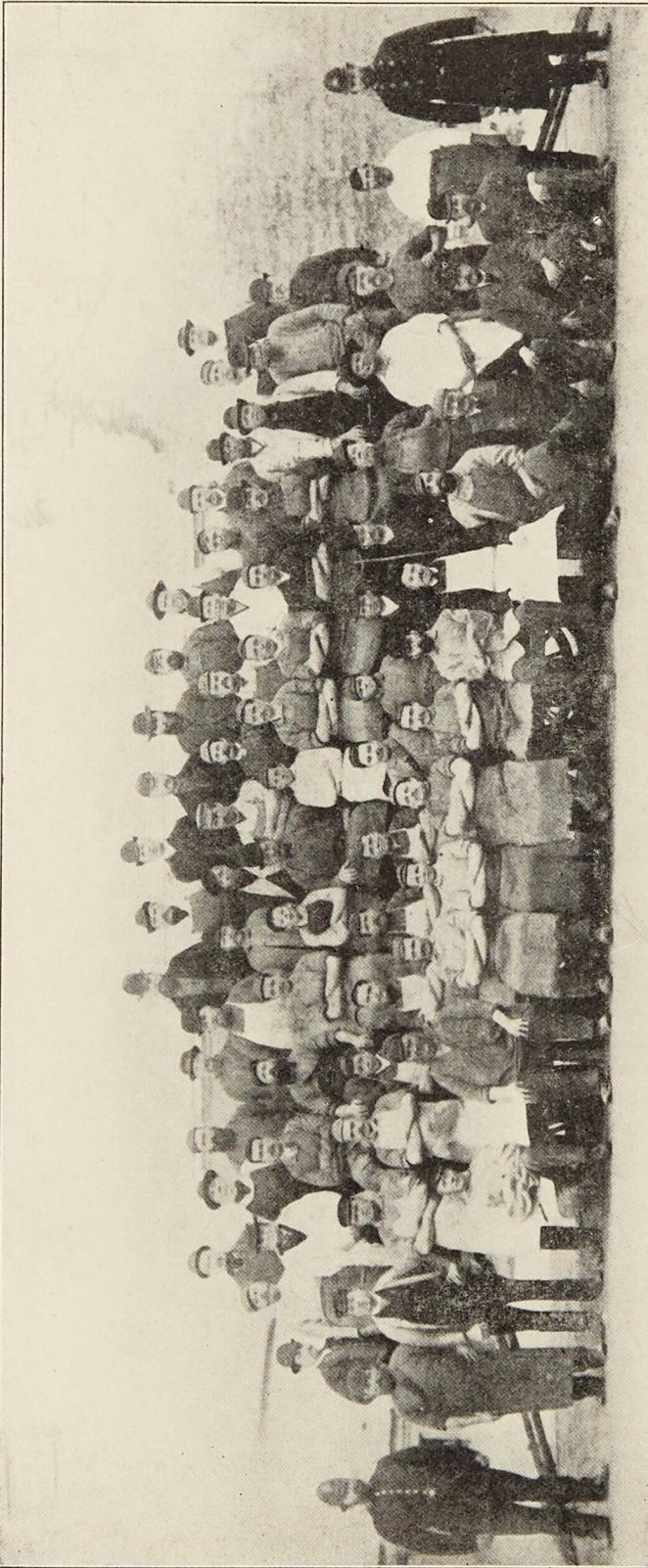
Heard at a Soho restaurant:—

He: I just adore caviare, don't you, darling?

She: I've never heard him, except on the gramophone.

* * *

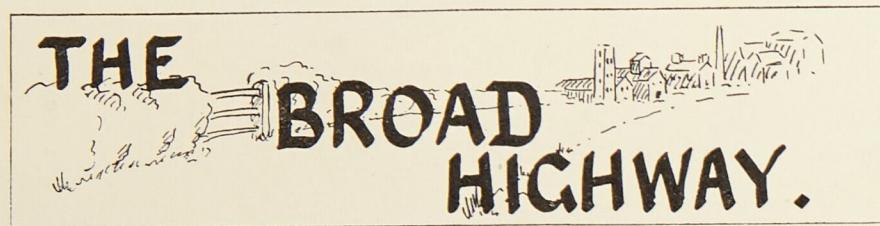
Temporary Postman (returning with parcel): I've been from end to end of the road and there's no house called "Fragile."



GROUP OF EMPLOYEES OF NO. 1 FACTORY (CHAS. HARRIS & CO.) TAKEN IN THE EARLY '90's

(Reproduced by Mr. E. Gross from an old print kindly lent by Mr. H. Grainger).

A group of their contemporaries at No. 2 Factory with some comments by Mr. F. Gale will appear next month.



On behalf of all our representatives we wish to extend our sympathy to Mr. G. Ward Willis, of Leicester, in the loss which he has sustained by the death of his father, Mr. Geo. Willis, at the end of April.

Mr. Willis was 79, and had represented the Dunmow Flitch Bacon Company for a great many years in the London area.

We welcome Mr. F. McAlister, who has made a start in Calne as relief salesman.

J.H.G.

MANCHESTER EXHIBITION, 1936.

This exhibition opened in fine weather, rather unusual for Manchester, which has, deservedly so, a reputation for frequent downpours.

The Exhibition commenced on Tuesday, April 21st, and the opening ceremony was performed by Mr. T. F. Sandiford, on behalf of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, who, unfortunately, was absent through indisposition. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Manchester attended, as did also prominent members of the Northern Council of Grocers' Association and the Manchester, Salford, and District Association, under whose auspices the Exhibition was organised.

This Exhibition is the largest of its kind in the North, over one hundred firms allied to the grocery and provision trades being represented. Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., as in former years, occupied their usual space near the bandstand. A new type of stand was adopted on this occasion, which showed our goods to better advantage, and evoked many pleasing comments from the trade and public generally.

As in 1934, Foden's Motor Works Band provided music in the afternoons and evenings. As most readers doubtless know, this band is now world famous, and their conductor, Mr. Fred Mortimer, tells us that they have won the Crystal Palace Cup for

brass bands so frequently that this year they are barred from competing. Mr. Mortimer's son, the world champion cornetist, gave solos, much to the delight of the crowd. This fine musician, I believe, is not unknown to us in Calne. We remember him giving a recital in the Palace Cinema one Sunday evening some two years ago.

The various stands at the show created a large variety of interest. We were particularly interested in a stand belonging to the "Manchester Evening Chronicle," in which a linotype machine was in action operated by a skilled newspaper compositor. One morning we were privileged to have a full demonstration of the intricacies of this machine, whose accuracy was almost uncanny. The machine has a keyboard not unlike a typewriter, which brings the various founts of type into contact with molten metal, which produces the line of type, finally returning the founts back to their original place at the top of the machine, sorting them out in alphabetical order. Whole columns of type can be produced ready for printing in an almost unbelievably short time.

At the further end of the show was staged a mannequin parade in a small theatre, especially built for the purpose. The mannequins in between demonstrations spent their time walking around the stalls dressed in costumes representing a trade mark or some leading feature of one of the stands. One, dressed as Nell Gwyne, represented marmalade manufacturers of that name. Another arrayed in a white jumper and hiking shorts represented Health, that, presumably, being the attainment of all those partaking of Peak Frean's "Vita Weat" Biscuits.

On the Wednesday of the second week we were graced by the presence of the Cotton Queen. A young, fair-headed damsel, aged about 22, who has recently been crowned; her reign will last for twelve months.

Every year a mill girl is chosen by ballot among the mill hands to represent the cotton industry, and whoever is the lucky one, is feted and honoured for the remainder of the year. This really is quite a responsibility for one so young, and involves a great deal of limelight in the public eye. However, the present queen seemed quite self-confident and we wish her a successful reign.

The major event of the show was the unexpected visit of that charming artiste, Miss Gracie Fields, well known not only as a comedienne to music-hall goers, film fans, &c., but as a devoted friend to all charitable causes, especially if they should be in any way connected with her beloved Lancashire. Miss Fields is, as most people are aware, a Rochdale "lassie," and has risen by her own versatility to be, one might almost say, uncrowned Queen of Lancashire. We had the honour to form part of her bodyguard during her visit. It was no small job to keep back the eager crowd clamouring for a sight of her. Finally a number of the crowd shouted to her to "stand on't chair, so as to have a look at yer."

Miss Fields was her usual sunny self, and in a small speech given from the stand of the Empire Tea Marketing Bureau, where she was photographed having a "cup o' tea," she told the crowd how, while in South Africa on a recent trip, she had acquired the habit of drinking tea with lemon instead of milk. She therefore suggested that her admirers present should acquire the taste, too, and thereby give "t'cows a rest." After which admonition she was spirited away quickly from a crowd who would have readily mobbed her.

It is extraordinary the affection that Northerners have for their "Gracie." She seems part of the family, and they certainly treat her as such.

On Saturday, May 2nd, the show closed after good attendances and good business, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

V.M.S.

"OWT ABOUT OWT."

COME WITH ME FROM BOLTON TO ROCHDALE.

Rochdale, like many other Lancashire towns, is built in the valley; this is necessary for the mills to obtain the essential water supply. Mills are placed on the river banks and the town grows around them.

The river Roach runs through the centre of the town, and the Corporation have skillfully carried this off in a huge culvert, giving a fine open space, which is a good setting for the admirable Town Hall, leading to the Garden of Remembrance and the Parish Church in the background.

Rochdale is situated at the foot of the Pennines and until the advent of steam very little is known about it; indeed, there would not be any town in those days. There is evidence of hand-loom weaving, probably introduced by the Flemish weavers. The surrounding country was devoted very largely to sheep farming, and the fleeces woven into blankets and other woollen goods.

The introduction of steam changed all this, and the whole district received a tremendous impetus.

The chief industry is, of course, cotton, and, as we have already written on this subject, we have little of interest to add.

Textile machinery also plays an active part in the town's commerce. These machines are to be found in almost any part of the world where machinery is used.

The tramcar has entirely disappeared from its streets; a fast fleet of modern motor-buses serves all districts.

Rochdale has produced some very fine men, notably John Bright, and in more recent times that versatile comedienne, Gracie Fields.

Rochdale gave birth to the co-operative movement. During one of those periods of trade depression the cotton operative was very hard hit, there was no dole, and no other means of employment. A certain weaver got a few shillings and walked to Manchester, where he thought he could obtain better value. He showed his purchases to his friends, and the following week he was asked to bring further supplies. These were distributed from his cottage, and the co-operative movement was born.

The first piece of cloth manufactured by the movement was stolen, and except for an unfortunate accident the thief would not have been discovered. The window cleaner fell from his ladder, and the piece of cloth was found wrapped around his body.

There is another Rochdale firm whose name is familiar to many connected with C. & T. Harris, which had an equally small beginning. The founder was out of employment; he obtained some packets of tea and went from door to door. To-day Messrs.

Duckworth have 180 branches throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Sport.—Association football is not popular. Perhaps there are too many really first-class teams within a few miles radius. Nevertheless, the "Hornets" can always be relied upon to give a good exhibition of Rugby under the Northern Union rules, while the cricket team can entertain the County Colts.

And so for the present we leave Rochdale and next month we will take you to Wigan.

A.E.K.

* * *

THE SIX MAXIMS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

- 1—Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game.
- 2—Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.
- 3—Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.
- 4—If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast which goes away to suffer in silence.
- 5—Teach me to win, if I may; if I may not win, then, above all, teach me to be a good loser.
- 6—Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk.

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

SACK.—A gallant lover is predicted for you—So don't give him the sacks-o'-phone.

SATIN.—An unusual gift will be made to you—Perhaps something to be "sat in."

SEEDS.—You will meet your future husband in a large building—Not in the bargain basement, we hope.

SEE-SAW.—You will fall in love at first sight—Did you see he saw?

SIGHING.—A fateful meeting is indicated—She sighed, he sighed, and they sighed side by side.

SIGN-POST.—Your presence at a christening will be requested—And bring your own mug.

SINGING.—You may suffer a rebuff—B sharp even if you are A flat.

SISTER.—Hurtful chatter should be avoided—Don't say you can only be a sister to him.

Photographic Notes.

PHOTOGRAPHY THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MIRROR PORTRAITURE

A novel and interesting branch of indoor photography which will be welcomed by many amateurs is that of mirror portraiture.

Everyone knows what beautiful pictures of reflections in still ponds and lakes can be secured, and in much the same way interesting and artistic studies can be made of reflections in hanging mirrors.

There is one point, however, which should be grasped clearly by every amateur photographer before attempting these pictures. Although his instinct will be to focus the Kodak for the distance to the mirror in which the subject is reflected, this is not correct.

He must always add to that *the distance from the mirror to the person being photographed.*

For instance, if the subject is standing three feet from the mirror and the camera is seven feet away from the mirror, the focus must be set at ten feet.

Including Sitter and Reflection.

Pictures which include the sitter as well as his reflection should not be attempted until the amateur has had plenty of practice in securing photographs of the reflection only.

These pictures are really a matter for the expert, as they require very careful calculation and a cunning stopping down of the lens.

Mirrors with attractive wooden or metal edges make charming settings to the sitter's face, and with a little practice the amateur will be able to secure some really artistic and out-of-the-ordinary portraits of his friends.

* * *
God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

* * *

The right use of opportunity is never regretted, and the misuse is never repaired.

* * *

The record number of words sent in one minute by the Morse code is 49.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"One's Company," by Peter Fleming.

This is the tale of Mr. Fleming's travels and experiences in China during the summer of 1933. He had been commissioned to write a series of articles on China for the "Times," and in this book gives an interesting and amusing account of the Chinese and Japanese people he met, and the obstacles and delays he encountered in his attempts to gather genuine information as to the situation in the Communist area, and the Japanese campaign against the Manchurian bandits.

CLUB NOTES.

As one would naturally expect, the attendance at the Club House has naturally somewhat fallen off since the commencement of Summer Time.

The indoor Winter Competitions have been completed. It is certain that the Skittle Section has enjoyed its most successful season since its formation. The membership of this section totalled 210. The President's Knock-out Inter-departmental Skittles Challenge Cup was won by the Slaughter A team, the Warehouse, for the fourth time since the cup has been competed for, providing the runners-up.

A supper was arranged by the Skittles Section in the alley on Friday evening, April 24th, when the President presented the cup and medals. A musical programme was arranged and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent by the large company who attended.

The Billiards handicap referred to last month is now in full swing. The entries number 36. Many members expressed a wish for another Snooker handicap. One has, therefore, been arranged, and there are 38 entrants.

Now as we have the warmer, brighter, and longer days upon us we shall be able to enjoy the outdoor beauties and facilities of the Woodlands during the summer months. The Tennis Courts will, no doubt, be well filled by the younger people, and the old folk are reminded that there are garden seats provided for their use, and they may there spend many hours of rest and enjoyment during the fine summer weather. The lawns and gardens are in splendid condition, the trees and bushes are just putting on their new leaf and will soon be at their very best, the birds with their cheery song and beautiful plumage all join to fill one's heart with gladness that brighter days are again upon us. We are indeed thankful and joyful for the wonders of nature, more particularly now than at any other time of the year. We therefore hope that both old and young will enjoy to the full and derive much benefit from the outdoor privileges to be obtained at the Woodlands.

Is there not a good opportunity for Sections to arrange some open-air whisky drives, dances, &c., &c.? Such functions organised in these delightful surroundings should not only draw large and happy gatherings but should also be the means of augmenting sectional finances.

F.H.A.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

1ST XI.

- June 1.—Garrards (h).
- „ 6.—Chippenham 2nd XI. (h).
- „ 13.—Wills' (h).
- „ 17 & 18.—Calne Town (h).
- „ 20.—Savernake 1st XI. (h).
- „ 27.—Chippenham 2nd XI. (a).

2ND XI.

- June 6.—Spye Park (a).
- „ 13.—Devizes 2nd XI. (a).
- „ 20.—Goatacre (a).
- „ 27.—West Lavington (h).

HOCKEY.**MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.**

It is much to be deplored that owing to lack of support this club has had to, for the time being at least, suspend its activities. Only two matches were played, and both were lost. Two mixed games were played, and these were won—on October 5th, v. Hole and April 22nd, v. County Officials, Trowbridge. The former was won by 10 goals to 3, and the latter by 5 goals to 1.

LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

The past season has been one of the worst experienced since the inception of the club. The results show that of 32 matches arranged, 17 were scratched, mainly owing to bad weather, 1 was won, 1 drawn, and 13 lost. It must be confessed that weather conditions largely contributed to this bad record. Rain spoilt most games during the first half of the season, and many "wettings" dissipated enthusiasm. With this absence of enthusiasm it was difficult to collect together a team to play regularly and consistently. There is no doubt a very fine team in the club if the best players would always turn out and play. We have a wonderful defence and half line, and the forwards only want more practice together to acquire proficiency, which would easily turn this bad record into a good one. We hope next year that a return to success will be experienced. The officials of both clubs are to be commiserated with in their troubles, but congratulated upon their efforts to carry on despite adverse conditions.

INTERDEPARTMENTAL FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT FOR THE "BODINNAR" CUP

Again a fine series of matches has been fought, and again in a splendid sporting manner. Each year sees some improvement in the tone of the games and, in consequence, better football. The first match, played on May 4th, was between the Lard, Printing, Warehouse, &c. Departments and the Boning and Rinding, and resulted in a win for the former by 5 goals to 1. The scorers were E. Gingell for the losers and R. Bradbury (2), F. Flay (2), and F. Blackford for the winners. Mr. W. Pottow refereed the game. An

outstanding player in this game was "Curly" Brimmer, of the Boning.

On May 5th the contestants were Retort, &c., and Slaughter, and the result was a win for the Slaughter by 4 goals to 0. Frank Cleverley, as last year, was a distinct success for his side, and the result was in no small measure due to his fine play. Goals were scored by L. Offer (2), L. Bewley (2), and the referee was Mr. Edwin Bennett.

On May 6th the finalists of last year met again, and again we saw a similar tussle, for, as on the last occasion when they met, extra time was required to decide the issue. This time the result was reversed, for the Office won through the round by goals, the result of good work by T. James and H. Watson. Two goals to 0 after extra time; a very fine game. Mr. W. Butler was in charge of the whistle.

May 8th saw the Warehouse in the field again; this time their opponents were the Maintenance team. The game was, perhaps, a little one-sided; 5 goals to 1 was the result. But, though defeated, the Engineers pleased and amused the crowd by their efforts. An enjoyable game to watch. The scorers were J. H. D. Cleverley (into his own goal) for the Maintenance, and H. Stephens (2), F. Flay (2), and R. Bradbury for the Warehouse. By this win the Warehouse entered the final. Mr. W. Pottow refereed.

A needle game was witnessed on May 11th, when the Office met the Slaughter. There evidently had been much discussion on the part of the Slaughter team as to the best methods to adopt in this game, and the result of these deliberations was obvious immediately the game started. Shock tactics were introduced, and within a very short time a goal resulted from good work by F. Cleverley. The Office never recovered from this blow, and they passed out of the tournament by 3 goals to 0. L. Bewley (2) and F. Cleverley were the goal-getters. Mr. Edwin Bennett refereed.

The final was played on May 15th, before a large and enthusiastic crowd. In the unavoidable absence of the President, and on his behalf, Mr. Stanley North-Smith kicked off. The game was a thriller, and kept the crowd excited all the time. Exchanges

were frequent, wonderful clearances by both defences, grand attacks by both sets of forwards, and half-time with no score. Ten minutes after the resumption A. H. Haines, for the Warehouse, put in a wonderful shot, at an acute angle, and scored. Soon after the Slaughter equalised through F. Cleverley, and shortly before time S. Grey scored the decider for the Slaughter to win the cup. It was a grand game and greatly pleased what was one of the largest crowds seen on a Calne football field. Mr. W. Pottow was in charge of the game, and the linesmen were Messrs. E. Bennett and W. Butler.

At the conclusion of the match Mr. North-Smith presented the President's Cup to the winners, and expressed Mr. Bodinnar's regret at not being able to be present. He congratulated both teams on their fine performances.

Mr. H. Angell, the captain of the Slaughter team, in accepting the cup, spoke of the excellent game the Warehouse had furnished; and Mr. F. Flay, the captain of the latter, also spoke of the sporting game they had participated in. The usual round of cheers brought to a conclusion another well-arranged, well-supported, and well-contested tournament.

The collections, which amounted to £9 11s. 9d., will, after deduction for expenses, be given to the Calne Nursing Association.

They may not all be ANGELS,
But they beat the Warehouse well,
When things looked GREY they scored a goal,
And then the crowd did yell.

I'll SAYE it was a victory,
No FITTER skip than "Herb,"
He had a PAL in WILLIAMS,
While SQUISHER was superb.

So we OFFER to the Warehouse
The best of luck next year,
The WEBB they wave around the cup
Young KEBBLE helped to tear.

The GALE has blown; it's over now,
The Slaughter won the day,
"Well done, my lads; you all did well,
You knew the way to play."

G.A.

CHIPPENHAM.

On Saturday, April 18th, 1936, for the third year in succession, we entertained a party of friends from the Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd. The friendly rivalry which is displayed between the members of the two factories increases on each occasion.

Our visitors, which included Mr. A. G. Kidley (Manager) and Mr. C. B. Shier, were received on the Chippenham Rovers Football Ground by our Manager (Mr. W. V. Long) and party, including Captain C. Herbert Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Kenneth Bodinnar, Mr. J. B. Stanley, Mr. J. G. Hooper, Mr. W. H. Curgenven (our London agent), and Mr. V. Long.

The first event was the football match. Highbridge won the toss and Mrs. Smith kicked off. A clean, keen game ensued, Chippenham winning by 9 goals to 2.

At the conclusion of the game tea was provided at the Railway Inn, where Mr. W. V. Long officially welcomed Highbridge once again to Chippenham. Mr. Kidley acknowledged on behalf of our guests.

As soon as tea was disposed of adjournment was made to the skittle alley, where again we were friendly rivals, this time at skittles, which the senior members of both staffs were able to participate in.

One can imagine the keen atmosphere which existed—Chippenham anxious to pull off "the double" and Highbridge determined not to suffer a second defeat the same day. Highbridge bowled first and played well, considering they were on a strange alley, winning the first leg by 4 pins. This they repeated in the second leg, and from appearance it looked as if they would be victorious,



but towards the end of the third leg Chippenham became superior, running out winners with a margin of 19 pins, defeating Highbridge for the first time by 11 pins. Total score :—

Chippenham 71 76 80—227
Highbridge ... 75 80 61—216

Again we returned to the upper room, where a large number of our employees were assembled, the occasion also being used for the presentation of the skittle trophies and prizes for the past season.

It was to the delight of all when they heard that our President was hoping to be present, and the pleasure it gave to the assembly to see Mr. Bodinnar walk in at nine o'clock was audibly confirmed by a burst of clapping.

After refreshments, Mr. Long proposed the loyal toast, everyone joining in the National Anthem.

Mr. J. G. Hooper then proposed the health of Mr. Kenneth Bodinnar, who, he said, had gained the admiration of all at Chippenham during the few months they had been privileged with his company, and he assured Mr. Kenneth that when the time of his departure arrives he will have the best wishes of all at Chippenham and Highbridge with him.

Mr. Kenneth, in acknowledging, said he was pleased to take this opportunity of thanking all the Chippenham people for the help given and the kindness shown him during his association with them.

Mr. W. V. Long, in proposing the health of "Mr. Bodinnar, President of the Highbridge and Chippenham Welfare Associations," said how much everyone appreciated Mr. Bodinnar's presence there that evening. It was to the regret of all that our Chief had not been enjoying the best of health recently, and he knew that it was the sincere wish of everyone that he would now be restored to better health in the future.

In reply, Mr. Bodinnar said it was a useful thing that the two factories could meet on the common ground of the football field. It enabled Highbridge and Chippenham to realise in spirit that they are one and the same. He also welcomed Mr. V. Long to the travelling staff at Chippenham, and felt certain that he would carry on the high tradition of his father.

The President then presented the cups and prizes, with a few humorous remarks, to the successful competitors :—

" J.G.H." Challenge Cup—Mr. W. H. Weston.

" James Bullock Challenge Cup"—Mr. James Baker (captain of the Factory Team).

Prize for highest average (given by Mr. W. V. Long)—Mr. A. B. Fortune.

Prize for highest individual score (given by Mr. J. B. Stanley)—Mr. A. B. Fortune.

Captain C. Herbert Smith proposed "The Visitors." He had been associated with Highbridge and Chippenham for many years and he looked forward to these annual gatherings, which he hoped would continue in the future and help to cement the relationship of the two factories.

Mr. Kidley replied on behalf of the visitors, thanking his Chippenham friends for the way they had been received that day. He looked forward to welcoming them at Highbridge and was hoping to reverse the defeats they had suffered.

Mr. J. B. Stanley supported Mr. Kidley, saying how pleased he was to participate in these gatherings, which, he felt, did a lot of good and helped them to work together for the good of the business in general.

Mr. Curgenvan next followed, and he spoke of the high esteem in which our Managing Director is held in the provision trade, and also of the help he constantly received from Mr. W. V. Long.

Interspersed among the above toasts were songs, given by Mr. V. Long, Mr. Eldridge, Mr. A. Lem, Mr. J. Rowe, Mr. E. Taylor, and Mr. I. Davis (Highbridge), Mr. J. Burchell giving a mandolin solo, the accompanist being Mr. John Swayne.

A very pleasant announcement was made by Mr. W. V. Long towards the close of the evening. It was that our President had not been enjoying the best of health recently, and he knew that it was the sincere wish of everyone that he would now be restored to better health in the future.

After a vote of thanks had been proposed to the artistes a very enjoyable evening was brought to an end with "God save the King," followed by "Auld Lang Syne."

W.H.W.

FOOTBALL MATCH—HIGHBRIDGE v. CHIPPENHAM.

Fortune smiled on the Chippenham players for this fourth match between the two teams.

Highbridge won the toss and decided to

kick up the field with the benefit of the wind behind them.

Play was taken into the home half, but Wright was able to prevent the visiting forwards from getting dangerous. From his clearance, play was taken to the Highbridge end, Chippenham forcing a corner which was cleared; but the home forwards kept pressing and eventually Warne scored the first goal.

This set-back put some dash into the visitors, and Timberlake was called upon and made a splendid save, but after some mid-field play Chippenham resumed the offensive, forcing two corners, with the result that Dee scored the second goal.

Chippenham, for the remainder of the first half, was decidedly the better team, Williams being a menace to the Somerset defenders; Yeates also proving faster than his opponents, and Burry making some fine openings, which Warne took advantage of, to score four more goals. Half-time :—

Chippenham	6
Highbridge	0

The second half opened with determined efforts by the Highbridge men, and after Chippenham had conceded a corner through Walker, the visitors obtained their first goal by Norris.

Play now continued fairly even, but a break away by Green enabled Warne to find the net again. Once again Highbridge tried to rally, but failed to take advantage of an open goal, but shortly afterwards they made amends and scored their second goal.

Exchanges on both sides continued, but play favoured the home men, who increased their lead by two more goals, through Lem and Dee. Final score :—

Chippenham	9
Highbridge	2

SKITTLES.

On Friday, April 3rd, the second skittle match between the Factory and Office staffs was contested. Having lost the previous match, the Office made every effort to avoid defeat and so retain hope of winning the James Bullock Challenge Cup. However, the Factory staff proved that their former victory was no fluke, winning the match by 36 pins, becoming holders of the cup for the season.

The occasion was also used for the final rounds of the "J.G.H." Challenge Cup.

The semi-finals found the Office with three representatives, and the Factory one member (J. Weaver), whom everyone favoured as winner. E. Yeates, however, was able to qualify for the final with the small margin of one pin. A. B. Fortune, who holds the highest average, fell to W. H. Weston, who eventually defeated E. Yeates in the final.

PRESENTATION.

At the close of business on Wednesday, April 8th, before a large gathering of the employees, our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, presented Mr. A. Hawkins with a chiming clock on the occasion of his recent marriage. On behalf of all present Mr. Long wished Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins every happiness for their future. Mr. Hawkins then expressed his thanks to his fellow workers.

" Thank you all very much. The past few months have been some of the happiest in my life."

With these few words Mr. Kenneth conveyed to all present his appreciation of the silver pencil presented to him on behalf of the employees by Mr. W. V. Long on the eve of his departure from Chippenham.

Mr. Long, in making the presentation, said it gave him pleasure in asking Mr. Bodinnar to accept this small token, but he did it with a feeling of regret, knowing that the time had come for him to leave us. He wished him every success at Eastleigh and hoped, whenever he had the opportunity, he would look in at Chippenham.

ILLNESS.

It was with much pleasure we welcomed back Mr. W. Wiltshire to his usual place in the factory, and Mr. Kington, our lorry driver.

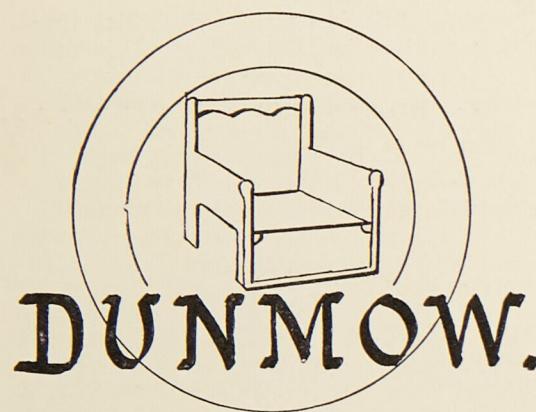
We sincerely hope both will permanently continue in good health.

We regret, however, to report that Miss D. Greenslade and Mr. E. Holder are now indisposed, but we wish for their speedy recovery.

W.H.W.

This month it gives us much pleasure in welcoming Mr. V. Long, son of our esteemed Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, to the travelling staff of this Company, and one and all wish him every success in his appointment.

B.F.P.



We congratulate Mr. A. E. Yardley and Miss Doris Bayford, who were married at Dunmow Church on Saturday, 11th April, and wish them every happiness during a very long life.

Tucked away in the heart of North-West Essex are villages that can only be approached by roads which seem to go twice round each field! These villages are, almost all of them, such as you in other parts of England never see. They are full of Elizabethan, Tudor, and earlier farmhouses and cottages. You folk who live amongst bigger crowds would, if you went to some of them, possibly be inclined to patronise some of these villagers, believing them to be as backward and as old-fashioned as the houses they live in; but do not be so sure about it.

I am thinking of one village, namely, Steeple Bumpstead, where the farmers—young, middle-aged, and old—take quite a keen interest in the theory of farming as they do in the practical side of it. They hold many discussions in the winter, and often they get University professors down to lead off for them. They understand the Pig Scheme, as far as humans can understand it, and are not to be tripped up by any bluff that might be tried out.

A friend tells me that twelve of this farming class have decided to go to Denmark for eight days, specially to see how pigs are done in Denmark. They say they have heard a lot about it and would like to know, so they are going out next week, and each man is paying his own fare and expenses, and it is gathered that the trip will cost each of them £15.

Another little bit of boast. We saw it down in the "Essex Farmers' Journal" the other day, under the Milk Recording column, that the Dunmow Flitch had three cows that between them gave on the day mentioned something over 21 gallons, headed by one called June giving 75lbs. Since this, by the way, June has gone up to 84½ gallons a day. These three are all shorthorns. (The figures are given from memory, but are substantially correct).

We regret to report the death of our very good old friend, Mr. George Willis, of London. Mr. Willis came to the Firm as representative something over 25 years ago. He was a most loyal colleague to the late Mr. Stickland, who was manager here during the War, and equally loyal to Mr. Stickland's successors.

He was also particularly loyal to everything and everybody that had any interest in Dunmow Flitch bacon. One could scarcely have found a person so convinced as he was that he was selling the best article of its kind ever produced. Moreover, one could scarcely ever find anyone more skilful in smoothing over little difficulties.

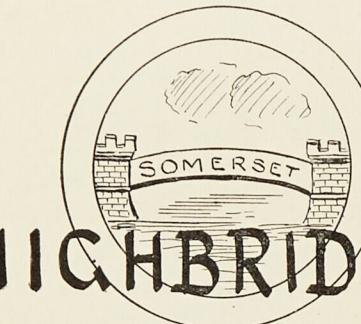
He really was what we might call his employer's man, and yet, on the other side, he had those qualities which made every customer look upon him as a friend. During his illness, when we kept contact with his customers over the telephone, &c., we had it brought home from every customer that what we have just said is perfectly true; so it simply means this that, whenever we referred to Mr. Willis as the ideal traveller, a man who should be a pattern to all young travellers, we were correct.

We used to get a lot of chaff and fun from Mr. Willis when he rang through after business hours, and we gathered in this banter that our old friend had been something of a sprinter, and cyclist, and swimmer, and all sorts of other things in his younger days. This must have given him his very healthy and sane outlook on life, and possibly, also, this must have helped him to retain the vigour, which he certainly did retain, almost up to the last.

We miss him very much, and we sympathise with Mrs. Willis and the family as much as anyone can sympathise in like circumstances. We cannot wish that Mr. Willis was still with us, because he lived his

full round of life, and he came to that stage when if he had lived he would have been a sufferer; so our feelings are that it is best, whilst sympathising to the full with the friends who are left behind to rejoice for the long life lived, rather than mourn the death of our old friend.

* * *



SPORTS.

SKITTLES.

The final round of the "Anne Kidley" Challenge Cup Competition was held at the Railway Hotel alley on Thursday evening, 2nd April. This round proved to be very exciting and thrilling throughout, and almost to the last it was anyone's game. In fact, up to this final round no-one could have named the winner with any certainty as the experiences through these series of matches has been one of surprises, i.e., a "dark horse" comes along and takes the lead, and here we must heartily congratulate the winner, Mr. Dennis H. Smith, of the Creamery Staff, on his gaining the premier position. He played a steady game in this round with a score of 64 pins. He was third on the list in the fifth round, being three pins behind the lead of Mr. R. C. Lynham with 283 pins. Everyone taking part in this competition was very sporty throughout the series.

The proceedings terminated with a hot supper, followed by a short smoker. Our esteemed Manager and donor of the cup (A. G. Kidley, Esq.) presided.

After the "King" had been loyally toasted, we settled down to an hour of conviviality and song and to drink the health of the winner of the cup, and also the donor. The company indulged in community singing and songs by several members of the club until 10.30 p.m., when we closed what we may term a very jolly and sociable

evening by singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

"ANNE KIDLEY CUP" COMPETITION.

Final result 1935-36 season's matches:—

Total Scores.

D. Smith	344	Winner.
A. Holley	339	Runner-up.
R. C. Lynham	331	3rd
C. B. Shier	331	Place.
W. J. Pople	328	
A. H. Hill	322	
W. J. Young	317	
E. Cann	316	
W. Sage	314	
H. C. Marsh	299	
J. Swaine	295	
W. H. G. Young, sen.	293	
R. Gibbs	288	
H. Blackmore	285	
F. Pople	285	
J. Young	268	

FOOTBALL.

Our football team have done considerably better this season and are able to pull one over the skittles team in the matter of points, and they could do much better if they will only listen and act on the advice given to co-operate more in their play and keep the team spirit always alive. Better luck next season.

We must not conclude our report on sports without reference to our recent visit to Chippenham, on Saturday, 18th April, when we played the employees of the Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., games of football and skittles, and although we lost both games we enjoyed them, and must thank both Mr. W. Long (the Manager) and the Staff Welfare Association of that branch for their kindness to us on this occasion. We leave the major portion of this report to Chippenham as we are looking forward to the return visit to Highbridge on Saturday, May 9th, 1936, when we hope to give our visitors a real bumping time, especially now our esteemed Managing Director, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., has given a perpetual Challenge Cup, to be played for between Chippenham and Highbridge factories. Anyway, here's luck to the winners, and a jolly good time to everyone.

C.B.S.

The Committee of the Welfare Association held its monthly meeting on the 29th April, and among the other points decided was that a Flower and Vegetable Show and Sports should again be held this year. The provisional date was fixed for Saturday, 8th August, and it is hoped that members will rally round the committee to make the event worth while.

The exhibition schedule is retained as last year, and a sports sub-committee has been set up to consider alterations and/or improvements to past programmes. Any suggestions from members as to alterations which would make for more popularity at our annual event will be gratefully received and considered by the Committee.

It is with regret we report the continued absence from work of Mr. W. H. G. Young, jun., and we are sorry he has not progressed as well as he would have liked after his operation. We hope, however, he will soon be fully recovered and restored to normal health. Unfortunately, his father has had to lay off for a week or two with a bout of influenza, which is treating him rather severely, and to him also we offer our sympathy and hope for a quick recovery.

We are also sorry to say that Mrs. A. C. Soloman has had to have an operation of rather a severe nature, and we would like to offer our sympathy to Mr. Soloman and his wife and wish that she may soon be fully recovered and in normal health.

R.C.L.

The 6th Annual General Meeting of the Highbridge Bacon Company Staff Welfare Association was held in the General Office on Thursday, the 16th April, 1936.

The occasion was for us unique in that we had the very great pleasure of welcoming to our meeting the President of our Association, Mr. Bodinnar, who was accompanied by his son.

In his opening remarks Mr. Kidley extended a very cordial welcome to our visitors, and said that whilst this was the first occasion upon which they had had the pleasure of the President's company at one of their annual general meetings, they were all very conscious of the interest and encouragement which he had always shown in all their undertakings.

Dealing with the year's working, the Chairman regretted that there had been a

certain amount of dissension amongst the members when they fixed the subscription at their last annual meeting, with the result that membership had been affected, and this was reflected in their activities. He appealed to all present to come to some unanimous conclusion for the ensuing year and to make an effort to secure 100 per cent. membership.

The audited accounts, which had previously been displayed on the notice boards, were formally adopted, and grateful thanks expressed to the President and Vice-presidents for their generous support.

The meeting learned with regret that, owing to private reasons, Mr. H. C. Marsh, who has so capably discharged the duties of permanent joint secretary since the inception of the association six years ago, felt compelled to relinquish his office. We should be lacking in generosity if we did not pay a very warm tribute to Mr. Marsh for his very able services, and for the hard work that he has put in. To mark their appreciation, Mr. Bodinnar, on behalf of the members of the association, presented Mr. Marsh with a pocket wallet.

The following were elected to office for the ensuing year: Vice-presidents—Mr. A. E. Marsh, Mr. R. P. Redman, Mr. T. W. Petherick, Mr. H. Ludgate, and Captain C. Herbert Smith. Hon. Joint secretary—Mr. R. C. Lynham. Members' auditor—Mr. R. S. Phillpotts; and Mr. Bodinnar was pleased to nominate Mr. C. B. Shier as directors' auditor and Mr. Kidley as chairman of the committee and directors' representative.

Mr. Bodinnar then rose to address the meeting, and was received with acclamation. It was, said Mr. Bodinnar, a very great disappointment to him and Mrs. Bodinnar that they were unable to attend the annual social in January last, when, unfortunately, he was laid aside by illness. Mr. Bodinnar appealed to all the members to demonstrate the true welfare spirit, and as an instance of what could be done by pulling together cited the annual event on the river between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It was not because Oxford did not pull together that they lost the race, but because they were not quite so good a crew as were in the Cambridge boat. Where you get, as you are getting now amongst the nations, people who pull one way and people who pull another you are getting no progress. Every nation has its own point of view, and there is

not enough of what is the common need of the world as a whole. Everybody at the moment seems to be dodging about seeking to gain some advantage in negotiations over the other fellow, so as to have something for themselves. We could not do our job of work in this factory if we did not pull together with one aim and one ambition, and everybody at times has to sink their own individual point of view and pull with the other fellows. This, said Mr. Bodinnar, was the real object of a welfare association; not to seek the fame or glory of the few but the benefit and well-being of every individual, and by taking care of every individual, so to take care of the whole. They were that afternoon standing in a new room, and Mr. Bodinnar hoped that in that room, and on that day, an atmosphere of friendship and understanding would be created such as one could sense upon entering a home, where there was love and understanding amongst the occupants.

Mr. Bodinnar regretted that those who were entitled to them should have had to wait a long time for their medals, owing to the circumstances referred to previously.

The following presentations were then made:—

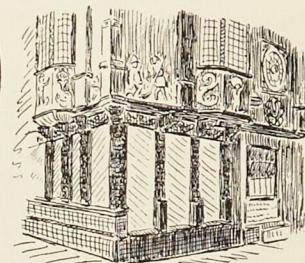
- G. Webb, who commenced February, 1915, Silver Medal.
- E. Mason, who commenced July, 1900, Third Bar to Silver Medal, denoting 35 years' service.
- C. B. Shier, who commenced August, 1900, Third Bar to Silver Medal, denoting 35 years' service.
- C. Hancock, who commenced April, 1890, First Bar to Gold Medal, denoting 45 years' service.
- E. Cann, who commenced 15th August, 1890, First Bar to Gold Medal, denoting 45 years' service.
- H. Strange, who commenced August, 1890, First Bar to Gold Medal, denoting 45 years' service.

Mr. Shier, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the President, referred to the great pleasure it was to them all to see him at Highbridge, and thanked him for his many kindnesses. He regretted the circumstances which had prevented Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar from attending the annual social, but was pleased to know that Mr. Bodinnar was now enjoying better health, and hoped that he would be so blessed in the future. He concluded by assuring our Chief that he could

rely on all at Highbridge backing him up in whatever lay ahead.

Mr. Hancock seconded Mr. Shier's remarks.

A.G.K.



* * *

Good-bye, April—and not many regrets about it either! A nasty, cold month, with icy winds, rain, sleet, and all sorts of unpleasantness, including a chilly Easter. Yet, withal, nature's annual miracle is being quickly achieved, and the grass grows green in the meadows, the orchards don their snowy mantle of blossom, and we have gathered fragrant bunches of cowslips and primroses from the hedgerows. The sun—when it shines—gains steadily in power, and the blue sky comes more frequently into view.

Do you remember last year, how dull and miserable the weather was at this time, and how, for King George's Jubilee, we had one week-end of really lovely weather? What a remarkable thing that was, for after the Jubilee was over we had precious little fine weather until the longest day, when it set in fine. Only a year, and now King George has gone, and his son reigns in his stead.

It has been a busy month, culminating in the busiest week, with that annual infliction called "stock-taking," but we have emerged breathless and not at all dismayed to face the coming month.

Felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hobbs (Office) on the advent of a little daughter.

Congratulations and good wishes to Miss G. Barrett (Lard Department), who left us this month in order to be married to Mr. Sayer, of Ipswich. Mr. Smart, on our behalf, presented Miss Barrett, who has been a

member of our staff in all for some seven years, with a clock and expressed the good wishes of us all.

General sympathy has been felt for Mr. G. Staff (Maintenance Department), who was taken suddenly ill, and whose mother died whilst he was in hospital. We are pleased to learn that he is making good progress towards recovery.

We are sorry to know that Mr. W. V. Eaton (Bacon Department) has suffered a recurrence of his old trouble, and hope that he will be with us again ere long.

Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department) is slowly recovering from her illness, and we hope that she, too, will soon be able to resume her duties. Other invalids are:—Miss D. Moss, Mr. B. Grimsey, and Mr. A. F. Bowman, and we wish them a speedy recovery.

* * *



LEEDS

In February it was the lot of Bradford to have a great fire thrill. As we go to press Leeds has emulated the bad example and flared up with a real blaze. A great raincoat factory, standing right in front of the Central Fire Station, became a mass of flames inside half-an-hour. It is stated the motor of the lift caught fire, and the shaft acted as a flue, so that every floor caught quickly. The warning drove the hundreds of workpeople and residents, including firemen's families, to safety, but the damage amounted to £75,000.

This month, however, we are going to leave Leeds for a short while, and try to give our readers some impression of our nearby neighbour, Bradford. This city is probably the world's greatest wool centre, and visitors are struck by its grey, dark blocks of wool warehouses and mills, in contrast to the red brick structures in Leeds. In Bradford they say, "Wheer ther's muck ther's money," and one feature of interest

will illustrate this point. Considerable sums have been contributed by the Sewerage Department to the reduction of rates as a result of its manipulation and use of grease recovered from the wool suds discharged by the textile factories. The chief opening for this grease has been distilleries, where it is split into three components—Stearine, Olein, and Wool Pitch—but this market is limited. After long research a very important avenue has been opened up by a method of producing an entirely new commodity, which has valuable and unique properties, and it can be used in many important industries—the foremost being soap—and it may have world-wide application. It is sufficient here to state that this commodity has been provisionally protected, and possibly Mr. Jones will be able to enlighten readers further upon technical details. Meanwhile, the lesson is useful, that industry to-day must not neglect the by-products, and also the services of science.

For passing events we must once more turn to Leeds, where the victorious Leeds team brought home in triumph, on Monday, the Rugby League Cup, after beating Warrington by 18 points to 2. The ovation the players received was unbelievable. From an awed glance at the seething crowd it appeared that the whole of Leeds had turned out to welcome their heroes. Three of the players have now departed on their overseas tour. While the football teams are playing their last few matches the Yorkshire cricketers are busy practising in Leeds, and we hope once again this year to show the prowess and skill of the White Rose on the cricket field. My friend, Hedley Verity, tells me he is feeling the cold severely since his return, looking bronzed and fit, from the sunny West Indies, bringing his laurels with him.

The staff at Leeds were very pleased to welcome Mr. Gillett on his first visit to the Office. He met as many of those who hold the fort here as was possible on a short visit, and left with us all a renewed feeling of trust and confidence and the joy of co-operating in the great adventure of carrying on the business. We also have had the assistance of some of our demonstrators—Miss Slugg, Miss Goodwin, and Miss Wheeler—who brought their power of beauty and persuasion to bear on the people who need

Harris products. We were glad to see Miss Fellows also looking fit and well.

In the Town Hall of a borough neighbouring Leeds (Morley, the birthplace of this great Englishman) lies a memorial to the late Lord Oxford, which, a friend declares, should be posted upon the wall of every schoolroom in the country. This is how it runs:—

"Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, and all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life."

G.S.C.

* * *

REDRUTH.

We gladly welcome Summer Time, which is with us again. The Winter has been so long and forbidding that everyone is glad to see the last of it. Even in its departure it has been ungracious and ungenerous, leaving its sombreness to overcloud the brightness of the Easter holiday. The weather here was colder than a Cornish April usually is, but visitors to the county who read in their newspapers what London and the North were suffering must have blessed their good fortune in having chosen the West.

The number of visitors in the popular resorts had never before been exceeded, and although sun-bathers on the beaches were few, there were other indications of Spring and the coming Summer.

At the moment of writing we are having a busy time dealing with the large numbers of pigs that decided to reach bacon weight during the last week in April and thereby qualifying their owners for the bonus. We have been assured that this generosity on the part of the pig for its feeder is natural and not confined to this particular locality.

We are pleased to have back with us again all those who were mentioned in last month's Magazine as being on the sick list. We deeply regret, however, the serious illness of A. Veasey, one of our highly-respected employees, and we are all eagerly

awaiting news of an improvement in his condition.

W.B.F.

TOTNES.

We are very grateful to Mr. Bodinnar for breaking into what ought to have been a holiday week-end at Easter time in order to pay us all at Totnes a visit, to which we had been looking forward very much, and we are very pleased to say that the Saturday in question turned out to be a gloriously sunny day.

All the members of the Factory and Office staffs gathered together to hear an address from Mr. Bodinnar, given to us, as ever, in a most friendly, helpful, and encouraging manner, at the conclusion of which he presented Miss M. E. Edwards with a silver medal for twenty years' loyal service.

There are to be considerable changes in the outward appearance of the Totnes Factory, the chief of these being the building of a by-pass road past the entrance, and naturally these alterations claimed Mr. Bodinnar's attention and interest. He will never see it again quite the same as it has been for over twenty years, and from our point of view it will probably take us some time to get used to the continuous and heavy traffic that will pass over the new road during the summer months, as it will be the main thoroughfare between Plymouth, Torquay, and Paignton.

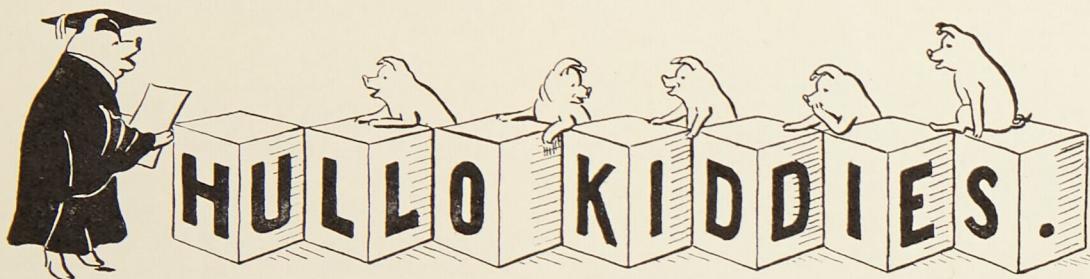
An item of interest here this month was the presentation to Mr. G. Hall of a fireside chair, from the Totnes employees, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Betty Fortune. The presentation was made by Mr. Powney, and was suitably responded to by Mr. Hall.

Mr. G. Hall is well known at Calne, whence he has very recently come to Totnes, and we hear stories of their having received a great number of wedding presents from relations and friends there, with whom we join in wishing them every happiness and good health.

T.H.R.

* * *

The soul is dyed the colour of its leisure thoughts.



Summer does really seem to have come at last! The trees are in full leaf, the swallow has come back to us, the lark is singing its song of joy as it soars high in the sky, and all nature cries—

Summer has come from the sunny land,
Summer is here again,
Bringing her birdies to sing their song
In every wood and plain.

And the flowers! What a wealth of cowslips and bluebells and pink campions, and all the others that some of us know so well by sight but not by name! Here is a chance for those who do not know the names of the many and beautiful wild flowers of our country to get to know them. It is very pleasing to know that you would really like to repeat the Wild Flower Competition again this year, so please start sending in your flowers as soon as you like. Address them to "Aunt Susie," c/o C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., and remember that the prize goes to the one who at the end of the season has sent in the most *kinds* of flowers—not the most flowers; please only send in one of a kind and see how many kinds you can get. If you do not know the names, and you will let me know when you send them in, I will tell you what they are. I hope you will enjoy looking for them, and you will be very surprised that we have so many different wild flowers in our dear old England.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM. (Continued).

It was the morning of Sally's birthday, and there was great excitement in the Children's Ward of the Hospital. For days there had been great preparations. The children had been making paper decorations; they had no idea what beautiful things children could make from coloured paper until the Sister had shown them. It kept them amused for hours; each child had a different colour, and there had been great competition as to who could turn out the prettiest.

Sally herself was very excited. Mother and Daddie and Sam and Teddy were coming; it would be the first time she had seen the boys since her accident, and although they had written letters to her each week, she had so many questions to ask them that she felt she couldn't possibly wait another day.

Now the day had arrived, and it was full of surprises from beginning to end.

There were lots and lots of presents, big and small, some of them from the most unexpected sources. All the children in the ward had given her some little thing of their very own. Nancy, a little girl who had left the week before, had sent her a beautiful nosegay of flowers from her own garden; Derek, who had left the same day, had sent her a box of chocolates and a very pretty birthday card; there were presents or bunches of flowers from each of the nurses and the ward-maids, and it was very plain to see that Sally was greatly loved by all who knew her.

The postman was laden with parcels and letters, and Sally had never before realised that she had so many friends.

The little girl in the next bed to Sally was feeling particularly lonely that morning. She had lived in a poor part of a big town and had very few friends. She had lost her mother only a few weeks before, too, and there wasn't very much in her life to make her happy.

Sally loved the poor, lonely little child and often talked to her and told her stories about the wonders of her home by the sea, and it made her heart glad to see the little girl's face when she suggested that she should, if Sally's mother agreed, pay a visit to Home Farm when she was well enough.

Sally was in the middle of a story after breakfast on her birthday morning when she felt someone's hands over her eyes and heard a voice say, "Guess."

(To be continued).



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

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LETTERS which we have received from old competitors in our annual Summer Carnival show that interest in this annual event is keener than ever. Our readers are asked to note that the date has been altered from the first Saturday after August Bank-holiday to August the 15th—one week later than usual.

The various sections concerned have already issued their schedules of classes and events, and, based on the experience gained from previous shows, have amended or introduced new features where necessary.

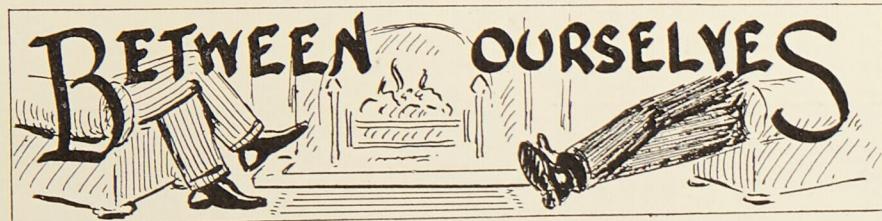
Although pride of place is still given to the flower, fruit, and vegetable section, yet the fur and feather tent, which was introduced last year, seems likely to challenge its precedence in the near future. The number

of entries in the poultry and the children's pet classes, if promises are translated into action, will require the provision of a much larger marquee than was necessary last year.

The sports programme, which includes the various inter-factory contests, will provide a source of interest throughout the afternoon and evening.

The Calne Town Band will render a programme of music during the events of the day, and play for dancing in the evening.

New competitions and side-shows have been arranged, and it only remains for the weather to be kind to ensure a sweeping success for the fourteenth annual show, arranged by the Carnival and Flower Show section of the H.W.A.



I THINK it may be said that practically all matters in regard to the Pig

Contracts for 1937 have now been adjusted between the two Boards, with the exception of the method of the distribution of Pigs so as to fit in with the individual factory bacon quotas that will be prescribed by the Bacon Marketing Board.

This latter process means that, based on past performance over a selected period since the schemes have been in operation, every bacon curer will have a quota for 1937 that will determine the amount of bacon which he can produce for that year in his factory.

The problem now before the Boards is to see how the Curer can be ensured the necessary supply of pigs to fill that quota. The live-weight basis has been suggested by our friends on the other side. This method of buying pigs has never been satisfactory to bacon curers but the needs of the situation are so great that the Bacon Board representatives feel that they are bound to consider every suggestion that is put up, especially if it can be accompanied by water-tight arrangements that will secure them against any abuses that may be associated with a live-weight system.

The objections to any scheme other than one based upon dead-weight are well known and fully appreciated by nobody more than the representatives of your

Company on the negotiating committee.

The proposals generally in regard to the contracts, entailing as they do guaranteed minimum prices for the producer, represent a big attempt on the part of the curers to meet many of the claims that have been put up by the farming community. The uncertainty connected with a guaranteed price for raw material with no corresponding guarantee for the manufactured article is one, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. The effect upon the curing industry may well be disastrous unless favourable conditions apply all round. Those favourable conditions can only be secured if there is a better proportion of raw material going through a factory in regard to its capacity, if the producers deliver their pigs regularly, if the import regulations are evenly and strictly administered, and if the public demand for British bacon is maintained.

The individual bacon quota system which I have mentioned is bound to press hardly upon us, and there is the greatest necessity for co-operation between us in energy, initiative and efficiency.



Inter-Departmental Football.

THE SLAUGHTER CELEBRATION SUPPER.

The Slaughter won the Bodinnar Cup. "What's that? What a team!" You've said it. But what a celebration, too, we had on the 29th May at the "Plume of Feathers." Shall not forget it in a hurry.

Mr. Harry Watts was in the chair, and we were only too sorry there was not enough room for more than the 70 odd who attended. I can only echo the remarks passed by the fortunate people at this supper, that thanks to our Secretary and Manager (Mr. Basil Ponting), we were able to enjoy to the full every minute of the evening. In fact, when we realised it was half-past ten, that was our only disappointment.

The supper finished and the loyal toast soon followed, and with our cigarettes, &c., going well, we were in the right tune for the excellent programme to follow.

Mr. Tommy Tucker started the ball rolling with a song about "his poor old feet." I can only say, "A feat carried out as only Tommy could do it."

Mr. Randolph Stanley, in proposing the toast of the winners, emphasised the opinion of all who watched the various games in the competition, of the nearly total absence of fouls, and how pleasing it was to everyone to have really enjoyed the matches this year.

(Remarks—A speech which was received with unanimous Hear! Hears!)

Following a song by Mr. Jimmy Boase, who, although having a cold, did remarkably well, Mr. Herbert Angell (captain of the Slaughter), in responding to the winning toast, remarked that it was that extra bit of luck that enabled them to win the cup. He gave every credit to the notable performance of the Warehouse, and, in concluding, praised his younger team-mates especially for the way they had played.

(Remarks—A sportsman's speech).

Mr. Bert Stephens did very well in rendering his song, considering he had no music, and its reception fully justified his excellent attempt in keeping to the right notes.

Mr. Randolph Stanley then gave a song, remarking, "It's only an old one, chaps, but

you all know the chorus," and didn't we show him we did!

Mr. George Dolman proposed the toast of the losing team. He said, "The Warehouse had played good clean football in every match. It was a treat to watch, and a great deal of credit was due to them in their attempt to win the cup." Passing on, he said he hoped the younger players would take advantage of the facilities offered by the premier club in the town and gain further experience, which would benefit them tremendously in these departmental matches.

(Remarks—An encouraging speech).

Mr. Bill Smart was received with loud applause on mounting the platform to sing his song, a very old one, which sent us all into prolonged laughter. (Well done, Bill!)

Mr. Jimmy Boase responding to the losing teams toast said that quite candidly he fully expected his department to win the cup, and although somewhat disappointed, he didn't begrudge the Slaughter their win one atom—they deserved to win for the plucky way they set about us.

(Remarks—A pity one team had to lose).

Amid loud cheers, and "up the line," Mr. "Eat" Rutty made his way to the stage. His singing was received with tremendous cheers.

BRANCH 'IMERICKS.

A TUG O'WAR TEAM UP FROM EASTLEIGH
SAID WE'RE GOING TO WIN THAT CUP EASILY,
AND DURING THE TUSSES
THEY JUST SHOWED THEIR MUSCLES.
WHO WAS IT SAID "GOSH! AINT THEY BEASTLY."

The toast of "The President" (Mr. J. F. Bodinnar) was proposed by Mr. Stan. Toogood, who, in his remarks, said, "We have all had a good supper, and would no doubt enjoy the remaining part of the evening, and that is why we should appreciate—as I am sure you all do—that if it wasn't for our President, Mr. Bodinnar, giving this cup for competition we should not have been able to have had this jolly party tonight.

(Remarks—Too true).

After having songs by Mr. Tom Cleverley, with his usual gusto, Mr. "Kebble" Cleverley (you all know him), and Mr. W. Arkell—one of the new brigade, but jolly good—we were extremely pleased when Mr. Johnston (late of the Slaughter) rose and proposed the toast of our chairman. He said how very pleased he was to have this opportunity of speaking to us, and how much pleasure it gave him in proposing the toast of the chairman, Mr. Harry Watts, who was one of his greatest friends. Mr. Watts was one of the best, and nothing was too much for him to do, either at sport or at work. Whoever associates with him knows only too well of his deep interest in these things, and at work, especially, he is only too willing to help those whom he can. Passing on, Mr. Johnston said, although he was now in the Office, he was more than pleased of having this opportunity, too, of saying how very much he had enjoyed working with such an excellent lot of fellows in the Slaughter. It had been seven of his happiest months, and wherever he went he would always treasure those happy months at Calne.

(Remarks—A straight from the heart speech).

Mr. Watts, in replying, said how flattered he felt by Mr. Johnston's kind words, and in thanking him said, as Mr. Johnston had remarked, he was only too pleased to help where he could, and that he hoped when the general meeting of the Calne Football Club took place those critics would turn up and voice their grievance, and if it came to, to push the old committee off and replace them with some younger blood, which he felt was badly needed in the Town Club to-day.

(Remarks—The meeting is "somewhen" in August!).

More songs followed, and here a word of praise must be paid to Mr. Rutty for his

excellent playing on the piano throughout the evening.

Mr. Basil Ponting, in his speech, thanked everyone for making the evening such a success. Mr. and Mrs. Gainey had worked hard in getting everything ready, and nothing else could have been better, and he hoped that those who could would not forget their indebtedness to them.

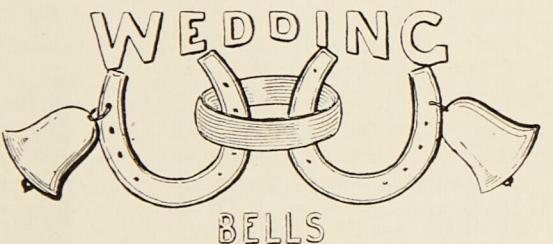
(Remarks—Great praise is also due to the speaker who organised the evening).

Mr. Ponting followed his speech with a song, which was received with loud applause.

After having several more songs, half-past ten was sounded, and following "Auld Lang Syne," "The King" was sung, and thus ended one of the jolliest evenings anyone could wish to spend.

Note—Everyone appreciated the filling of the cup by Messrs. A. C. Whitting, H. Cleverley (Kebble), and T. Johnston; the absence of the first-named through having contracted a severe cold was deeply regretted by all present.

* * *



At Calne Parish Church, May 30th, Mr. Wilfred Pegler was married to Miss Frances Bewley. The bride was given away by her brother and wore a two-piece suit of navy blue and white, white straw hat and gloves, and navy blue suede shoes and stockings to tone.

Miss Bewley was nine years in the Kitchen; Mr. Pegler belonging to the same department.

The wedding present was a copper curb.

* * *

QUITS.

Enthusiast: Do you know, I'd rather play golf than eat.

Friend: But whatever does your wife say to that?

Enthusiast: Oh, she's all right, because she'd much rather play bridge than cook!

Lecture on Leisure.

By the Rev. G. H. HARRIS
(Vicar of St. Paul's, Balsall Heath).

If you take a piece of seaweed and examine it you will often find it covered with what looks like excrescences, but which are really attachments—other seaweeds similar and of different species, which have attached themselves, not as parasites, but as epiphytes.

Often they completely change the shape and colouring of their host. So with words. In course of time they gather to them, by the process of association, other words which conceal and even cancel their meaning.

That is the case with the word Leisure. That has become almost identified in people's minds with pleasure, recreation, play—having nothing to do. A man goes leisurely along. "Are you at leisure?" meaning, "Have you nothing to do?"

"Oh, for a little leisure," says another, yawning as though in pleasurable anticipation.

Originally the meaning of leisure had nothing to do with having nothing to do. The proper association of the word is with lawfulness. It is an old French infinitive—permit; and originally it meant, time given which it was lawful to make one's own, as opposed to business time, in which it was lawful to do only what appertained to the day's work.

But it has attracted to itself bad companions. The word recreation, for instance, is of a different species.

Properly speaking, the uses of recreation are limited to restoring our energies, whether mental or physical, for the better carrying out of the day's business. It is limited to that.

But Leisure has to do with creation, not recreation. A time of Leisure is a time in which we build, not a time in which we repair. And again, the meaning of the word Leisure has nothing negative about it like, for instance, the word vacation has. The word vacation means simply a time emptied of one's activities.

For our purpose it will be useful to reduce life to its simplest terms by saying that it is made up of Leisure, work, and recreation.

The time of Leisure is where the mind is playing freely and easily over the affairs of

life, originating fresh ideas, determining new lines of action.

The time of work is when we are realising in action what we have conceived in Leisure; and the time of recreation is simply when we renew energies of body or mind, whether in sleep or in the distraction of pleasure.

That is a description of life reduced to its simplest terms, in which there is preserved that right intimate relationship between Leisure and work, in which Leisure becomes the sowing time and work the reaping time.

The life of an artist and the life of a priest are the best instances of a leisured life in that sense. I would beg you to observe in that sense.

But now-a-days a usurper of our Leisure has stepped in in the shape of what is called pleasure.

In theory pleasure is the accompaniment of all three divisions of time as we have set them out—Leisure, work, and recreation.

We experience Leisure when in our moments of contemplation and Leisure we have evolved a new idea; or again, when we have, by dint of skilful work, brought out that idea successfully in a sermon, in sculpture, or in a business enterprise; or again, when we enjoy the replenishing of exhausted energy and are ready to turn again like giants refreshed to our task. Pleasure is then one of the legitimate accompaniments of Leisure.

But the endeavour of our modern times is to create a vast new field consecrated entirely to what is called pleasure, from which any idea of obligation is banished and which has no incentive except itself and no objective except itself. The accompaniment pleasure first, the vocalist Leisure nowhere.

When people go to picture houses they do not go for health's sake, nor to be instructed, nor to be able to do their work better; they go for pleasure; pleasure for pleasure's sake. I can understand the feeling; I have had my experience.

When I was a young man I must make confession that I spent an inordinate amount of my leisure time in pleasure. At every opportunity I played cricket. I played an enormous amount of cricket.

Now, if anybody suggested to me that cricket was good as a health exercise I should have looked upon him as something meaner than a worm. To couple up the glorious game of cricket with anything suggestive of

a sanatorium, or as a remedy for obesity, was an insult to the King of Games I could not tolerate.

I had an uncle who was a Radical of the old-fashioned school, detesting Cavaliers. I was an out and out Tory, with a hatred of Roundheads.

We did not disagree, but we did not understand one another over this matter of games. He could never understand my cricket. As an old-fashioned Radical he had had a great contempt for the idle rich who spent their time in unprofitable pleasures. I seemed to him to be a traitor to the idea of the idle rich. He seemed to discover in me a certain aristocratic fondness for frivolity which, as a democrat, he looked upon as tainted.

"I can't understand your cricket," he would say, "What does it lead to? When I was a boy my pastimes were boat building and boat rigging, and boat sailing (my family on my mother's side always had a lot to do with the sea), swimming, shooting, and so forth. They all led up to something, and were as healthy as yours, which are merely frivolous. They lead to nothing." I have no doubt he was right. I was reading an 18th century book on the Faroe Islanders the other day, in which the sentence occurs: "They (the Islanders) are not addicted to unprofitable pleasures; their time is better employed."

It is a most annoying swing of the pendulum to find encouraged in these days by people who would call themselves representative social reformers habits which, fifty years ago by all conscientious people, would have been denounced as frivolous.

It is, of course, easy to understand that if the number of working hours be increased what margin of time is left must be more and more given over to recreation, and there could be little or no Leisure in the right sense of the word: but the suggestion is that working hours should be decreased in order that there may be not more Leisure, but more pleasure. That is to say, frivolity—the very thing that a few years ago was supposed to be sapping the energies of the idle rich is now suggested as being the correct thing for sustaining of the idle poor.

Here a very serious question arises. If one reads the works of the more Utopian among social reformers one finds on the whole a very excellent and valuable sugges-

tion as to how Leisure time should be employed, suggestions that are entirely irreproachable.

Leisure time, says the social reformer, should ideally be spent in contemplation. Contemplation of what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would call, "the next step forward," which is precisely such a definition as I have been recommending all through this paper. But so many thousands of people have got no next step forward to take.

Factory hands, the automatic feeders of machines, have got no next step forward to take. Casual labourers have got none. Hundreds of thousands of people in all sorts of employment have got no next step forward; therefore, Leisure for them is a doubtful boon. Their spare time which, if it is not given to recreation, must either be given to pleasure or it must bore them to extinction.

Spare time on Sunday does bore most people to the verge of extinction, so that, according to their account, one is almost annoyed that they should live to see the light of Monday.

The matter is being adjusted to some extent. All children, grown-up children as well as real children, are abandoning the attempt to use a Sunday as a day of Leisure, and are getting out their toys, whether motor-cars, or golf sticks, or picture books, or dolls, or boxes of soldiers, or whatever they may have that will serve them for pleasure, that they may drive away the ennui of Leisure.

Sunday is an awful example of how Leisure may be frittered away.

Or take another example of the unprofitable employment of Leisure.

(To be continued)

* * *

The first recorded earth tremor in Britain occurred a few years after the Norman Conquest, and two centuries later, in 1274, Glastonbury was destroyed. In the ensuing centuries over a score of seismic disturbances have been experienced, the most serious occurring in 1884, causing two fatalities and damage to the extent of £10,000, in the eastern counties. Londoners have had the unpleasant experience on several occasions, but Cornwall and South Wales have most frequently "quaked."

Visit of Members of Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., Staff Welfare Association, Chippenham, to Highbridge.

A PARTY of friends from Chippenham visited Highbridge on Saturday, 9th May, for football, skittles, and a social gathering. The visitors included Mr. W. V. Long (Manager of the Chippenham Factory), Captain and Mrs. C. Herbert Smith, Captain Stanley, Mr. J. G. Hooper, and Mr. A. B. Fortune (joint secretaries of the Welfare Association), and Mr. W. H. Curgenvan (London representative of the Chippenham Factory). They were met on arrival at the Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd., premises by Mr. A. G. Kidley (Manager), Messrs. W. J. Pople, R. C. Lynham (joint secretaries of the local Welfare Association), and C. B. Shier (Sports secretary). After a tour of inspection of the Factory the party proceeded to Huntspill, where a football match between teams representing the two Companies was played before a good attendance. At the end of a very interesting and enjoyable match the Chippenham team were worthy winners, defeating Highbridge by 5 goals to 1.

Tea was afterwards partaken at the Railway Hotel, Highbridge, nearly sixty persons sitting down. Mr. Kidley welcomed the visitors and said he could speak for the members of the Association, as well as for himself, in saying what real pleasure it gave them all to meet their visitors once again, and he hoped there would be many more such meetings at Chippenham and Highbridge in the years to come. He would also like to mention Mr. Curgenvan, who was a new friend. When he sent the invitation to come along he realised the tremendous distance he had to travel, but as Mr. Curgenvan had told him at Chippenham it would take a great deal to stop him coming, he was not surprised to receive his acceptance, and he and all at Highbridge thought it very nice that he should be there that day, and his presence was very much appreciated. He also wanted to welcome Captain Stanley, and was glad he was able to get down. Continuing, Mr. Kidley said all eyes were on the very handsome trophy upon the table, which was the gift of their Managing Director and Life President of both Welfare Associations, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., and was a

further instance of his continual interest and thought in their activities. Although this year Highbridge was only to have a fleeting glimpse of it, it was something worth striving for. He referred to the sporting football match during the afternoon, which, he thought, was played at a fast pace and in the right spirit. He hoped it would be their pleasure at Highbridge to welcome their Chippenham friends for many years to come.

Mr. Long, in reply, said he was not gifted with eloquence, and it was difficult for him to find something different to say to what he had on similar occasions, but if he repeated himself he asked to be excused. He wished to thank Highbridge for the very hearty welcome extended to them that day, and he assured them that it was a very great pleasure to him and his staff to come. He said the President's cup had revived interest in meetings which might, in the course of time, lapse, and he felt sure that these inter-factory visits would now continue and the cup be a bone of contention, in a friendly way, between Highbridge and Chippenham. He felt sure the time would come when the tables would be turned and the cup left at Highbridge. If it was his pleasure, when that time arrived, to be present, he would be very glad to see Highbridge win.

During the evening a skittles match was played, and here again Chippenham were successful, winning by one pin. This made Chippenham winners of all games played during this season, and therefore indisputable claimants for possession of the cup.

During the evening Mr. Long presented the President's trophy to the winners, in which he stated Mr. Bodinnar, much, he felt sure, to the regret of all, was unable to be present that evening owing to his continued heavy engagements in connection with the work of the factories. He felt sure that when Mr. Bodinnar asked him to deputise in presenting the cup he thought Highbridge would win. Mr. Kidley and he had submitted rules to govern the competition for the cup to Mr. Bodinnar, which had been approved, the main feature of which was that the cup could not be won outright, and would, therefore, be a perpetual trophy and would, he hoped and believed, lead to friendly competition yearly between Chippenham and Highbridge. He then presented the cup amidst loud applause to the captains of the Chippenham football and skittles teams. The captains briefly replied and warned

Highbridge they would have to fight hard to get it.

Mr. Arthur Holley proposed the toast of the "Donor of the Cup and President of the Associations," and said it gave him very great pleasure to do so. He referred to the great interest Mr. Bodinnar always showed in their activities, and this cup was a further expression for which they were proud. Although Chippenham took the cup this year, he hoped it would be the turn of Highbridge next year. He expressed the feelings of all, he felt sure, in saying how disappointed he was Mr. Bodinnar could not be there that night, and hoped another time he would be able to come along.

Mr. Curgenvan, in supporting the toast, said it was a great pleasure to him to do so. Although Mr. Bodinnar was Managing Director and President of both Welfare Associations, he could speak of him as a man and friend. He had met him on few occasions as Managing Director, but many as a friend, and he could say that he inspired affection and the best efforts of everyone with whom he came in contact. Mr. Bodinnar had expressed the wish that English bacon should be on every table, and spends his life with that aim in view. He felt sure the time was coming when we should have that satisfaction to the benefit of us all. He expressed thanks for the invitation to Highbridge, and had been looking forward so much to that night that he was almost afraid Mr. Kidley would forget to ask him. He had enjoyed the games of football and skittles and, in conclusion, said it was a pleasure to him at any time to speak of Mr. Bodinnar. "For he's a jolly good fellow" was then lustily sung by the company in honour of the President.

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. C. B. Shier, who expressed the pleasure it gave them all at Highbridge to welcome them again. He felt sure these visits were good for them all and helped to foster the friendly spirit between factories in both work and pleasure. He referred to the sporting game of football played that afternoon, and congratulated the winners, at the same time remarking that, as he had advised his team before, combination was what they needed to bring the cup to Highbridge.

Mr. R. C. Lynham supported the toast, and said it was a great pleasure to welcome their visitors, who always gave them a hearty welcome at Chippenham, and he

hoped these inter-visits would continue.

Captain Smith replied to the toast and humorously remarked that he did not know why he had been asked to do so. The same thing had happened when Highbridge visited Chippenham, he responded for the visitors when, really, he was not a visitor to either. However, he was glad to be there that evening with them all, and he had thoroughly enjoyed the games and entertainment. He asked Captain Stanley to say a few words, as gentlemen such as he and Mr. Curgenvan, who sold the products of their factory, had the "power of oratory" to a greater extent than he had.

Captain Stanley said he was much obliged to Captain Herbert Smith for the compliment, and he had pleasure in supporting the toast as he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit. He congratulated Highbridge on their play in the football match and felt sure another year they would have a good chance of winning the cup.

Mr. J. G. Hooper also supported the response to the toast, and thanked the Highbridge Association for their welcome that day. He felt sure the incentive now given by Mr. Bodinnar in presenting such a handsome trophy would make the annual meetings more interesting. He also referred to the lead given by Mr. Kidley and Mr. Long in these visits, and said without that lead they would not be possible. They, at Chippenham, would aim to give Highbridge as good a time on their visits to Chippenham as they had had that day.

Mr. W. J. Pople moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Kidley, for the way he had carried out his onerous duties that day. The vote was received with acclamation and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

This very enjoyable day was brought to a close at 10.30 p.m. by the company joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

During the evening Captain C. Herbert Smith, Messrs. W. J. Pople, Lem, and Warne contributed items to the programme. Mr. G. Derham ably presided at the piano, and Messrs. Slater Bros. (sons of Mr. W. Slater, one-time employee of the Company, and remembered by our Chippenham friends) gave excellent harmony with concertina and side-drums.

R.C.L.

Our present needs, and Kipling.

A BOOK that is being read by elderly people who wish to recall the days of their youth, and by young people who want to know how the world went then, is "Our Marie." It is the life story of the music hall idol—Marie Lloyd. It is said of Marie that she "had a God-given vulgarity, so absolutely healthy that one is sorry for the post-War public who knew her not."

Marie, in making her appeal to the great generous heart of the London crowds, came at times under the displeasure of the high-brows who took grave exception to some of her songs, and in particular to her rendering of the famous "Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do?"

It was about the time when Kipling was at the crest of his popularity and Marie and Kipling had something in common—they knew how to get their stuff over the footlights. Neither of them made any effort to please the high-brows; their appeal was to John Citizen, to the World and his Wife. We (some of us, that is) remember how Kipling set England singing his "Absent Minded Beggar." It needed something to catch the public fancy. A Milton could not have done what Kipling did. "The Absent Minded Beggar" was vulgar, but it got home to the imagination of the ordinary average person, and that was what was wanted. In times of stress when it is necessary to attract and hold the attention of the multitudes a Milton is of little value.

The original article published in our Magazine tells us that Kipling stood for the old Imperialism and was the Minstrel of the Old Guard. And that is true. But is it to be the whole story? We may very seriously ponder this question, for many of us have suddenly been caught unawares. We have spent eighteen years in trying to shape a bright New World—a world from which the old brooding terror of war shall be removed. We have, in fact, almost staked our all on what has come to be known as collective security. But we find, when we come down to brass tacks, that collective security won't run. It was a noble aspiration, but nations cannot live on aspirations which cannot be calculated. There is, however, something that is calculable, and that is national

interest. And so in the early summer of 1936 we find ourselves back to 1890, for we have to re-establish our defences. There is a saying:—

"If you want peace prepare for war." In England that slogan no longer runs. But in its stead we say and mean, "If you want peace prepare your defence."

Unfortunately, in times of peace there are many people of influence about, to whom a soldier in uniform is anathema; even a soldier whose sole duty it is to protect our vulnerable City from attack by aircraft. In war time it is "Homes for Heroes," in peace time the heroes are forgotten. Now that is where Kipling comes into his own again, for Kipling was the soldiers' friend alike in time of peace as in time of war. He pleaded the cause of the private soldier, he tried to show that the professional soldier was just one of ourselves.

"We are not no thin red 'eroes, nor we are not no blackguards too, But single men in barracks, remarkably like you,"

And Kipling could not abide the people who think the defence forces a nuisance in times of peace and applaud them in times of war.

"Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy go away, But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play."

And because of the present condition of Europe there is some reason to fear that the band will begin to play. And if that is so the issue will have tremendous results in the future of our concerns—our business concerns.

Because "the band may begin to play" we prepare a store of 40,000,000 gas masks. Because "the band may begin to play" we have to prepare a store of food. And here, in this question of feeding the people, Kipling gives the warning note:—

"The earth is full of anger, The Seas are dark with wrath." What folly it will be to rely on food supplies adrift on "seas dark with wrath." That had a meaning when Kipling wrote the words, How much stronger meaning now in these days of submarines.

And, of course, something can be done about it, for still England is under-cultivated and still English people are under-educated in the tremendous importance of home production. And so I think, in view of the dangers that beset us, we ought not to

regard Kipling as no more than the Minstrel of the Old Guard. Rather there should be a revival of Kipling's ideals.

But, of course, all this is not to say that any of us abandon our aspirations of a world settlement based on a League of Nations real and effective.

First things must come first, and the word comes to us about that. Shakespeare has it :—

" To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

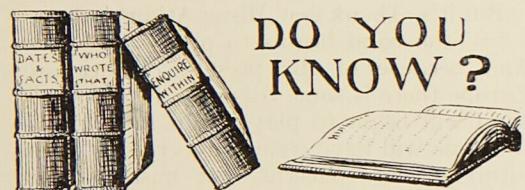
That is true of England. We shall be false to any dreams we may have of collective security if we fail in the first duty of making ourselves strong and secure. A League of Nations is not going to arise round an England too feeble to preserve her own soul and her own soil.

R.E.H.

* * *
SLIGHTLY MIXED.

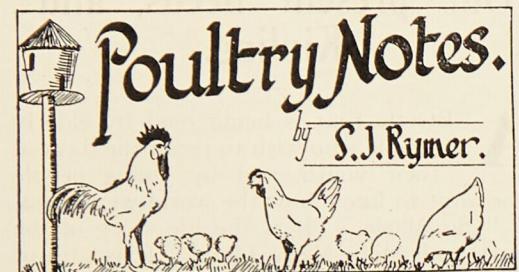
An Irishman got a job at a railway-station. When the first train came in, however, he forgot the name of the station, so he called out, " Here ye are, for where ye are going. All in there for here, come out."

* * *



- 1.—Who died last year who was :—(a) The great English Admiral of the War ; (b) The Field-Marshal connected with the battles of "The Ridge" ; (c) A great Jew lawyer who became Viceroy of India ; (d) A French soldier, victim of false charges, condemned and reinstated ; (e) The sculptor of the "Eros" in Piccadilly Circus ; (f) The author of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."
- 2.—What is the difference between Plucks, Herges, Pigs Bells, and Fry ?
- 3.—To whom did these famous horses belong ?—Copenhagen, Marengo, White Surrey, Black Austen, Black Bess, Sleipner, Bucephalus, Ruksh, Rosinante.
- 4.—Who built St. Paul's Cathedral ?
- 5.—When baths were first used in England ?

(Answers on Page 152)



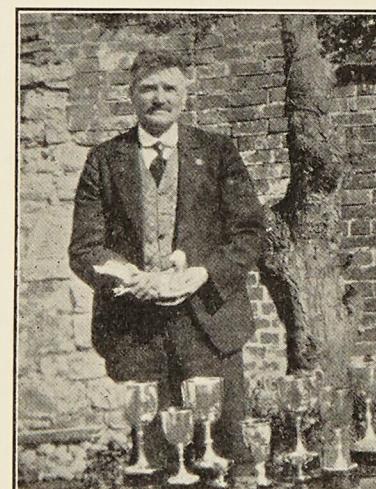
Here is a question with which you may like to test the powers of observation of your friends who are poultry keepers. " What is the last thing a fowl does before going to roost each evening ? " The correct answer will be found somewhere towards the end of this article.

One of our readers, wishing to purchase some day-old cockerels, paid a visit to a hatchery and was very much astonished to find that the proprietor was able to go to the incubator and select the male chicks quite easily. Of course, these chicks were sex-linked. For some years now it has been known that the chicks resulting from mating certain birds of distinct colours are distinguishable so far as sex is concerned at birth, the male chicks coming a very definitely different colour from the female chicks. The male chicks take the colour of the mother hen and the female chicks take the colour of the cockerel. This only happens with certain matings, and the chicks are known as sex-linked chicks. The most usual practice is to mate " silver " females to " gold " cockerels. This will result in " silver " male chicks and " gold " females. I think the most popular cross at the present time is Rhode Island Red x White Wyandotte. The leg colour of certain breeds is also sex-linked. Then we have " barred " and " black " breeds which behave as sex links. There is also sex-linkage in eye colour. The dark factor must always be possessed by the male and the light by the female. A White Leghorn is not one of the silver breeds and will not respond to the laws of sex-linkage. From a utility point of view only a few crosses are worth considering, and those favoured by the professional breeders can be ascertained by a perusal of their advertisements.

In regard to the forthcoming Fur and Feather Exhibition I must mention that

several supporters of the section have announced their intention of giving special prizes. The object is to encourage beginners in the fancy. Should this catch the eye of anyone who is interested in our hobby and willing to augment the prize-list with a special I shall be very pleased indeed to receive a communication to that effect.

The snapshot is one of Mr. W. J. Young, of Highbridge, and the trophies he has won with his racing homers. Many readers will remember that Mr. Young gained three awards and special with four entries at our show last year. Great interest was taken in these pigeons. We understand that the birds are in exceptionally fine form this season. Unfortunately we do not possess a



record of Mr. Young's successes, but that it must be an impressive one, and one of which he may well be proud, is very evident. We are certain that all readers of these notes will join us in wishing this enthusiastic fancier the very best of luck.

The last thing a fowl does before going to roost each evening is to take a drink of water.

Don't forget the Fur and Feather Show on August 15th next.
Make your plans and chance the weather,
Stay away on no pretext.

Enter fowls in goodly numbers,
Rabbits, pigeons, cage-birds, too.
Don't let doubts disturb your slumbers,
Show us just what you can do.

Make the little Exhibition
One of which we'll all be proud.
When the public gain admission
Earn their praises long and loud.

To encourage you we'll offer
Cash and specials, cards galore,
If the helping hand you'll proffer,
What could readers wish for more ?

Play the game, and on the great day
You'll be glad you heard the call.
In anticipation I say,
" Thank you, fanciers, one and all."

* * *
EXTRACT FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.—Want of concentration in business may result in losses—if not you might go home " With your head tooked under your arm."

SLEEP.—A fresh opening is indicated—Moral, don't snore.

SLIPPERS.—Be cautious—Remember banana skins make the best slippers.

SNAKES.—There is a danger in being forgetful—One over the eight makes the snakes pink.

SNORING.—You will meet your future husband in a high building—He will, therefore, be a tall man. Don't be short with him.

SNUFF.—Fair prospects are ahead—Ah-tis you that is meant.

SOLDIER.—Beware of lonely spots—A boil in the kettle is worth two on the neck.

STARS.—Avoid passages with sharp turnings—Otherwise see stars !

SWIMMING.—You may travel in tropical countries—Especially if you sink.

* * *
WRONG AGAIN.

" I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the hotel lift boy. " I ain't going to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little folding bed in it. You think jes' because I'm from the country "

" Get in, mum ! Get in ! This ain't your room, this is the lift."

Another Link in the Chain.

This month's photograph recalls memories of bygone days, and of men (thirty-three of whom have now joined the great majority), who were once employed in the firm of Messrs. Thomas Harris & Sons. Of those still living, seven are in active service, while others have either received pensions or left the district for other spheres of work.

When the two firms, Messrs. T. Harris & Sons, and Messrs. C. Harris & Co., amalgamated in June, 1888, the first-named became No. 2 Factory of Messrs. C. & T. Harris & Co., Ltd. The staff at this time numbered about forty-five regular hands, and at busy times was augmented by men known as "strappers."

There was no regulated form of dress. Workers appeared in all kinds of head-gear, jackets and aprons. The only side industry was that of sausage production, the winter sales amounting from one to two thousand pounds per day.

The firm's staff included four boys, each under eighteen years of age; one for both Sausage and Lard Departments, and the other two boys for the Slaughter-house.

Four or five years before this group was taken the old ice houses had been removed and the new refrigerating system installed. Scuttling and scraping machines were non-existent. Work had to be done by hand, which necessitated a good deal of lifting.

Employees who were not engaged in the Sausage and Lard Departments formed the "killing gang," while a remaining few made a "Noblems Gang," who emptied the stoves, &c., before the breakfast break. Practically all the bacon was carried on men's shoulders from the curing cellar to the place where it was stacked for maturing, and to the section to be washed preparatory to being put up in the stoves next day. All pigs were cut ready for the chillrooms on the same day, and put into salt on the following day.

Men, known as "all rounders," were competent in every branch of the work from the killing of the pig to the despatching of the bacon. The older hands were allotted work which was suitable to their advanced years.

Although the days were long, very often from 5 a.m. until 8 p.m., including Saturdays, men found time to cultivate their allotments,

which was then the principal diversion from the ordinary routine of work. Sometimes during the summer evenings a cricket match was played between the two factories, which frequently resulted in a good deal of leg pulling if the batting was not of the "Lords" or "Oval" standard.

We were happy in our work, and those of us who are still members of this one-time little firm, are proud to feel that we have had at least a share in the building of the foundation of a firm which in 1936 has gained world-wide interest.

Front Row—J. Holly, H. Carpenter, G. Edwards, W. Robbins, J. Rose, *R. Garraway, *W. Smart, W. Carter, H. Silk, G. Bailey, J. Smart, *A. Hitchens.

Second Row—I. Davis, G. Hitchens, S. Haddrill, F. Smith, E. Archard, F. Edwards, J. Silk sen., R. Angell, T. Knight, W. Parsons, T. Butler, J. Martin, A. Davis.

Third Row—*E. Biffen, T. Hitchens, *F. Sutton, J. Smart, *F. Edwards, D. Edwards, T. Weston, G. Pinnell, J. Silk, *F. Gale, H. Flay, F. Pavay, F. Angell.

Fourth Row—E. Butler, W. Wheeler, F. Ind, L. Ponting, J. Roberts, M. Hillier, C. Wheeler, T. Watkins, T. Cleverley, — Clifford.

Back Row—J. Smith, E. Robinson, T. Ponting, W. Edwards, R. Burgess.

Those marked * are still in active service with the Firm.

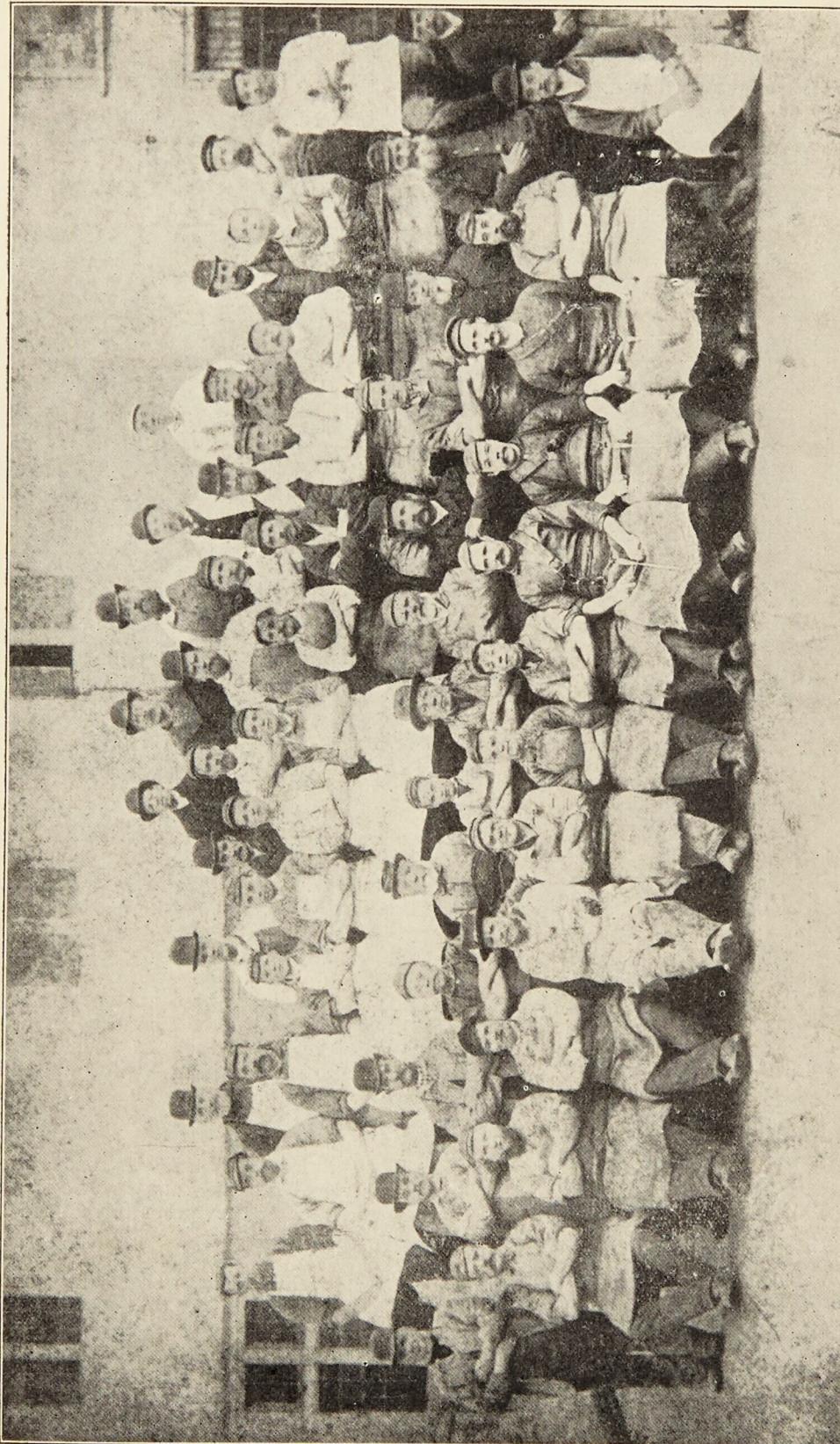
* * *

Try reading this aloud:—
 One outside ostrich overturning omnibuses.
 Two tiny teardrops trickling to Tasmania.
 Three tame tarantulas teaching tongue-tied tadpoles.
 Four fairy foxes feeding flying frogs.
 Five-footed fishes flogging frightened fleas.
 Six shivering Siberians sporting summer suits.
 Seven savage sparrows stewing sweet sardines.
 Eight emaciated Elephants exploring England.
 Nine nameless nincompoops negotiating Niagara.
 Ten truthful tortoises telling tangled tales.

* * *

THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

Aigh : And has he travelled much ?
 Bee : Rather, why he's been to half the places on his suit-case labels."



GROUP OF EMPLOYEES OF NO. 2 FACTORY (THOS. HARRIS & CO.) TAKEN IN THE EARLY '90's

(Reproduced by Mr. E. Gross from an old print kindly lent by Mr. W. Parsons).

A list of names and some comments by Mr. F. Gale appear on page 148.

Our French Feature.

JUILLET—JULY.

Here are a few phrases which you will find useful in a French hotel :—
 J'espèce rester quelques jours.
 I hope to stay a few days.
 Quel est le numéro de ma chambre ?
 What is the number of my room ?
 Voulez-vous me réveiller à —— heures.
 Will you wake me at ——
 Y a-t-il des lettres pour moi ?
 Are there any letters for me ?
 Voulez-vous me donner la clef du numéro ——
 Will you give me the key of number ——
 N.B.—(Keys have always to be handed in at the hotel office on your way out and called for as you come in).
 Où est la salle de bain, S.V.P. (s'il vous plaît) ?
 Where is the bathroom, please ?
 Parlez plus lentement, S.V.P.
 Speak slower, please.
 Où est la poste ?
 Where is the post office ?
 Où est la boîte aux lettres ?
 Where is the letter-box ?
 Y a-t-il une Banque près d'ici ?
 Is there a bank near here ?
 Voulez-vous préparer ma note, S.V.P.
 Will you please prepare my bill.
 Je vais partir demain.
 I shall leave to-morrow.
 If you wish to send a telegram home to announce your safe arrival, go to the Post-office (La Poste) and say :—
 Je voudrais envoyer un télégramme, S.V.P.
 I should like to send a telegram, please.
 A form will be given you to fill in. You return it to the " employé " or " employée " (as the case may be) and say, " Combien ? " (how much).
 If you do not go to an English bank to change your money the following sentences will prove useful in a French bank :—
 Je voudrais changer de l'argent anglais.
 I should like to change some English money.
 Quel est le taux de change ?
 What is the rate of exchange ?
 Combien de francs donnez-vous pour une livre anglaise ?
 How many francs do you give for a £ sterling ?
 (To be continued).

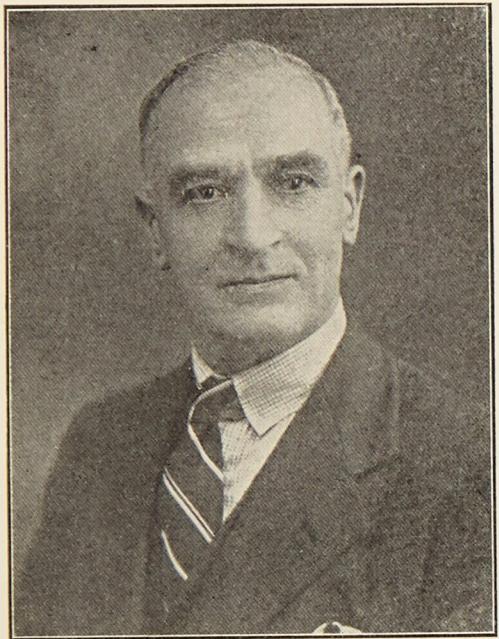
D.G.T.B.

* * *

Never boil your rabbit till you've got him.

Our Portrait Gallery.

HERBERT BAKER BLACKMORE.



Herbert Baker Blackmore has literally spent the whole of his working life in the Bacon Industry, for on leaving school he joined the old Bristol firm of Ben. Calcott, with whom he worked for a period of ten years.

In November, 1903, he transferred his activities to James Dole & Co., also of Bristol, and by dint of hard work eventually rose to the position of Foreman. When that Factory closed down at the end of 1929, he was transferred to Highbridge, and in January, 1931, assumed the duties of Foreman here, a position he has held ever since.

With almost 33 years' continuous unbroken service with the Company, he is the proud possessor of the Firm's Silver Medal, with two clasps.

* * *

It is the little things that worry one.

* * *

Freddie : Will you come to our party ?
 We are having treacle tart.

Florrie : Sorry, but the lady next door has just made an iced cake for her party, and I do so love winter sports.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

By the time these few lines are in print we shall be half-way through another year and our Representatives' and Van Salesmen's holidays will be well started. The Whitsun holiday is over and, generally speaking, the least said about the weather the better ! We must hope that amends will be made during the remainder of the summer.

We hope that all our friends on the road will have a most enjoyable time when their holiday comes along.

We were very proud to be able to announce to the trade that Harris Bacon was supplied to the Cunard White Star Line for the maiden Atlantic voyage of R.M.S. "Queen Mary," and she will have our very best wishes for a speedy capture of the "Blue Riband."

We welcome Mr. N. Ratcliffe, who has recently made a start at Calne as a Relief Salesman.

Van Salesman Osborne, of Bristol, who has been with us for some considerable time and has latterly been Van Salesman in charge of one of the Bristol Vans, is joining his father in his business in Cornwall, and we wish him every success in his future career.

Van Salesman F. G. Thomas, of Liverpool, is taking over Bristol Van 51, and will be succeeded by Relief Salesman F. V. Flay.

We congratulate Van Salesman T. A. Coulson, of Slough Van 57, upon his marriage, which took place on Whit-Monday, and we wish every future happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Coulson.

J.H.G.

"OWT ABOUT OWT."

WIGAN.

Wigan, that much maligned town, the butt of every Music Hall Comedian.

To approach Wigan by rail from Manchester is, I think, the most depressing ride possible. Huge slag heaps, the refuse from mining operations, stretches of stagnant

water—called flashes—caused through land subsidy by mining operations, rows of insanitary miners' cottages which ought to have been demolished long ago, forge and factory chimneys pouring out thick smoke which unless there is some wind cannot get away and hangs like a pall, the whole intersected with a network of railways and canals. What a picture !

Now let us approach by road from Preston and we meet just the reverse ; leaving Lord Crawford's estate on the left, we pass through really beautiful country and enter Wigan by a wide tree-lined boulevard, which will compare with the entrance of any town in England. The shops have been reconstructed on the Tudor style and tram cars replaced with a modern fleet of motor buses. To stand in the Market Place you would not think it is Wigan of Music Hall fame.

The " Ancient and Loyal Borough of Wigan " cannot be described as a health resort, yet one hundred years ago it was a spa. The mineral springs have been contaminated by mining operations and fallen into disuse.

Geographically it is on the North Road via the West Coast. It has played a very important part in the country's history during the medieval wars.

Wigan is the centre of Lancashire Coal Fields, its chief industry is mining, chiefly coal ; other minerals are also found. Cotton is manufactured in a lesser degree. Clock making also flourished throughout the 18th Century.

Wigan was always a Royalist stronghold during the civil Wars. The Earl of Derby who was in command of the King's forces in the North West made Wigan his headquarters.

The Parish Church is of late Norman origin and was erected on the 13th century. It has some very beautiful stained-glass and magnificent carvings. The whole is in a wonderful state of preservation. The earliest known Rector was in office in 1199.

The remains of an ancient cross stand at the top of Standishgate and enshrines the

famous legend of Dame Mabel of Haigh. Sir Walter Scott relates the gist of the legend in the preface of his novel, "The Betrothed," referring to it also in Waverley. It is called "Mabs' Cross" to this day.

SPORT. The Wigan pitman is a great sport. Rabbit coursing is very popular, most pitmen owning one or more whippet dogs. And it is possible the present dog track racing is the outcome of this. Pigeon racing is also a very popular sport.

The joke of Wigan pier is known to most readers. Actually there was a pier but not as we find in seaside resorts. It was used for loading coal into canal-barges for shipment to Liverpool.

The reference library has a rich store of Roman coins and pottery which have been unearthed in the town.

The Charter of Charles II. was considered the governing charter of the borough down to the passing of the Municipal Corporation's Act in 1835.

A. E. KAY.



Slaughter Dept.—Winners of 1936 Football Tournament.

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—(a) Jellicoe, (b), Byng of Vimy, (c) Rufus Isaacs, (d) Dreyfus, (e) Gilbert, (f) Lawrence.
- 2.—None.
- 3.—Wellington, Napoleon, Richard III., Horminius, Dick Turpin, Odin, Alexander, Rustum (Matamold), Don Quixote.
- 4.—Sir Christopher Wren.
- 5.—During the reign of Edward I. (1272-1307), and are supposed to have been introduced by his Spanish wife, Eleanor of Castile.

* * *

A FLYING TALE.

"So you want to know where flies come from, Tommy? Well, the cyclone makes the house-fly, the blacksmith makes the fire-fly, the carpenter makes the saw-fly, the driver makes the horse-fly, the grocer makes the sand-fly, and the lodger makes the butter-fly."



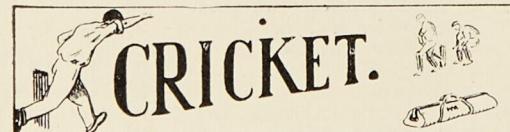
It has naturally been much quieter at the Club House during the past month, but it does not follow that the house has been deserted—far from it; as a matter of fact, considering the time of the year, the attendances have been particularly good.

We have not had a warm spell yet, but it is hoped the weather will improve long before these notes get into print and by then an outdoor programme of whist drives will have been arranged and announced; also a few dances in the skittle alley. The Games Committee are contemplating a programme of this sort and a very definite object lies behind their efforts—and incidentally to meet a challenge from the President. The result of this programme will make a considerable difference to the enjoyment to be obtained at the Club House in the winter months.

A special appeal is therefore made for large numbers to roll up! There is room for all. Good prizes will be given. You will have an opportunity of spending some enjoyable evenings—so we heartily invite you.

The Putting Green is ready for play—but just a word of warning—Don't break the skittle alley windows, please!

F.H.A.



With the 1st XI. we regret that the season has not started very promisingly, as the first win was not registered until 6th June. If, however, the fielding had been of a higher standard some of the results would have been reversed. Details of matches played to date are as follows:

May 2nd, v. Avon Sports, at Lickhill.

B. Gough, lbw, b Haddrell, 5; J. Archard,

b Doddimead, 1; J. Bromham, b Haddrell, 0; F. Nash, b Haddrell, 24; R. Swaffield, b Haddrell, 6; P. Carter, b Haddrell, 0; A. Bennett, b Shipley, 0; W. Witchell run out, 7; S. Drewell, run out, 18; I. J. Taylor, b Price, 0; G. E. Witchell, not out, 0; bye, 11; total, 62. Avon Sports, 69.

Bowling—P. Carter 5 wickets for 7 runs, E. Witchell 3 for 9, S. Drewell 2 for 10.

May 9th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Lickhill.

J. Bromham, b Dowse, 1; J. Archard, b Jones, 2; K. Haines, lbw b Jones, 4; F. Nash, run out, 0; A. Sutton, b Jones, 10; R. Swaffield, b Dowse, 2; F. Cleverley, b Jones, 0; S. Drewell, lbw b Dowse, 0; P. Carter, b Jones, 28; R. Swaffield, b Dowse, 1; W. Butler, not out, 2; byes, 6; total, 56. G.W.R. total, 139.

Bowling—S. Drewell, 3 wickets for 33 runs, F. Cleverley 2 for 17.

May 16th, v. Savernake, at Savernake.

J. Archard, b Lanly, 20; B. Gough, c Eggleton, b Benham, 0; K. Haines, c Rossiter, b Benham, 21; F. Nash, b Gough, 35; J. Bromham, c Rossiter, b Benham 0; R. Swaffield, b Peebles, 15; R. Cobb, b Peebles, 4; P. Carter, b Peebles, 11; R. B. Swaffield, not out, 0; W. Butler, not out, 0; F. Cleverley, c Dobson, b Peebles, 0; byes, 2; total, 108. Savernake total, 100. Match drawn.

Bowling—P. Carter 4 wickets for 32 runs, F. Nash 3 for 33, B. Gough 2 for 8.

May 30th, v. Warminster, at Warminster.

B. Gough, c Viney, b Douglas, 5; J. Archard, lbw b Douglas, 3; F. Flay, b Cox, 12; R. Swaffield, b Douglas, 0; F. Nash, b Douglas, 7; P. Carter, c Davis, b Cox, 15; A. Sutton, b Cox, 0; F. Cleverley, b Cox, 20; (Continued on page 156).

HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION (CARNIVAL & FLOWER SHOW SECTION).

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SHOW, 15th AUGUST, 1936, in the Recreation Ground, Calne.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

- 1.—With the exception of Classes 49, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, and 63, all Competitors must be members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A.
- 2.—Class 49 is open to Children of all members of the above Section.
- 3.—Competitors may enter as many Classes as desired. Schedule numbers, &c., to be adhered to.
- 4.—All exhibits to be the produce of Exhibitors' gardens or allotments (except Classes 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, and 57) and must have been in their possession at least 28 days previous to the Show.
Objection to an exhibition Entry must be made during the afternoon, with a deposit of 2s. 6d., which will be returned if the objection is upheld.
Any Competitor breaking this rule will be prohibited from exhibiting at any subsequent Show held under the auspices of the Association.
- 5.—All Exhibits to be staged by 2.45 p.m. To facilitate display length of green on vegetables must not exceed 7 inches.
- 6.—The Exhibitors' Enclosure to be cleared of all except Judges and Officials at 3.0 p.m.
- 7.—The Judges to be at liberty to taste or cut any exhibit and to withhold any prize if in their opinion the entries in any Class do not warrant same. If 3 entries received in any one Class two prizes will be given; if 2 entries one prize. Points, as follows, will be awarded for Medal:—4 points for a 1st prize, 3 points for a 2nd prize, 2 points for a 3rd prize, 1 point for a 4th prize. No points will be awarded for Classes 47, 48, 49, and 50, and Section IV. B.
- 8.—All Entry Forms, accompanied by the Entrance Fee, should be handed to the Hon. Secretaries on or before the THURSDAY preceding the Show. The Entrance Fee is 1s., which permits 12 entries (excluding classes 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51), and will entitle the Exhibitor to a lucky numbered ticket of admission. 2d. will be charged for every entry over 12.
- 9.—Exhibits not to be cleared before 8 p.m., when all prize money will be paid out from the Committee Tent.
- 10.—For Classes 47, 48, 49, and 50 no Entrance Fee will be charged.
- 11.—Entrance Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries or any member of the Committee.
- 12.—The Committee do not hold themselves responsible for the loss or damage of any article during or after the Exhibition.

SCHEDULE.

SECTION I. (FRUIT).

<i>Class.</i>		1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.
1.—6 Apples (dessert), shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-		
2.—6 Apples (Cooking), shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-		
3.—6 Plums, shown on a plate	4/-	3/-	2/-		
4.—18 Gooseberries, shown on plate	3/-	2/-	1/-		
5.—Currants, any variety (not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-		
6.—Any variety of Fruit not shown in Schedule, shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-		
7.—Loganberries, shown on a plate	3/-	2/-	1/-		
SECTION II. (VEGETABLES).					
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties), excluding Tomatoes	10/-	7/6	5/-	2/6	
9.—Parsnips (18 lbs.)					

SECTION II. (VEGETABLES)

8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties), excluding Tomatoes	10/-	7/6	5/-	2/6
9.—Green Peas (18 pods) plate or dish	4/-	3/-	2/-	
10.—18 French Beans, plate or dish	4/-	3/-	2/-	
11.—6 Carrots (long)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
12.—6 Carrots (short)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
13.—6 Potatoes (round white), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
14.—6 Potatoes (round, exclud- ing White), plate	4/-	3/-	2/-	
15.—2 Vegetable Marrows (table)	3/-	2/-	1/-	
16.—3 Cabbages (cooking) ...	3/-	2/-	1/-	
17.—2 Cabbages (pickling) ...	3/-	2/-	1/-	
18.—6 Turnips	3/-	2/-	1/-	

SECTION III. (FLOWER).

Class.		1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.
36.—6	Bunches Cut Flowers (any variety), 6 varieties	4/-	3/-	2/-	
37.—6	Varieties of Sweet Peas (6 spikes of each—no foliage)	5/-	3/6	2/-	1/-
38.—	Nosegay of Sweet Peas (with or without foliage)...	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-
39.—	Nosegay of Garden Flowers	4/-	3/-	2/-	

<i>Class.</i>	<i>1st.</i>	<i>2nd.</i>	<i>3rd.</i>	<i>4th.</i>	<i>1st.</i>	<i>2nd.</i>	<i>3rd.</i>	
40.—4 Bunches of Cut Flowers (perennials), 4 varieties...	4/-	3/-	2/-		51.—Display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space 2yds. by 1yd.....	6/-	4/-	2/-
41.—6 Spikes of Gladioli	3/6	2/6	1/6		52.—Vase of Dahlias	3/-	2/-	1/-
42.—Nosegay of Roses	4/-	3/-	2/-					
43.—Four Bunches of Asters 4 varieties	3/-	2/-	1/-					
44.—4 Bunches of Stocks, 4 varieties	3/6	2/6	1/6					
45.—4 Bunches of Antirrhinums (4 varieties)	3/-	2/-	1/-					
46.—Specimen Plant (foliage or flowering)	3/-	2/-	1/-					
47.—Table Decoration	10/-	7/6	5/-					
(Tables provided, size 5ft. by 4ft. 6in. All decorations to be carried out by Members or, if preferred, wife or daughter, and the entry to be in the name of the Exhibitor).								
48.—Table Decoration, Wild Flowers only (Conditions as No. 47)	10/-	7/6	5/-					
49.—Nosegay of Wild Flowers (for Children of Members only). All Exhibitors to have Admission Tickets...	4/-	3/-	2/-	1/-				
50.—Floral Design Miniature Rock Garden (not to exceed 24in. x 18in.)	10/-	6/-	4/-	2/-				

INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

- 1.—All handicrafts must be the work and property of the Exhibitor ; an Exhibitor must be a member of the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A., or the wife of a member.
- 2.—No Exhibitor shall take more than one prize in one class.
- 3.—Judging will be according to work, not material.
- 4.—The Committee reserve the right to refuse any entry.
- 5.—All Exhibits to be staged by 2.45 p.m., and the Exhibitors' Enclosure to be cleared of all except Judges and Officials at 3 p.m.
- 6.—All Entry Forms, accompanied by the Entrance Fee, should be handed to Mrs. SEWELL, or the Hon. Secretaries, not later than TUESDAY, AUGUST 11th. The Entrance Fee for each exhibit is 6d. Exhibitors with two or more entries will be entitled to a lucky numbered ticket of admission.
- 7.—Exhibits not to be cleared before 8 p.m., when all prize-money will be paid out from the Committee Tent.
- 8.—Entrance Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries or any member of the Committee.

SCHEDULE.

SCHEDULE.									
<u>Class.</u>	<u>Section 1.</u>		<u>1st.</u>	<u>2nd.</u>	<u>3rd.</u>	<u>Class.</u>	<u>1st.</u>	<u>2nd.</u>	<u>3rd.</u>
1.—Hand-made Garment	3/-	2/-	1/-	9.—Knitted Jumper or Pullover, for adult		3/-	2/-	1/-	
2.—Hand-made Pyjamas and Case	3/-	2/-	1/-						
3.—Machine-made Garment ...	3/-	2/-	1/-						
4.—Darned pair of Socks or Stockings	3/-	2/-	1/-	11.—Painting		3/-	2/-	1/-	
5.—Baby's Dress or Coat (hand-made)	3/-	2/-	1/-	12.—Any Article, in metal work		3/-	2/-	1/-	
6.—An Economy Prize—Best article made from old garment	3/-	2/-	1/-	13.—Any Article, in woodwork...		3/-	2/-	1/-	
7.—Worked Cushion Cover, in wool or silk	3/-	2/-	1/-	14.—Wool Rug		3/-	2/-	1/-	
8.—Pair of Knitted Socks, for men	3/-	2/-	1/-	15.—General Class—Any Article not included in above Classes. If more than six of a kind a Special Class will be incorporated		3/-	2/-	1/-	

FUR AND FEATHER SHOW, AUGUST 15th, 1936, in the Recreation Ground, Calne.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

- With the exception of Class 18 all Competitors must be members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A.
- Class 18 is open to Children of members of the above Section.
- All Exhibits, except Classes 19, 20, and 21, must have been in the Exhibitor's possession at least 28 days previous to the Show. Objection to an Exhibitor's entry must be made during the afternoon with a deposit of 2s. 6d., which will be refunded if the objection is upheld.
- All Exhibits to be staged by 2.45 p.m.
- The Exhibitors' Enclosure to be cleared of all except Judges and Officials at 3 p.m.
- All Entry Forms, accompanied by the Entrance Fee, should be handed to the Hon. Secretaries, or Mr. S. J. RYMER, before the Monday preceding the Show. The Entrance Fee is 6d. each entry. Exhibitors with two or more entries will be entitled to a lucky numbered ticket of admission.
- Exhibits not to be cleared before 8 p.m., when all prize-money will be paid out from the Committee Tent.
- Entrance Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Mr. S. J. RYMER, or any member of the Committee.
- Handling of Exhibits strictly forbidden except by authorised persons.
- Avoidance of ill-treatment of Exhibits must be carefully observed.
- For Class 18 no Entrance Fee will be charged.

SCHEDULE.

Class.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Class.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
1.—Heavy Breeds, Male Bird of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-	11.—Pigeons, Fancy Bird, Male	3/-	2/-	1/-
2.—Heavy Breeds, Male Bird, of any variety (bred 1936)	5/-	3/-	2/-	12.—Pigeons, Ditto, Female	3/-	2/-	1/-
3.—Heavy Breeds, Female Bird, of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-	13.—Pigeons, Homers, Male	3/-	2/-	1/-
4.—Heavy Breeds, Female Bird of any variety (bred 1936)	5/-	3/-	2/-	14.—Pigeons, Ditto, Female	3/-	2/-	1/-
5.—Light Breeds, Male bird of any variety (Adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-	15.—Cage Bird of any description	3/-	2/-	1/-
6.—Light Breeds, Male bird of any variety (bred 1936)	5/-	3/-	2/-	16.—Table Bird (dead), bred 1936	3/-	2/-	1/-
7.—Light Breeds, Female bird of any variety (adult)	5/-	3/-	2/-	17.—Rabbit, any description	3/-	2/-	1/-
8.—Light Breeds, Female bird of any variety (bred 1936)	5/-	3/-	2/-	18.—Children's Pet, of any description (age of Child, 14 years or under). Special prize given for the most attractive Exhibit	5/-	3/-	2/-
9.—Bantams, Male or Female of any variety	3/-	2/-	1/-	19.—Any exhibit by wife of member	5/-	3/-	2/-
10.—Duck or Drake of any variety	3/-	2/-	1/-	20.—Eggs, plate of 6 (brown)	3/-	2/-	1/-
				21.—Eggs, plate of 6 (white)	3/-	2/-	1/-
A SILVER SPOON (presented by T. W. PETHERICK, Esq.) will be awarded for the Best Bird in Classes 1—8.							

(Cricket continued from page 153.)

E. Witchell, not out, 0; W. Butler, b Cox, 0; I. J. Taylor, b Cox, 0; byes, 5; total, 67. Warminster total, 145.

Bowling—F. Nash 3 wickets for 24 runs.

June 1st, Whit-Monday, v. Garrards, at Lickhill.

B. Gough, b Butler, 12; D. Davis, b Butler, 0; A. Bennett, c Flaywood, b Butler, 0; R. Parkhouse, b Butler, 0; A. Sutton, b Butler, 0; P. Carter, b Butler, 41; D. Horner, b Butler, 8; W. Butler, lbw b Butler, 5; I. J. Taylor, not out, 41; A. McLean, b Flaywood, 4; R. B. Swaffield, lbw b Butler, 0; byes, 11; total, 133. Garrards total, 181.

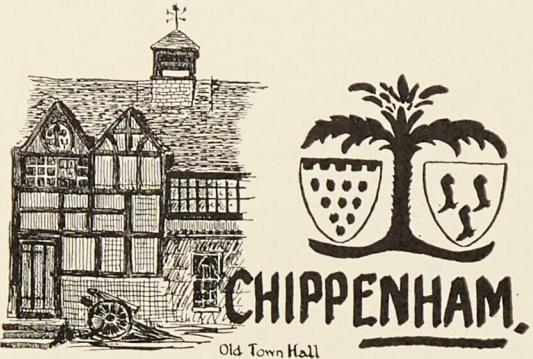
Bowling—P. Carter 4 wickets for 42 runs.

June 6th, v. Chippenham, at Lickhill.

R. Swaffield, b Preedy, 9; J. Archard, b Paul, 0; B. Gough, c Post, b Preedy, 3; F. Nash, b Paul, 5; R. Stevens, c Preedy, b Hinckley, 18; J. Bromham, not out 15; R. Cobb, b Paul, 2; P. Carter, b Preedy, 30; S. Drewell, b Northover, 1; F. Cleverley, c Post, b Northover, 15; I. J. Taylor, b Hinckley, 0; byes, 2; total, 100. Chippenham, 84.

Bowling—I. J. Taylor—4 wickets for 12 runs, P. Carter 2 for 13.

Friends Elsewhere.



CHIPPENHAM.

Old Town Hall

VISIT TO HIGHBRIDGE.

Although we leave it to our Highbridge friends to give an account of our visit to Somerset, we cannot let the opportunity pass without some comment.

Thanks have already been sent to our "hosts" for the excellent arrangements they made for our pleasure and comfort, but we feel we must use the medium of our Magazine for again expressing our thanks and appreciation.

As already reported in these columns, our President has again shown in a most generous way the interest he takes in the after-work activities of the employees, by

presenting a cup to be competed for between the two factories.

Chippenham is very proud to have had the honour of winning it the first year, and in a sporting spirit we shall do our best to retain it as long as possible, but at the same time we have sympathy for our opponents in losing such a coveted trophy.

It is the sincere hope of all at Chippenham that the friendly rivalry between the two factories may continue for many years.

ILLNESS.

Unfortunately this month we have three of our staff away on the sick list.

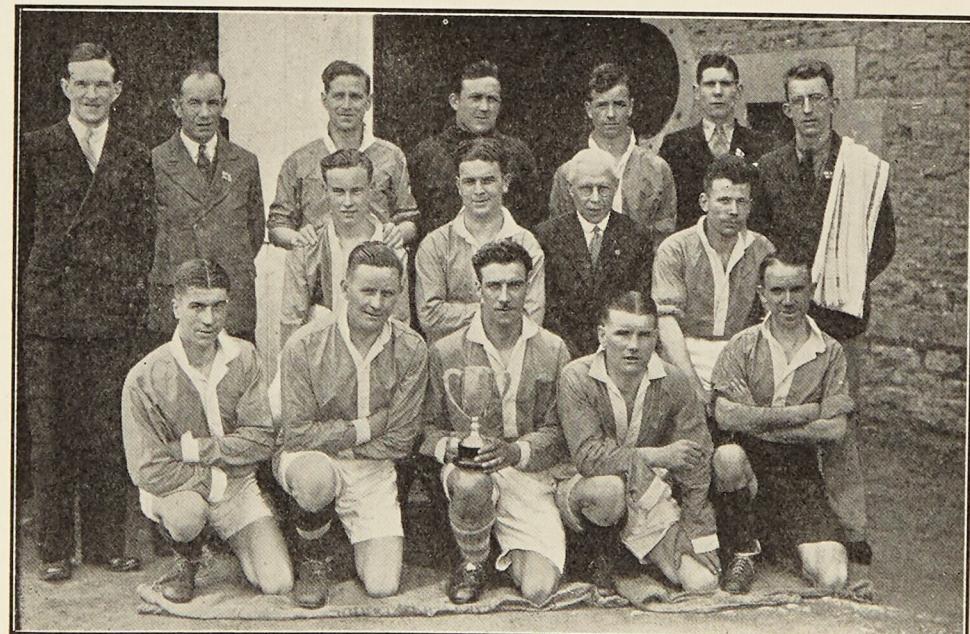
Mr. E. Tucker, of the Office, has had a nasty attack of influenza, but we are pleased to hear that he is making progress.

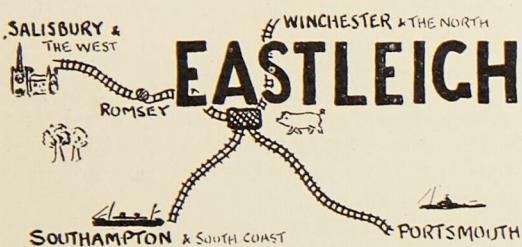
Mr. J. Banks, of the Factory, met with an accident while at the camp with the Yeomanry, and we understand he had to spend most of his time in hospital, which was not a very pleasant experience for a holiday.

Mr. H. Archard, also of the Factory, is in the Chippenham Hospital recovering from an operation for appendicitis, but we are pleased to know that he is making good progress.

We wish all these a speedy return to their usual health.

W.H.W.



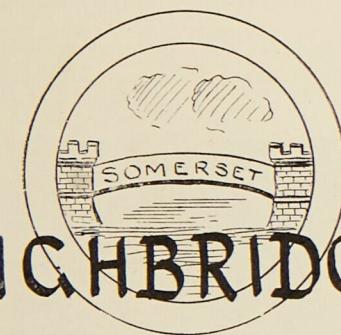


We are sorry to report that we still have two members of our staff away. Mr. Fred Gallop is fortunately making progress after his serious illness and is now convalescing at the Isle of Wight. Mr. "Paddy" Flynn is improving after his trying illness, and we hope that both will make rapid strides towards the recovery which is so much hoped for.

On account of health reasons Bob Haddrell has been transferred to Calne. His cheerful personality will be greatly missed in the Factory. Our sincere good wishes go with Bob for a complete recovery.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



HIGHBRIDGE.

There is not very much news from our branch this month as with the advent of summer our sports cease for a while and we take a rest. The next event of interest will be the trip that a number of our staff are making to Lynton and Lynmouth on Saturday, 4th July. This should be an enjoyable outing as the journey will embrace some of the finest scenery in the West of England.

The Welfare Association Committee at their monthly meeting made further arrangements for the annual show and sports in August, and, with some alterations which are proposed, it is hoped to make the event a

popular one with the members. The only thing wanted on these occasions is the support of every member, and success is then inevitable.

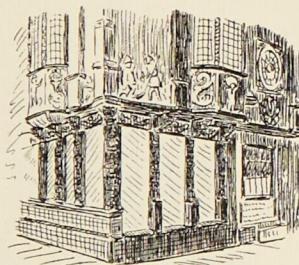
We have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Emery on the birth of a daughter, and are glad to say mother and daughter are going on well.

We had the pleasure of visits this month from Mr. R. P. Redman and Mr. Smart, on holiday from Ipswich.

There has been quite an epidemic of illness lately, Mrs. C. B. Shier and Mrs. A. Solomon having to go to hospital for operations. It is the hope of us all that they will speedily recover and again return to normal health and strength.

Mr. W. H. G. Young and his son are still on the sick-list, though we expect senior back in a few days, as we are glad to say he has now recovered. Junior, however, is still in the hospital, and we wish him a quick return to good health and strength after what has been a long and irksome time for him.

R.C.L.



May—the merry month—has signally failed to live up to its old-time reputation, being, in fact, a cold and dull month.

Nothing very striking has happened at Ipswich this month. We have shared the national pride in the Queen Mary's maiden voyage, and borne our small part in the annual failure to find the winner of the Derby.

The Suffolk Show will be held shortly, at Finboro' Park, Stowmarket, and our stand there will be, as usual, a rallying point for those interested, in one way and another, in the development of the Bacon Curing Industry.

One member of our Factory staff has won distinction recently. We refer to Mr. Stan. Bowman, who, as runner-up in the "News of the World" individual Darts Championship for the Ipswich area of the Home Counties, has won a silver cup and gold medal. Hearty congratulations, Stan.; well played!

Our sick list is, happily, diminishing, and we welcome back to the fold Miss D. Moss, Mr. F. T. Smart, and Mr. B. Grimsey, whilst Mr. W. Eaton and Mr. F. Dowsing are due to return next week. Of the other invalids Mrs. C. Page and Mr. G. Staff are rapidly regaining health and strength, and we hope soon to hear better news of Mr. A. J. Burrows. Miss E. Tooke (Small Goods Department) has left us to be married shortly and a wedding presentation will be made in the near future, when we shall be able to express our good wishes to Miss Tooke and her future husband.

The holiday season is in full swing now, and maps and routes are being eagerly studied, and prospective venues discussed.

Although our own courts are not quite completed, we made a bold start on Tuesday, May 19th, by playing our first match against Messrs. R. and F. W. Paul. The result will be found below, composed by one of our playing members. This was a very enjoyable evening, and, although they have a very strong team, we hope to do better on the return match.

OUR VERY FIRST MATCH.

We set off to Paul's in fine array,
To see how others have learnt to play,
We know quite well what the score will be,
But we'll just keep on playing steadily.

Was it "away"? Dash it, of course,
So sorry partner, I thought it was yours.
The next one comes over—whizz, bang, it is
gone,

Another set lost, and so we go on.

The matches are over, we've lost 7—2,
To each of our rivals all credit is due,
We're tired, but happy, the games have been
fine,

So good-night to you all, and here's to next
time.

IPSWICHANS.



LEEDS

The cool reflection of things to come is cheering, particularly when, as in the midst of heat and dust, Leeds folk have plans displayed before them for a new Central Baths and Dance Hall. The cost was first estimated at a mere £120,000, but there are whispers of "Extras"—the things which all who have ever built a house know about.

The "Headrow," Leeds, is, as readers may remember, the great new thoroughfare designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, and the architecture of the large buildings is in unison. The Paramount Cinema and Lewis' Store are among the fine blocks in this vista. Developments still proceed as this broad street takes shape. The central linking site has been vacant for over four years, and was withdrawn at an auction sale when the highest bid was £48,600, and this now has been acquired for a new building which will comprise an hotel, News Reel Cinema, shops, and an underground garage. This will be additional to the Queen's Hotel in City Square, which, when re-built, it is claimed, will be the finest modern hotel in Europe.

Thus, when you next visit Yorkshire you may indulge to your heart's content.

Speaking of hotels. In a recent book the author deals with many curious phases of American life. For example, a short time after his arrival at Hollywood Charles Laughton, the British actor, bought a small car and had a pleasant time driving himself to and from work. Paramount officials intervened. "What do you mean by driving a little car like that?" one of the officials asked. "You're letting Paramount down. Do you want people to think we are not paying you anything? Get a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur."

"Rich Americans," the author comments, "who spent money ostentatiously during the boom years, have had to trim their sails, but there is enough money left to

provide a reasonable amount of show. A woman living at a New York hotel went to Europe and left her Pekingese to occupy her £60 a month suite. The chauffeur would come and take the dog for a ride every morning in the town car, and every night a member of the hotel staff would take the sybaritic beast for a stroll in Fifth Avenue."

It would be inadvisable in this paragraph for a Scotsman to express his views upon Englishmen. Do you recall your Robbie Burns?

"An' would some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Here, however, are some views from China. European leading men and officials who row their own boat races and ride their own horses instead of getting coolies to do it are beyond the comprehension of the Chinese mind.

European women, the Chinese think, are so immodest that they stride about ball-rooms with very little on and embrace strange men in a whirling movement which they call dancing.

Here are some more discoveries concerning the "white devils":—

They button their coats from right to left, instead of from left to right.

They take off their hats in company instead of keeping them on as a mark of respect.

They begin dinner with soup instead of dessert, and end it with dessert instead of soup.

They drink their wine iced instead of hot.

Their men and women shake hands, while the Chinese book of rites declares that men and women should not even pass things from one to another, lest their hands should touch.

Their books all open at the wrong end.

Let it be affirmed here that, generally speaking, we in this country do not object to the laugh going against us. Scots, at any rate, will let anybody laugh and joke about them so long as they hand over "the business." Not so in Germany. Dictatorships do not like being laughed at, yet, in spite of official scowls, citizens are said to enjoy good jokes about the regime over their coffee and beer. A good sample reached Leeds recently in the story of the Nazi teacher and the Jewish scholar whose father paid the same amount in fees as the Aryan

parent. "There you are," said the teacher indignantly, "you pay the same and learn twice as much."

A malicious hit at Dr. Goebbels went round during the last elections, in a report of the theft from the Propaganda Ministry of the results of the 1940 elections.

There is the case of a Jewish lad who prevented a collision between two motor-cars, in one of which Herr Hitler was a passenger. "You have saved the life of your LEADER," said Herr Hitler, "What can I do for you?" "Please," replied the youngster, "please don't tell father!"

There would obviously be an eager market for a collection of these jokes in democratic countries, and possibly in Germany, too, but a gentleman who attempted to print some of them in Germany got fifteen months imprisonment. As the Public Prosecutor remarked, "the production of such a book borders on treason." Happy, democratic Britain!

After all that, is it any wonder the airship Hindenburg passed over Leeds the other day and dropped a bouquet? In fact, it passed immediately over the writer's house, and if this paragraph had been known, perhaps it would have dropped a load of bricks.

* * *



“THE GREAT DAY DAWNS.”

For many weeks before the Outing, whenever I passed through the Warehouse, the following curious phrase was invariably flung at me, "Sec., up the river." Whether this was meant to be an exclamation or a question I have still to learn. However, the important point is that I had (unconsciously on their part, but nevertheless in fact) gained no less than four assistant secretaries. Very efficient ones, too, for being constantly reminded of the trip, it was impossible to overlook anything. In fact, with such

voluntary and consistent help, to have forgotten or neglected the merest detail would have been little short of a sin. However, if some discrepancy had been made by my assistant secretaries or myself it would surely have come to light on June 6th.

The sun was shining brilliantly as, together with some friends, the Harris Social Club steamed out of Paddington on their way to Reading. Here they boarded a small river steamer and soon began to glide through scenery that is renowned, and, of its type, is probably unexampled. The Thames is, indeed, a lovely river. Here trees grow down to the water's edge with long sinewy branches, clothed in green, fresh leaves, hanging far into the river. Then the trees would recede, giving place to a carpet-like lawn that slopes gently down to the water's edge from a stately house half hidden by tall poplars. Some of these houses have their own diving-boards and boat-houses that tell their own story of week-ends spent with all the entralling sport the water holds for the enthusiast. We pass through many locks, but why people find these so thrilling I cannot imagine. They always seem to me to be a terrible waste of time. Anyway, the Harris (Calne) London Social Club spent a few hours waiting in these contraptions on that Saturday.

It had been arranged to stop at Hurley for lunch, and although I did not witness this scene, I understand one of our esteemed representatives was seen reading aloud and discoursing at some length on the charms that were to be found at Hurley. The paper in his hand was discovered to be the circular I had sent out giving particulars of times, &c., in which I had described the place as being "a quaint old village with interesting backwaters that fully merits the title that is sometimes applied to it of the 'Deauville of the Thames.'" You may think this is gross exaggeration either brought on by misplaced enthusiasm or spring fever. However, on being interviewed by the Press (?) the said "Rep." stated that Hurley was indeed all that it had been reputed to be.

Lunch was both sumptuous and ample and was served at the East Arms Hotel, an ancient old place that dates back many years. The proprietor, by the way, is a very fair example of the typical "Mine Host." As I said, the lunch was a good one, well cooked, well served, and, believe me, well and truly eaten. The health of Mr. Bodinhar

was sincerely drunk and as each rose to his or her feet thoughts of good wishes and kind remembrance flashed through each mind.

So far the arrangements had been well made. The secretarial department apparently had worked with absolute efficiency. However, the fly in the ointment, or the crab in the custard, came to the surface when we resumed our journey from Hurley to Windsor. The grave error that was discovered was that a letter had not been sent setting out our exact requirements to that much misunderstood person, the Clerk of the Weather. By some misguided notion he seemed to think that not only did we wish a good solid mass of water *under* the boat, but could also do with nearly as much *over* the boat. Suffice it to say that rain came down quite heavily for some time, and the promenade deck became deserted, the passengers taking refuge in the saloon and lower deck. (Pardon me, I've just been reading the latest news of the "Queen Mary").

Further down the river a yacht race was in progress, and as a craft came racing across our path we had a vivid picture of white sails dipping and rising to a stiff breeze; of a shapely fragile bow dashing aside the water; of mast and rigging straining with the wind, and the face of a keen yachtsman as he loosened his gib sail, swung his tiller to guide a veering main-sail, and swiftly changed his position to the other side of the boat, to be off on another tack across the river. Yachts are always graceful things, and seem so much in harmony with the surroundings of inland water.

We had two exhibitions of water sport that day. I have already mentioned yachting, and as we approached Windsor intrepid boys from Eton College were seen, drenching wet, rowing in their narrow skiffs.

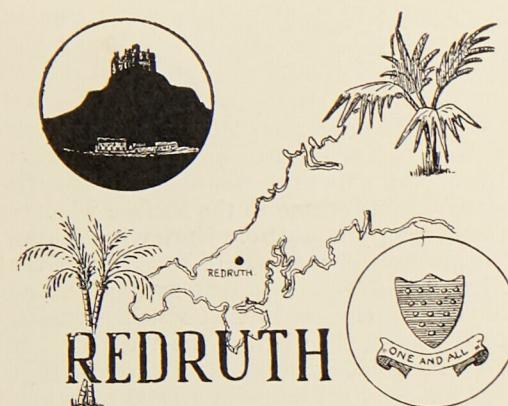
After landing we wandered round Windsor for a time and finally took a train back to London.

The weather had not been too kind, but the party seemed to have enjoyed themselves, and as the secretarial—but, perhaps, I had better not bring that up again, especially as I spent Saturday, June 6th, in bed with a cold in the head.

THE SEC.

* * *
The Baby's Mother : You must exercise a little will-power with him, nurse.

Nurse : I do try to, mum, but you don't know his won't-power.



The Whitsun holiday is now with us and the annual fair is in full swing. Thousands of people will flock to Redruth from other Cornish towns and villages, and the steep Fore Street will be so thronged with people that motor traffic will have to be diverted. Our friends in other factories who know Redruth will be interested to know that Moors Field is full of the usual amusements, and the interest in this old fair seems to be as great as ever.

Another Whitsuntide event which is attracting even greater attention than in past years is the great open-air Methodist service at Gwennap Pit, about one mile from Redruth. The ideal amphitheatre for this gathering has been completely renovated at the cost of £300, and the pit, the chapel, and caretaker's house, and adjoining site have been handed to the Methodist Church by the owner. For the first time in the long line of Whitsuntide services, originating in the service conducted by John Wesley in 1762, the preacher this year will be an Anglican, the Bishop of Truro, and it will again be broadcast.

The Rugby football season is, of course, over, but it will interest many of our friends to know that Redruth have created a record by scoring 864 points with only 101 against.

Our financial position is also one of the soundest of any club in the country, and there is every prospect of a successful time again next year. It is several seasons since this factory supplied any playing members to the club, but we congratulate Frank Rule on winning his way into the centre three-quarters position of the first team towards the end of this season. Frank is a brother of Fred Rule, the well-known Redruth and

Cornwall stand-off half, and who for three or four seasons has been very successful with the Halifax Rugby League side.

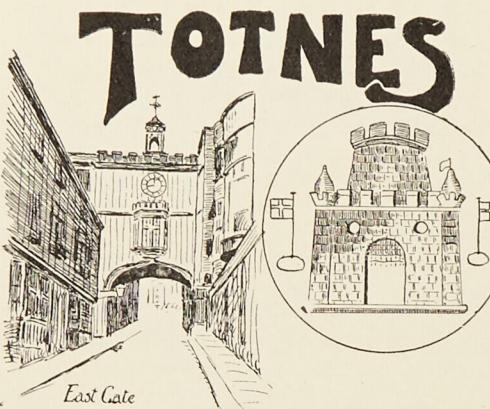
Redruth is not looked upon as a place where much enthusiasm exists for cricket, but there are those desiring a restful afternoon and evening, free from noise and excitement, who make their way to the cricket field. Several of our factory men, however, are quite successful with the bat, and are members of the Redruth East End Cricket Club, which always hold a high position in the league in which it is entered. Being aware of the talent we possess, a match between this factory and Plain-an-gwarry (this is not in Wales, but is the part of Redruth which joins this factory) was arranged for Wednesday evening, 27th May. It proved to be almost as exciting as Rugby, and eventually ended in the factory winning by 10 runs. We have been informed that at the end of the first over one of the factory team was seen walking off the field. When asked where he was going, he said, "The umpire shouted over, and I thought the match was finished." The fielding was good, but R. Wallace (who comes from Camborne, where they are very good at cricket) was outstanding. After stopping one ball with his foot he suggested that somebody might fetch his clogs. W. Beer (who is as good as his name) forsook his usual role of umpire and scored 12 runs, but Jack Cooke with 14 runs was the top scorer. Our usual star batsman, T. Pidwell, had a "duck," but his brother, J. Pidwell, made 9, and L. Hocking proved himself a good bowler as well as a wicket-keeper. Trevor Webb, the youngest member of our team, made a brilliant catch, which ended the Plain-an-gwarry innings for 43. The factory total of 53 was made as follows:—

Beer, W.	12
Roberts, J.	1
Cooke, Jack	14
Pidwell, T.	0
Hocking, L.	3
Merritt, J.	1
Pidwell, J.	9
Wallace, R.	3
Cooke, R.	0
Lane, A. E.	6
Webb, T.	1
Byes	3

Jim Dunstone is still away from work with his injured hand, and W. H. May has now joined him with an injured leg. We hope they will both soon be back with us.

W.B.F.

* * *



This year the Devon County Agricultural Show was held during the latter end of May, at Exeter, and for three days attracted greater attendances than for several years past. Each day was almost perfect from the exhibitors' point of view, as well as the spectators, since it was gloriously sunny with cool breezes blowing. The entries were unusually good in all classes. A feature of the show was the great popularity of the milk cocktail bar—farmers' wives were heard to express satisfaction at this. The farm horse and hunter classes were well supported, Devonshire being keenly interested in the breeding of the latter, as also cobs and Exmoor ponies.

In the pig classes there were considerably more entries in those for the Large White Yorkshire Breed than any others, followed fairly evenly by the Wessex Saddleback, Long-White Lop Ear, and Large Black breeds. There were nine pens in competition for the Bacon Class, all of which were creditable exhibits, and it was very pleasing that the pigs taking first prize alive were also awarded first prize when examined as carcasses for bacon.

A particularly fine display of modern farm machinery and equipment was to be seen, and with the reports that orders for these were unexpectedly good, perhaps we may hope that there are better prospects in the farmers' camp.

Activities continue in the construction of the by-pass road here, and at a later date we hope to send some photographs showing the factory before the alterations took place and as it appears at completion.

* * *



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

What has happened to your correspondents in Scotland? Readers never have the pleasure (?) of a "Wurrd" from the Hielans. They are quite funny chielz really, and in Edinburgh during the famous General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, recently, it was agreed that various controversial problems had to be considered. For instance:—

"Is it pronounced 'Sti-pend' or 'Stippend'?"

In this connection a correspondent of the "Daily Record" composed the following, and I suggest you invite one of our Scotsmen Representatives to send you the translation

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

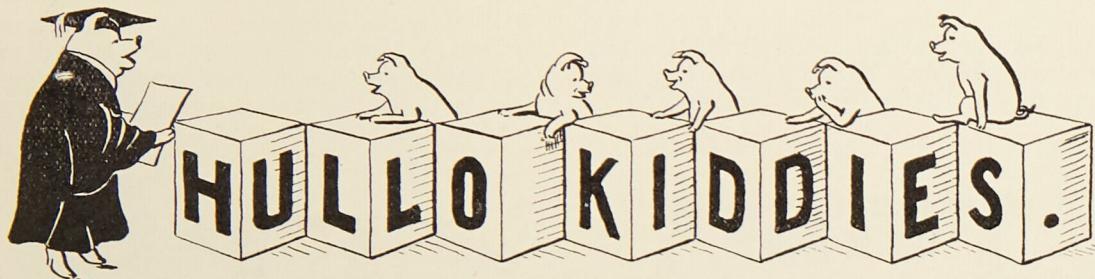
Aroun' Auld Reekie's muckle rock
The streets wi' saunts are chock-a-block—
Meenisters big and meenisters sma',
Meenisters gleg and meenisters slaw,
Meenisters short and meenisters lang,
Meenisters shilpit, meenisters strang,
Meenisters fat and meenisters slim,
Meenisters sonsie, meenisters grim,
Bien carles wi' routh o' county quirks
And poulpit—dingers shairp as dirks

And courtly chielz frae weel—faund kirks
And ootlan' bodies roch as stirkz
Frae airts whaur still fowk eat their sins
And see the Deil amang the whins—
Ilk ane dressed in his decent best

That's lain a twalmonth happed and pressed,
Sae that to menseless loons like me
The odour o' sweet sanctity
That ower Edina's causeys blows

Is dooms like that o' camphor ba's."

MCGREGOR.



WILD FLOWER COMPETITION

Well done! You have indeed started the season well, and I think there is going to be more competition for the prize than there was last year. Even if you don't get the prize I am sure you will get very much enjoyment from your countryside rambles and searching for new flowers; and especially in finding their names.

I have been very pleased to help you with the names of the flowers, and if you are not sure what they are, please don't hesitate to ask. It is of great help, especially with the rarer ones, if the leaf is sent with the flower as there are so many varieties that are *almost* the same, especially with the dandelion family and the parsnip family. I am so glad you are taking such a real interest and wish you well; you will find your efforts will be well rewarded, and you will be amazed at the number of different flowers you will find.

Those of you who have bicycles will find a trip to the Downs well worth while, especially for the different kinds of Wild Orchids that may be found there.

With all good wishes,
Your affectionate
AUNT SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM (Continued).

"What! crying on her birthday!" said a voice that could only belong to one person in the wide world. "Oh, Mummie, how did you manage to come so early? I didn't expect you until this afternoon; and does this mean that Daddie and the boys won't be coming after all?" said Sally through tears of joy. "Of course, they will be coming, but this was to be one of your birthday surprises, that I should come along early, and now I don't believe you are really pleased to see me after all!"

"Oh, yes, I am, it was just that it

seemed too good to be true. But what have you got in your basket? I'm just longing to see all that's underneath that white cloth—it looks so very much like a bit of dear old Home Farm."

And thereupon Sally's Mother unpacked such a heap of dainty things:—A cold roast chicken, all golden brown, like nobody but Mummie could possibly cook it; big, brown new-laid eggs, cakes of every description, fancy ones and Mummies' own fruit cake that they all loved, home-made scones, fresh yellow farm butter, and a bowl of the richest, loveliest cream; apples and ripe Victoria plums from the farm orchard, and just a little bit of everything that the farm could produce.

Sally's eyes grew bigger and bigger, and she was planning such a treat, not only for herself but for the rest of the children's ward; and wouldn't dear old "Grandpa Barnes," as they called him, who limped in from the men's ward to see them each morning, love a bit of that chicken and some real farm butter. There was, indeed, such a lot to look forward to that day.

And, thinking of others, Sally looked across at her little friend, Nancy, in the next bed, and found that she had buried her head in the bed clothes and was sobbing bitterly.

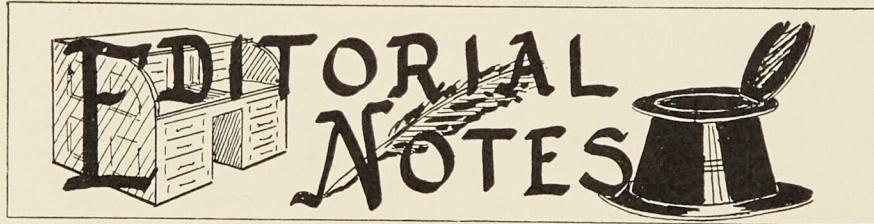
"Oh, Mummie," Sally said, "do go and talk to Nancy and take her some of these good things; you see, she has no Mummie, and she is so lonely. I have told her that I shall ask you if she can come to Home Farm when she is well enough, and I do so hope you will say 'Yes.'"

In a few minutes Nancy's little face was radiantly happy as she sat munching a rosy, juicy apple, with Sally's mother's arm around her. "You will have to let *me* be your Mother," she said, "and as soon as Matron gives the word we will take you off to the Farm and put some roses into your cheeks."



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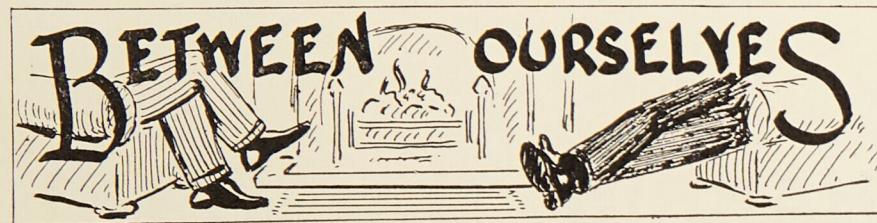
AS I watched a stream of traffic bearing cattle and agricultural implements and machinery from the Royal Show, held at Bristol, my thoughts reverted to an afternoon about forty years ago when I first saw and heard a motor vehicle. It was a motor tricycle, and a group of interested spectators watched the adventurer who was riding on it start on his journey to Bath, some fourteen miles distant, with wonder and admiration. This pioneer motorist did not pass much traffic, except a few local horse-drawn tradesmen's vans and farm waggons; for roads had fallen into disuse as main arteries of communication, and even in the towns through which they passed there was a peace and quietness which those of us who knew it can now only faintly remember.

This great revolution which road transport has effected in our lives is more marked in the rural than in the urban districts. The cities always had noise, bustle, and excitement of some sort, but the countryman was cut off from the world without and lived a very quiet and anchored existence. Even to the well-to-do travel was irksome and expensive, and the poorer citizen rarely left

his own locality from the cradle to the grave. In forty years all this has changed; people pass as easily from the North to the South of England as a villager on the plain in those days would have made his yearly visit to Devizes Fair.

Business is being de-centralised, and factories of world-wide importance are found remote from cities. Recreation and amusement are also moving towards the countryside, and it is as simple for the Londoner to visit some country club sixty miles from London as it was for him to find amusement in the West End a couple of generations ago. There is sufficient support for first-class opera to be produced on an estate on the Sussex Downs, and during the Shakespeare Festival the stream of cars at Stratford-on-Avon resembles Piccadilly Circus at night.

This comparatively new problem with which the Government of the country is faced is being met sensibly, and there seems every promise that as the volume of road traffic increases further improvements will be made to the trunk and arterial roads of the country, so that order instead of chaos may prevail.



WE are told that habits are changing. This is certainly to be noticed wherever one turns one's eyes.

The habits of the English home have been revolutionised by easy road transport, canned foods, the wireless, and the cinema, to mention only a few modern-day developments.

Our grandparents' days of the penny-reading, an occasional concert in the Village Hall, and regular attendance at places of public worship have very largely passed.

In no direction, probably, is there more evidence of change than in musical things. The craze of the modern dance with its Fox-trot and Rumba is in great distinction to the Quadrille and Dreamy Waltz of other days. At a function I attended the other evening my next-door neighbour shared my regret that the old-time songs find no modern counterpart. We had just listened together to a rendering of "Friend 'o Mine," and my friend told me that it was the last song he bought some years ago to sing himself. One's mind goes back to songs like "The Perfect Day," "Until," "The Holy City," and a host of others, and there was, for some of us, a hour of sheer enjoyment not long ago when some of the old ballads came over in excellent fashion upon the wireless.

Take, for example, one line from the song my friend and I heard the other night :—

"The deeds you mean to do." What vistas of possibility and resolved action are contained in such a line. And do you not agree that much of the modern song is lacking in any inspiration except such as may be required for the mood of the weird dance of the present day?

It would be interesting if, for example, the late G. K. Chesterton, whose passing has left the world all the poorer, could, with his caustic ability to centralise in witty and sarcastic manner the essentials of any problem or movement, have left us some impressions of his views of the changes in national and domestic life and characteristics within the last twenty years.

We should not be pessimistic about change, for often the outward expression of the inner thought may be entirely artificial and meaningless. So long as the main principles of human character and human tendency remain sound and true the heart of a people will remain loyal to the best that is in them.



Lecture on Leisure.

(Continued).

By the Rev. G. H. HARRIS
(Vicar of St. Paul's, Balsall Heath).

Now-a-days numbers of people ride in trams, their rides extending from quarter hour to half hour each way. It is Leisure time in the sense that it can be employed in other ways than that of business. How do people employ it? We would like to be charitable and say, in contemplation of the higher issues of life, but we are bound to say that the conditions of tramcar riding are unfavourable to contemplation of anything but the faces of our fellow travellers, which, of course, must not be too intense. Truly, they may be employed in contemplation of the next bargain, which I should be inclined to allow as a legitimate exercise of Leisure.

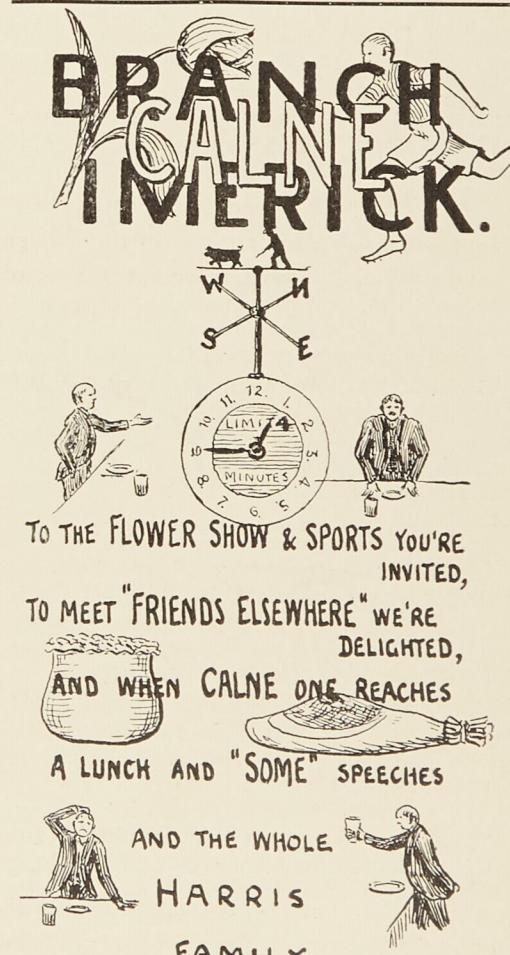
They are not, however, unfavourable to reading. Rather the reverse. But how many read in the tramcar? Very few. And what do they read? Novels of no class, devotional works of no class, advertisements, sporting news. Very, very rarely does one find anyone reading a real book. In fact, one begins to wonder whether the accomplishment of reading is not dying out. The rise in favour of illustrated papers and picture shows seems to point that way. Of course, by reading I do not mean merely the ability to spell out words.

Seventy years of education has taught the greater part of the population how to spell out words, but that is not reading.

The reader must have the power of knowing words at a glance by their look and attaching to them their right meaning, which shall enable him, without effort, to link words together into sentences, and he must have his mind furnished with a vocabulary at least three times as long as the few simple words he is accustomed to use in conversation. Without that skill and without that knowledge, reading can never be either a pleasurable or profitable pursuit. The mis-spent Leisure of tramcar riding then, like the mis-spent Leisure of Sunday, seems to show that people do not know what to do with Leisure when they have got it. Now, why is that? Here we come to that same question I spoke of. Your Utopian social reformer feels that difficulty lurking round the corner that people do not know what to do with Leisure when they have got it. He

sings paeans of praise to a divine future, when men shall work only one hour a day, and robots shall do the rest; but a still, small voice whispers in his ear that seven days of Sundays in a week may be worse than one. He silences that voice with the blessed word, "Education." He admits the difficulty that the human being is not yet sufficiently advanced in the scale of creation to be able to do the right thing without incentive or without effort. He sees the risk that, given unlimited Leisure, men will simply sink into the lap of slothfulness. Their mental faculties will become blunted and useless; the mind must be sharpened on the steel of necessity.

You can generally deal with having too



much to do, but what could you do with a nation declaring that they were fed up with having nothing to do, when, as a matter of fact, that state of things had been carefully prepared for and the robots had acquired vested interest in men's derelict working hours.

Our Utopian finds the remedy in education. Educate, he says, furnish the mind with hooks that will grapple knowledge to itself, and all will be well. But the same difficulty presents itself. People won't take the trouble to be educated for the sake of being educated. Knowledge for knowledge sake has no chance against pleasure for pleasure's sake.

I once said to a friend, "I think I shall give a lecture on the moon." Said the friend, "Then I shall not come and hear you." I said, "Why not?" He said, "What's the moon to me, or I to the moon?" He did not say, "Because you don't know anything about it," which, as a matter of fact, I didn't; but that wasn't the primary objection to his mind. The primary objection was that he didn't want to know anything about it.

Of course, you do find eccentric people here and there whose interests are in the abstract rather than in the concrete, and who are always yearning after new knowledge, and the more out of the way it is the better they like it. But they are rare birds. When caught by the Utopist they are apt to be exhibited as typical of the human species. But in that he deceives himself and others. A hobby is something separate from one's business, but calculated to increase real knowledge where otherwise sufficient incentive would be absent.

And so I say that you cannot educate people into the right uses of Leisure for want of sufficient incentive and objective, from which it seems that the less Leisure most people have the better it is for them.

Give them plenty of work to do, ample time for recreation, but little Leisure.

Of course, if their work was interesting, engrossing, of a nature that employed the best that was in them, there could be nothing better than to give them plenty of Leisure in which they could turn round, and contemplate their work from every possible standpoint. But institutions have brought about a deadening monotony and sameness which refuses to allow itself to be enriched and expanded by any powers that Leisure can

afford. And so it comes about pleasure eats up Leisure.

That is the tragedy of Leisure. Is there any way of avoiding this? Is there any way of dealing with the problem of industrialism, which brings it about that a man's work is not the expression of the best that is in him with the further result that a man's Leisure also will never adequately help to express the man.

It seems to be useless to try to do it by merely educating people. I remember one fond father who was anxious that his boys should take up as a hobby some branch in natural history. He was as keen as butterflies. He could not make his sons keen as butterflies, and he used to get me to go out with him and his boys every Sunday afternoon to get them keen on flowers, but I never got them keen on flowers. I am afraid they used to look on me as an intolerable bore because I tried to initiate them in the difference between a dandelion and a hawkweed.

I think that a good many normal people could be won over to a proper use of Leisure, if a moral appeal were made. If boys and girls were trained to believe that they had that within them which, if used in their Leisure time, could make the world for them a place teeming with interest. To develop in people's minds a sense of their possibilities seems to me a very important thing. But perhaps still more important is it to teach life as being from top to bottom purposeful. From the religious standpoint all life has an end and a purpose.

Any kind of life which is without purpose and without end, as a frivolous life, for instance, is only half-life; whereas life, which is accompanied throughout by purposeful action, brings one much nearer the ideal of seeing life whole.

Pleasure can never be in the religious sense an end in itself, because it ends with yourself, whereas the ends of God, hidden in the counsels of God, transcend any objective that man may have.

Philosophers may wrangle over epistemological theories as much as they like. The moral affirmation that a man should make the best of what is in him is an incentive which, if thoroughly drilled into him in the receptive period of youth, will carry him a long way, especially if it has as its objective an unseen, but Divine purpose, in the

accomplishing of which man can co-operate.

To link together the intention of God and the dignity of man, as is done for instance in the Incarnation, is to an adhesion to a categorical imperative; that will enable us to disentangle Leisure from the regions of dalliance and frivolity in which it so often lingers, and give it the high value in our life which it deserves.

To sum up, we define Leisure as time given in which it is lawful to do what one chooses. We distinguish it from recreation and draw a simple plan of life as divided into Leisure, work, recreation, in which Leisure plays the part of providing through contemplation fresh material for work.

A time of Leisure is a time in which we build, not repair. We instance the life of the priest and the life of the artist as coming near to this ideal.

But this simple plan of life is broken into by the facts of the modern day which brings it about that the work of the people has not sufficient interest to occupy their Leisure. As a consequence pleasure is usurping an inordinate influence, and is breaking up the harmonious continuity of life by introducing men to mean and ignoble ends which, however attractive, are not commensurate with men's possibilities. How to counteract this is a great difficulty because of the lack of incentive and objective. Education will not do it, because education, too, needs and lacks both incentive and objective to carry the student over the preliminary drudgery. It is suggested that nothing less than the inculcation of the moral idea of the dignity of manhood associated with Divine purpose can ever achieve the ardent desire of the social reformer to convert the masses of the people to a right use of Leisure.

* * *

WEIGHING IN.

Customer: I sent my little boy for two pounds of strawberries, and you only sent a pound and a half.

Shopkeeper: My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?

* * *

Emerson said that character ranks above intellect. It ranks above everything. It is the priceless ingredient of human nature.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

TABLE.—Feasting and dancing are foreshadowed by this dream—Nights of the Round Table.

TARTAN.—There is danger in being careless over money matters—This is impossible to Aberdonians.

TEACHING.—You will be present at an impressive ceremony—Take care it is not your finger prints that are being impressed.

THERMOMETER.—Beware of double dealing—It is the barometer that is "Changeable."

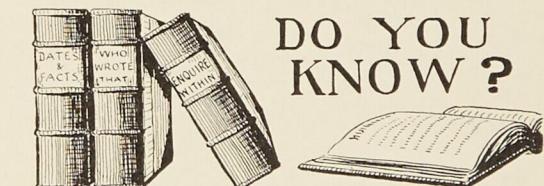
TICKET.—Avoid being petty in your dealings—Don't tick it off.

TRIPE.—You will hear beautiful music—But it might be.

TRUMPETS.—An unexpected gift of money—Perhaps from someone who now has a trumpet.

TULIP.—Beware of a deceitful woman—And her tulips.

* * *



DO YOU KNOW?

1.—Last year :—(a) What Indian city was destroyed by earthquake? (b) What country re-called its exiled King? (c) What country's Queen was killed in a motor accident? (d) What Duke arranged the funeral procession of King George V?

2.—For how much the Scotch sold Charles I.?

3.—What discoveries of extreme importance are associated with the names of:—Caxton, Lister, Ronald Ross, Harvey, Rontgen?

4.—Who painted:—"The Light of the World," "The Blue Boy," "The Hay Wain," "King Cophetua."

5.—Who composed:—"Elijah," "St. Matthew's Passion," "Damnation of Faust," "La Bohème," "The Master Singers," "Grasshoppers' Dance"?

(Answers on Page 159).

Our French Feature.

AOUT—AUGUST.

This is the holiday month and some of our readers may be going over to France or Belgium. If they have not had the opportunity of learning French, or if their knowledge of the language has become rusty, the following list will doubtless come in handy at the hotel or restaurant:—

Poisson—Fish.

Poisson frit	...	Fried fish.
Crevettes	...	Shrimps.
Homard	...	Lobster.
Merlan	...	Whiting.
Morue	...	Cod.
Raie	...	Skate.
Saumon	...	Salmon.
Thon	...	Tunny.
Truite	...	Trout.
Sole, turbot, and sardines	...	bear the same name as in English.

Viande—Meat.

Rôti de boeuf	...	Roast beef.
Rôti de porc	...	Roast pork.
Rôti de veau	...	Roast veal.
Gigot de mouton	...	Leg of mutton.
Côtelette de veau	...	Veal cutlet.
Agneau rôti	...	Roast lamb.
Poulet rôti	...	Roast chicken.
Jambon	...	Ham.
Lapin	...	Rabbit.
Saucisses	...	Sausages.

Legumes et Fruits—Vegetables and Fruit.

Pommes de terre	...	Potatoes.
Purée de pommes de terre	...	Mashed potatoes.
Pommes de terre au four	...	Baked potatoes.
Pommes de terre frites	...	Fried potatoes.
Carottes	...	Carrots.
Navets	...	Turnips.
Chou	...	Cabbage.
Petits pois	...	Peas.
Haricots verts	...	French beans.
Oignons	...	Onions.
Salade	...	Salad.
Laitue	...	Lettuce.
Concombre	...	Cucumber.
Radis	...	Radishes.
Asperges	...	Asparagus.
Céleri	...	Celery.
Tomates	...	Tomatoes.
Pommes	...	Apples.
Poires	...	Pears.

Pêches	...	Peaches.
Prunes	...	Plums.
Bananes	...	Bananas.
Oranges	...	Oranges.
Citrons	...	Lemons.
abricots	...	Apricots.
Raisin	...	Grapes.

Divers—Various.

Crème	...	Cream.
Fromage	...	Cheese.
Beurre	...	Butter.
Confiture	...	Jam.
Oeuf à la coque	...	Plain boiled egg.
Omelette	...	Omelet.
Oeufs pochés	...	Poached eggs.
Oeufs durs	...	Hard boiled eggs.
Oeufs brouillés	...	Scrambled eggs.
Crème à la vanille	...	Vanilla custard.
Glace à la vanille	...	Vanilla ice.
Glace à la framboise	...	Raspberry ice.
Glace à la fraise	...	Strawberry ice.
Fromage à la crème	...	Cream cheese.
Gâteau de riz	...	Rice pudding.
Gâteaux	...	Cakes.
Tarte	...	Tart.
Patisserie	...	Pastry.
Petit pain	...	Roll.
Pain blanc	...	White bread.
Pain noir	...	Brown bread.
Sel	...	Salt.
Poivre	...	Pepper.
Sucre	...	Sugar.

Boissons—Drinks.

Eau Minérale	...	Mineral water.
Vin blanc	...	White wine
Vin rouge	...	Red wine.
Vin de Bordeaux	...	Claret.
Cidre	...	Cider.
Bière	...	Beer.
Thé	...	Tea.
Café au lait	...	Coffee and milk.
Café noir	...	Black coffee.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

* * *

Mr. R. E. Bunting thoroughly recommends an address at Wells-on-Sea, to any of our friends who may be contemplating a holiday in East Anglia. The rooms are quite near the sea and the landlady is a relative of Mr. Bunting.

The address is:—Mrs. J. R. Cox,
8, Jolly Sailors' Yard,
Wells-on-Sea,
Norfolk.

Fire Fighters of the '90's

In view of the interest aroused by the insertion of groups of workers of other days in recent issues of the magazine, we are continuing the series this month. An illustration of the Firm's Fire Brigade and Fire Engine reproduced from an old photograph taken in the early '90's and lent by Mr. H. J. D. Cleverley, will be found on page 157.

The Brigade was known as the Harris Private Fire Brigade and at the time this photograph was taken Mr. J. A. Bullock was its Captain.

Most of the men were drawn from the Slaughter House and a practice was held on the first Monday of each month at Broken Cross in the firm's time. The Brigade was inspected by a fully qualified Inspector from Messrs. Merryweather's three times each year, and attended any fire which occurred within the Borough. The Engine was pushed by the men.

The names of those appearing in the photograph are as follows:—

Back Row (left to right).—

Joe Burgess, Fred Edwards, Henry Silk, W. Bush and J. A. Bullock.

Front Row (left to right).—

John Cleverley, S. Haddrell, John Dance, William Carter, Joe Cole, John Kirton, James Grainger and Bob Garraway.

The fire engine was first used by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade and this type was always dispatched to a fire as a first aid, and if required it was followed by powerful steam fire engines; its title was the London Fire Brigade Manual. It required sixteen men to operate the pump.

* * *

Flower Show.

Arrangements are now well in hand for the 14th Annual Show. Attention is drawn to a slight change in the Fur and Feather Schedule. Instead of only one class for rabbits, it has been decided to insert two classes—one (17a) for Angora rabbits and the other (17b), for rabbits of any other variety. It will be noticed that this year we are introducing for the first time, handicap events in the Sports, consequently we urge competitors to send their entries to the Secretaries as early as possible, that the work of handicapping may have its proper consideration by those responsible for it. Other new fea-

tures include a Procession from the Town Hall to the Recreation Ground, in which the Town Band, Jazz Band and Carnival Queen and attendants will be included; a Troupe of Dancers, giving two shows during the afternoon and evening, and a Dance in the Town Hall at 9 p.m.

* * *

Ten Photographic Hints.

- 1.—With box cameras or "fixed focus" folding cameras a sharp image will not be obtained if the subject is less than eight or ten feet away from the camera, unless a portrait attachment is used.
- 2.—When making a portrait, either indoors or in the open, it is often better to use a reasonably large stop so that the background will be subordinated to the principal subject by being slightly out of focus.
- 3.—Buildings, bridges, and statues will often photograph better immediately after a shower of rain.
- 4.—Grease marks on negatives cannot be removed with water. The best way is to mop the dry negative gently with cotton wool dipped in petrol or benzine.
- 5.—Unless prints are completely immersed in the fixing bath immediately after they have been developed and rinsed muddy stains will result.
- 6.—When a speck of dust gets inside the camera and lodges on the film it will make what is known as a "pinhole"; that is, a transparent spot on the negative. This can easily be removed by using the spotting medium sold with a Kodak re-touching set.
- 7.—A dirty lens produces a flat, hazy picture.
- 8.—When a sky filter is used over the ordinary camera lens twice the usual exposure must be given.
- 9.—For about 1s. 6d. you can have a direct-vision finder fitted to your camera.
- 10.—The camera should be held steadily against the body and a deep breath taken just before the shutter lever is released, otherwise "camera shake" will result and the picture will be blurred.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

The Road Vehicles Lighting Regulations, which were brought into operation on April 30th, 1936, besides continuing certain provisional regulations which were previously in force, bring into operation new provisions regarding the use of head-lamps.

No lamp, fixed with an electric bulb exceeding 7 watts, can be used unless complying with certain conditions which are designed to render it incapable of dazzling any person standing at a greater distance than 25ft. from the lamp.

Another regulation requires that no such lamp shall be illuminated whilst the vehicle is stationary on a road except in the case of an enforced stoppage and with certain other defined exceptions.

Statutory Rule, No. 392. 1936.

EDITORIAL NOTE:—We should be pleased to answer any queries raised by our readers regarding the regulations.

We are very sorry to report the death of Van Salesman Bird's mother, following an accident. We extend to him our very deep sympathy in such a sad loss.

We have been very pleased to welcome a number of our representatives in Calne during the last few months. On Monday, June 22nd, our four senior Scotch representatives, Mr. A. S. Thornton (Glasgow), Mr. W. K. Powell (Edinburgh), Mr. S. Lorimer (Dundee), and Mr. K. M. McLeod (Tain), visited Calne together. In view of the very long distance (it means a journey of 700 miles for Mr. K. M. McLeod, of Tain) it is not often that we see our Scotch friends. Acting on the instructions of our Chief, therefore, the visit was celebrated by a photograph being taken at the Woodlands. We should also like to extend our congratulations to Mr. Thornton upon the 25th anniversary of his wedding, which he was celebrating at just about the time of his visit to Calne. We all hope that Mr. and Mrs.

Thornton will have many more years of happiness together.

On Thursday, July 2nd, we received the annual visit (under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Institute) of the successful students in the final examination of the Institute of Certificated Grocers. C. & T. Harris are the only firm which have been included in the itinerary on each of the 8 successive tours, which we look upon as something to be proud of.

The students made a thorough tour of the factories and afterwards, by kind permission of Lady Lansdowne they were taken round the grounds and gardens of Bowood. From Bowood the party returned to the Lansdowne Arms to a dinner and entertainment, at which our Chief presided in his capacity of President of the Institute. A very enjoyable evening was spent, the toasts being interspersed with an attractive musical programme. The party stayed the night at the Lansdowne Arms and left the next morning for Marlborough.

This year such factories as Macfarlane, Lang & Co., Horlicks Malted Milk Co., Ltd., Kearley & Tonge, Ltd., Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., are being visited, in addition to Fruit and Vegetable Research Stations, National Mark Egg-packing Stations, Dairies, Creameries, Flour Mills, and a Bee Farm. A visit is also being paid to the Aldershot Show, and the tour winds up with a supper at the Institute Headquarters, at the invitation of the President, on Saturday, July 4th.

“OWT ABOUT OWT.”

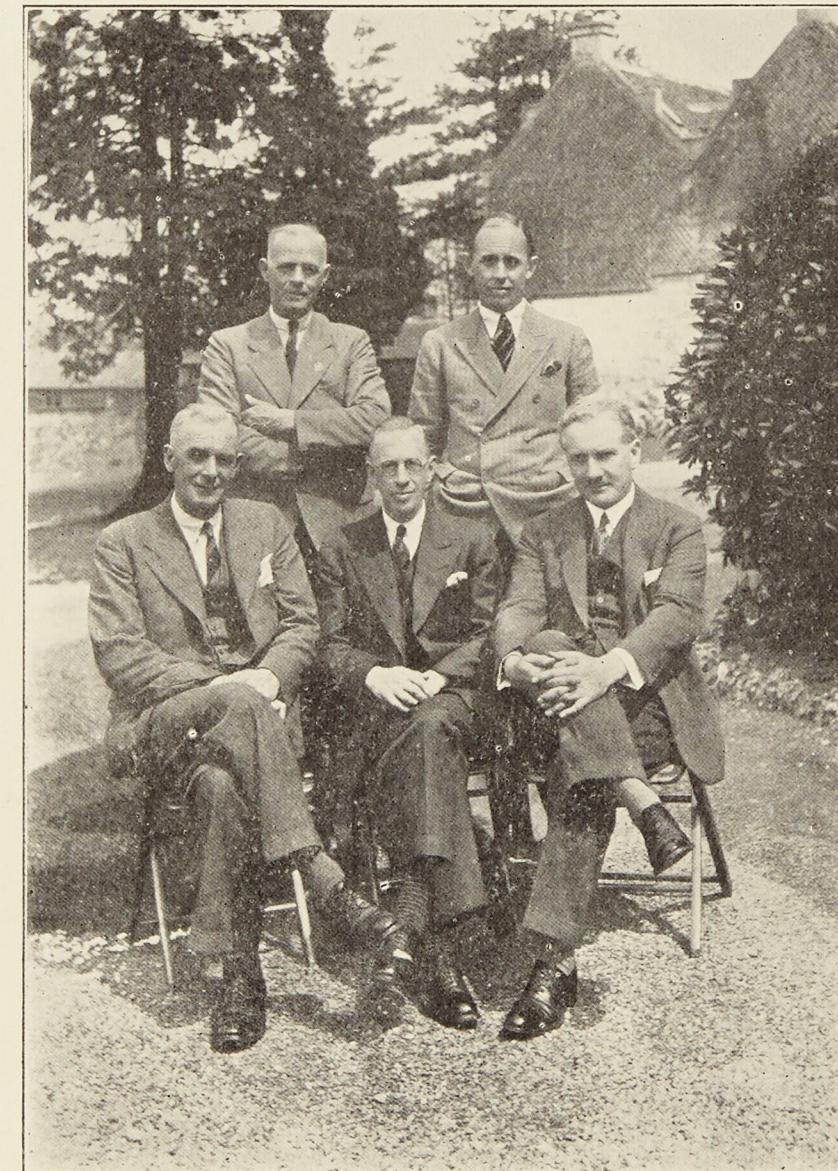
Holidays are now in full swing. We shall leave the industrial towns this month and go for a trip to the Lancashire coast.

There is nothing historical about the Lancashire watering places. These towns grew in sympathy with the development of

the Lancashire industrial towns. Tired workers were not slow to realise the benefits of the health-giving breezes. The wonderful stretch of golden sands affords a delightful playground for the children, while amusements of every description are in abundance for adults. Perhaps it is advisable at this point to mention that commencing the first

week in July to the end of August, some Lancashire towns are closed down for their annual holidays, which are called “Wakes,” commencing with Bolton the first week in July, and finishing with Oldham the last week in August. Woe betide the commercial visiting any of these towns during their “Wakes Week.” If he is wise he will take

OUR SCOTTISH REPRESENTATIVES.



MR. K. M. MCLEOD.
MR. S. LORIMER.

MR. J. H. GILLETT.
MR. A. S. THORNTON.
MR. W. K. POWELL.

the next train home.

Our first town to visit will be Southport, the "Opal of the West." Being a modern town, the local authorities were able to lay down a definite town planning scheme. Its wide, well-kept streets and roads, flanked with beautiful homes, give a quiet and restful dignity unobtainable in many other seaside resorts. Lord Street, reputed to be the finest street in England, almost as far as you can see is one long boulevard, flanked on one side with shops which rival Bond Street. On both sides a wealth of magnificent trees whose foliage one does not expect in Lancashire. Hidden in the foliage are thousands of varied-coloured lamps, while high-class bands discourse classical and popular music three times daily. In the evening the whole is a veritable fairyland.

There is very little sea at Southport, except at very deep tides, owing to the continuous dredging of the rivers Mersey and Ribble. These dredgings are taken out to sea in hoppers and dumped, consequently a huge sand bank has silted up, and unless there is a gale or a very deep tide, there is not sufficient water to cover this bank. The local authorities were not slow to see the advantages of a disadvantage. Miles of foreshore have been converted into marine lakes, pleasure grounds, bathing pools, motor racing tracks, parking grounds, &c. Southport has six of the finest golf courses in the country; the Ryder Cup was played for here in 1933. Many premier tennis championships are also fought on the numerous courts.

As we sit on the promenade and look across the Ribble estuary, we see the lights of Blackpool. Let's hop over.

Blackpool.—Your readers are all familiar with Blackpool, its thousand and one entertainments, its glorious sea breezes, &c.—it would, indeed, be futile for me to attempt to describe them.

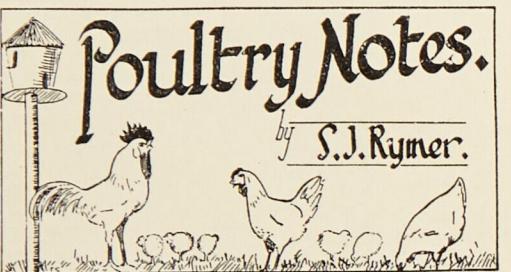
The several local authorities are co-ordinating to build a promenade stretching from Lytham to Fleetwood. When completed there will be an unbroken promenade some 9 miles in length. The premier attraction is, of course, the Tower, a replica of the Paris Eiffel Tower, but not so high. A very amusing story is told at the expense of one of the Tower directors, a typical Lancashire man, who is financially interested in many of the town's activities. Meeting a friend on very rainy day, the friend remarked, "By

gum, the Tower's all right now." "Hi," remarked the director, "that's all very well, but what about my boats."

Looking North from Blackpool we see Old Man Coniston guarding the lakes. You all know the beauties of the lake district, and here I am getting out of my territory.

A. E. KAY.

* * *

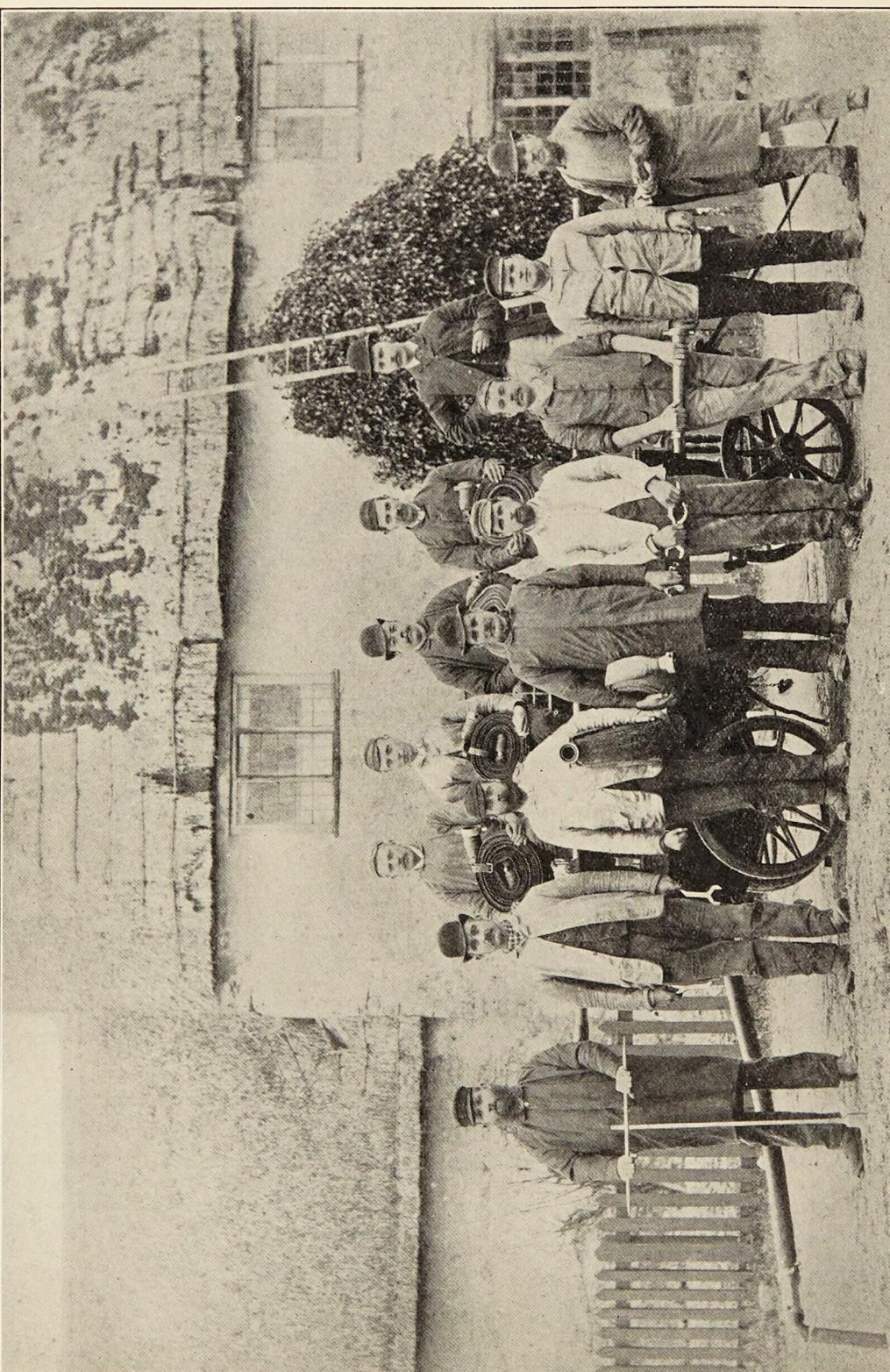


August—on with the show. I would like to ask all those who are hesitating on the brink to take the plunge and decide to support our Fur and Feather Section on the 15th, by sending in as many entries as possible.

May I draw the attention of all potential exhibitors of rabbits to the fact that in order to meet the popular demand there will be two classes—one for Angoras and one for A.O.V. I trust this will please our rabbit fanciers and that in return they will send in a nice lot of entries.

In a recent issue I wondered if anyone could tell me why fowls lay those very small eggs which we find so often in the nests. These little eggs, which contain no yolk, are due to increased activity of the oviduct (the shelling organ), thus encouraging it to shell the white without a yolk dropping into it from the ovary.

Have you ever read "The Story of San Michele"? Many times when writing "Poultry Notes" have I been tempted to mention this wonderful book, written by Dr. Munthe. Whether you are fond of animals and birds or not, if you have not read it you have missed something. Better than any novel. I should imagine there is very little fiction in the narratives. The author built a palace on the Italian Isle of Capri. He believes that the happiest moment of his life was when the island was declared a bird sanctuary and the trapping of birds forbidden.



Messrs. Chas. & Thos. Harris Fire Brigade and Engine in the early '90's.

A Queer Holiday.

THE Whitsun weather does not seem to have been much good. A matter of indifference to me for on the Saturday I went into our local hospital for a manipulative surgical operation, and I have lived in a room with a bright fire burning.

This spot of trouble is a by-product of my smash up of three years ago. The worst of these road disasters is that the weekly reports of them do not reveal the toll of human wreckage resulting from them. So many people killed outright is the result that takes the attention, but now there are thousands like me—people who escaped death and are, in fact, alive, but dead to many of life's activities.

This Watford Peace Memorial Hospital is a wonderful place, and is, as its name implies, Watford's Memorial to the men who fell in the Great War. As I have been about England I have often wondered at the want of vision shown by local people when local War Memorials were put up. For my part I can think of no more worthy memorial than that of a place where human pain is to be alleviated or removed.

I don't suppose there is a finer example of a local hospital put up in a smallish country town such as Watford was when the scheme was floated. From the outset we were particularly fortunate in having the advice of the late Lord Knutsford, a distinguished member of a very old Watford family. Lord Knutsford gave his life to the London Hospital. He knew all that was necessary alike to have and to avoid. So under his guiding hand our hospital came into being, freed from the well-meaning but blundering efforts of amateurs. But since 1918 Watford has grown out of all knowledge, and the Hospital is constantly overcrowded, so building is now going on and we want £75,000 to complete.

Hospital work nowadays gets congested by the occasional influx of road cases, and often as two years ago the wards got much overcrowded. During my stay I occupied a room in the private range given by Benskins, the brewers. When my wife was in the hospital some years ago, she was in the room given by our excellent customer, Mr. Henry Kingham, who is on the Board of Governors. Another room is called the "Dickinson," presented by the Paper Mills people—and

so on. And just recently young Mr. Blackwell (Crosse and Blackwell) has come into the public life of Watford and joined the Hospital Board. With people like Blackwell and Kingham serving on the Board I found in evidence a condition which is often lacking, and that is the quality of food supplies, their preparation, and their service. These in the Peace Hospital were in perfection. Watford is a sort of place where business men rule the roosts and want a return of 20s. in the £, and they would not allow members of their families going into a hospital and finding the food supply none too good.

But while this question of food seems to be an uncertain factor, there is, in my experience, one thing one can always rely on, and that is the nurses. At Watford we have a highly-efficient lot, and a particularly cheery and merry crew, and that is half the battle, for, after all, whatever medical men may be able to do the real pressure is on the nursing staff who have to carry on night and day—hour by hour.

Everyone is familiar with these lines, which open:—

"Oh, women, in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

And about that there will be two opinions, but all will be agreed about the concluding lines:—

"When human anguish wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

R.E.H.

* * *

A barber in a London suburb tells that he is astonished at the number of young men among his customers who are either completely bald or almost so. Most of them are ex-Service men of about forty-seven or forty-eight, and their baldness has developed since the war.

* * *

The night population of the City of London is 13,709. During the day-time it is 436,715. Westminster has a population $2\frac{3}{4}$ times greater during the day than at night. Hornsey and Leyton lose 25 per cent. of their people during the day-time.; West Ham decreases 24 per cent.; Hanwell 23 per cent.; Waltham 22 per cent.; Edmonton and Southgate 20 per cent.

Some Wiltshire Trades.

EXTRACTED FROM A DIRECTORY
PUBLISHED IN THE 50's.

Bacon Curers	...	2	In county.
Bird and Beast Stuffers	4	In county.	
Button Makers	...	1	
Cloth Cap Makers	...	1	
Cassimere Manufacturers	1		
Curriers	...	33	Two lived in Calne:—

J. Wayte, The Green.
L. James, Back St.

Drillmen	...	5	
Fellmongers	...	9	
Fossil Collectors	1		
Horse Breakers	...	6	
Lath Render	...	1	

Papers published:—
"Devizes and Wilts Gazette."
"Hampshire and Salisbury Guardian."
"Salisbury and Winchester Journal."
"Wiltshire County Mirror." Cost 5d.
Tuesdays. Est. 1833.
"Wiltshire Independent."

Pattern Makers	6		
Pawnbrokers	...	6	None in Calne (even as to-day).

Potters	...	1	
Inns	—	Lion and Fiddle, Trowbridge. Old Ring of Bells, North Bradley. New Ring of Bells (Sounds as though competition was fierce).	
		Original Three Horse Shoes, Trow- bridge.	

Silk Throwsters	...	3	
Sail and Harness Makers	5		
Teacher of Writing	...	1	
Whitesmiths	...	20	
Woolstaplers	...	15	

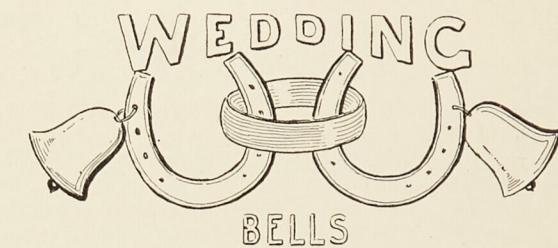
* * *

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring and saw standing at the open front door a Chinese hawker. Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid, "There's a Chinaman at the door. You go, Ella."

This was too much for the Chinese, who stuck his head well into the hall and shouted indignantly, "You go 'ella yourself!"—*Montreal Star.*

* * *

AFTER THE STORM.
Q. : Did you hear the lightning?
A. : No, I never saw a sound.



On May 30th, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Ferryhill, Durham, Mr. Eric Richens was married to Miss L. Pearson.

The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin marocain, with wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of pink geraniums. Two bridesmaids attended the bride, wearing white satin dresses, with head-dresses of silver leaves, and white satin shoes.

Mr. Richens is employed in the Traffic Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror and two reversible rugs, also a carving set from the Factory.

At Bremhill Parish Church, on June 20th, Mr. Sidney Clarke was married to Miss Phyllis Stickler.

The bride was given away by her father, and wore a grey flannel costume, with pearl grey suede blouse, navy and white hat, navy suede shoes, and stockings to tone, and navy and white-trimmed gloves, and carried a Prayer-book.

Miss Stickler was employed in the Kitchen for eight years. The wedding present from the Factory was a frameless mirror. Mr. Clarke was presented with a handsome clock from the Maintenance Department, where he is employed.

* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—(a) Quetta, (b) Greece, (c) Belgium, (d) Duke of Norfolk.
- 2.—£400,000.
- 3.—Printing, aseptic surgery, anophales mosquito carrier of malaria, circulation of the blood, ultra violet rays.
- 4.—W. Holman Hunt, Gainsborough, Constable, Alma Tadema.
- 5.—Mendelssohn, Bach, Gounod, Puccini, Wagner, Bucalossi.

* * *

We extend our sympathy to all members of the Rose Family and also to the Misses Brindle upon the bereavements which they have suffered lately.

FLOWER SHOW SPORTS.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1936.

No. Time.

		1st Prize.	2nd Prize.	3rd Prize.
1.—2.30.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Ladies)	...	4/-	2/- each	1/- each
2.—2.40.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Men)	...	4/-	2/-	1/-
3.—2.45.—Half-mile Cycle Race (Ladies) handicap	...	8/-	5/-	3/-
4.—2.55.—Mile Cycle Race (Boys under 18 years of age), handicap	8/-	5/-	3/-	
5.—3.15.—440 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over), handicap	...	10/-	6/-	4/-
6.—3.20.—Sack Race, 25 Yards (Ladies)	...	4/-	2/-	1/-
7.—3.30.—100 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age), handicap	5/-	3/-	2/-	
8.—3.40.—High Jump	...	5/-	2/6	
9.—3.50.—Three-Legged Race, 50 Yards (Ladies)	...	3/- each	2/- each	1/- each
10.—3.55.—Sack Race (50 Yards Men)	...	5/-	3/-	2/-
11.—4. 5.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War Preliminary Pulls (8 Men, aggregate weight 100 stone)	...			
12.—4.30.—100 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over), handicap	...	7/6	5/-	2/6
13.—4.40.—220 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age), handicap	6/-	4/-	2/-	
14.—4.50.—Veterans' Race, for Silver Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories, 100 Yards, handicap	...	5/-	3/-	2/-
15.—4.55.—Veterans' Race, for Gold Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories, 50 Yards, scratch	...	5/-	3/-	2/-
16.—5. 0.—Half-Mile Race (Men, 18 years of age and over), handicap	...	12/6	7/6	4/-
INTERVAL.				
17.—5.50.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War (10 Men, aggregate weight 110st.). Departments may enter more than one Team.				
18.—6. 0.—Long Jump	...	5/-	2/6	
19.—6.10.—100 Yards Race (Ladies) handicap	...	5/-	3/-	2/-
20.—6.20.—Egg and Spoon Race on Cycles (Men)	...	4/-	3/-	2/-
21.—6.25.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War (Final)	...			President's Cup.
22.—6.40.—Inter-Factory Relay Race	...	5/- each	3/- each	
23.—6.50.—Musical Chairs on Cycles (Men)	...	5/-	2/6	
24.—7. 0.—Mile Cycle Race (Men, 18 years of age and over), handicap	...	10/-	6/-	4/-
25.—7.10.—Egg and Spoon Race on Cycles (Ladies)	...	4/-	3/-	2/-
26.—7.20.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War (Final) Challenge Cup & 22/-		11/-		

CONDITIONS.

All Entries should reach the Hon. Secretaries on or before **August 8th**, after which date no Entries will be accepted. Coaches of Tug-of-War Teams should make arrangements with Messrs. G. R. ASHMAN and W. PRIOR as to weighing of Teams not later than **14th AUGUST**.

Entries will be taken on the Field for Events Nos. 14 and 15.

All Competitors must be Members of Carnival and Flower Show Section of H.W.A., excepting Events Nos. 11, 14, 15, and 22. Entrance to all Competitions Free.

No Second Prize if less than 4 Runners. No Third Prize if less than 6 Runners.

RELAY RACES.—Team to consist of 4 members from Departments as grouped. Distance $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile. Each Competitor to run 110 yards. Departments may enter as many Teams as possible.

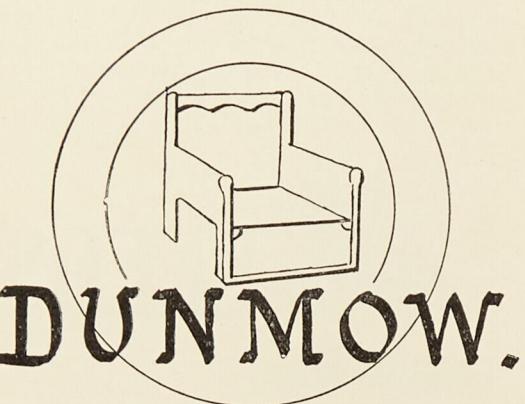
It is a condition of entry that all Competitors wear the distinguishing Numbers allotted to them.

VETERANS' RACES.—Three Prizes if 6 Runners; 2 Prizes if 4 Runners.

TUGS-OF-WAR.—Ordinary boots (no studs allowed).

Hon. Secretaries:—G. R. ASHMAN, A. MCLEAN, R. B. SWAFFIELD.

Friends Elsewhere.



We notice from the "Western Morning News and Daily Gazette," dated June 2nd, that our bacon has again been received in society.

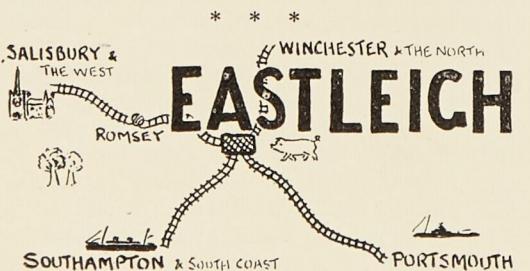
The occasion was the Golden Wedding celebration of Lord and Lady Clinton, and a Flitch was presented bearing the Dunmow stamp.

Lord and Lady Clinton's daughter, Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon, is sister-in-law to the Duchess of York.

We are interested to read this and pleased to know that our bacon was selected for the appropriate gift.

We are pleased to welcome as our London representative, Mr. V. M. Sturgess, F.G.I., and Mr. S. L. Hall as a representative on one of our Home Counties districts. We wish both of these gentlemen a very happy and successful run with us in their various spheres.

We are sorry that Mr. William Gladstone Spurgeon, of our factory staff, is still away. He has been away sick for many weeks, and we are hoping that we shall soon have him back, restored to complete health.



We are pleased to welcome Fred Gallop back to work this month, after a long period

of illness, from which we are glad to say he has fully recovered.

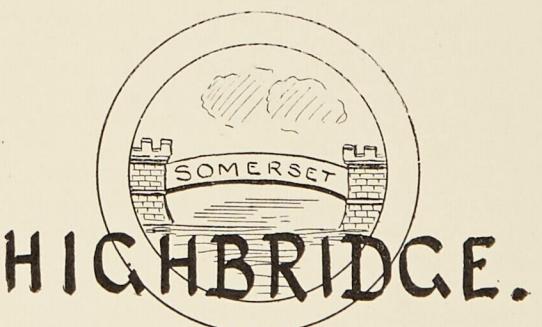
We are sorry that "Paddy" Flynn has been compelled to return to hospital for further treatment. It is our sincere wish that he will make a speedy recovery after his trying illness.

The strawberry season is now in full swing in Hampshire, week commencing June 15th being the opening of the official picking season. It is of considerable interest to watch the special trains which convey the fruit to the various parts of the country. Two special trains run from Botley, Eastleigh, and district to London daily. Each train comprises at least twenty trucks which carry anything from 3,000 to 4,000 baskets of fruit each. The latest addition to these trains is the container, which is similar to an over-size in furniture vans, which can be dropped on to a railway truck. It is equipped with wire trays which reach from the roof to the floor, and on to which are placed nearly 4,000 baskets of strawberries. The container is conveyed in London to Covent Garden, where the fruit is handled for the first time since the journey from Hampshire commenced.

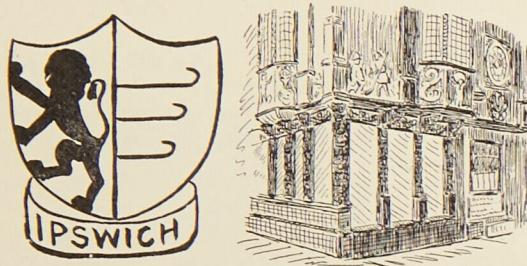
We wish Leslie Drayton every success in the "News of the World" Darts Competition, in London, of which he is the finalist for the Southampton area.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



We extend our sympathy to Mr. W. H. G. Young, jun., who has had to re-enter hospital for an operation to his foot. Our readers wish him a speedy recovery.



June has passed, leaving, very literally, under a cloud. Even the allotment-holders have had enough rain. Some short spells of fine weather were vouchsafed to us, but not nearly enough.

Nothing very exciting has happened to us in East Anglia. The two agricultural Shows—the Royal Norfolk and the Suffolk Show—were, as usual, successful, and our stand at each was a rallying point for those interested in pig production.

Our Factory here stands on ground which is flanked on two sides by railway lines. On one side by the main line to Yarmouth and on the other by the line to Norwich, King's Lynn, Peterborough, and the North. The Yarmouth line runs quite close to the factory, and it is interesting, especially at week-ends, to see the trains go by laden with happy holiday-makers, bound for Lowestoft, Torleston, and Yarmouth. One wishes them fine weather and a good time.

We were glad to welcome back G. Staff (Maintenance Department) after his long illness. A. J. Burrows also returned, but, unhappily, has had to go on the sick-list again. We hope he will soon be recovered. Mrs. Page is still progressing, albeit rather slowly, and we are glad to hear that G. Springett will be able to resume work in a day or so.

We heard a yarn the other day, which has the merit of being true, and which neatly illustrates the mentality of the modern child. A friend of ours, who lives in a London suburb, had just arrived home in his car on a Saturday afternoon, and paused to speak to his neighbour's little girl, aged seven. "Well, Eileen, how are you getting on?" "All right, thank you." "What have you been doing to-day?" "Oh, just playing." "Do you do any motoring?" "No" (regretfully), "I cannot drive yet" !!

We were all sorry to learn of the unfortunate accident which befell Miss N. Goldsmith (Office), who was a victim of a mischance whilst cycling, and sustained a fractured wrist and other minor injuries.



LEEDS

Last month we indulged in a weather forecast at the beginning of our notes. It was a "lucky shot," not scientific prescience. Anyhow we are in the "Nineties" in June, and warm and thundery. We hesitate to forecast for August, but have noticed it is a changeable month, particularly at the beginning and, again, for a short spell in the middle, say 10th to 16th. On the East Coast it is gusty during this short period, with a little moisture, but generally dry; while on the West there is quite frequently a complete breakdown. Many will recall thundery rain as they start off at the beginning of the month, followed by a spell of sunshine for ten days, then another wet period for a few days, followed by better conditions till the end of September. In Scotland old folk remember what are known as the "Lammas Floods." The writer has seen the debris of farms, timber, crops, cattle, sheep, floating down Lock Fyne to the sea after the Lammas rains, about the middle of August. He can recall a terrible night in holiday quarters, at a farm near the foot of Ben Lawers, on Loch Tay. The beds of two mountain torrents flanked the farmstead, one on each side, with great firs and pines all round. When the storm broke and those torrents raged, and the trees and boulders came hurtling down amid the vivid lightning flashes, one felt the awe-inspiring powers of the Almighty. Once also a couple of us lads were marooned on the top of a mountain near Loch Eck. We started to climb in glorious sunshine, but we forgot Lammas day. When the storm broke we could not find the route down, and sheltered till dark amid the fury. Then, in desperation, we came down the mountain torrent, dropping

over waterfalls and plumping into the deep pools and scrambling out again; and, by following the bed of the torrent, reached the road soaking and muddy.

So when you start off your holiday in August don't forget the mackintosh, but go forward hopefully.

News of Leeds itself is not very interesting. We are still in the muddle of re-building our principal railway station, and one wonders how it will fare with the Bank-holiday crowds. Those who buy their tickets in advance will score heavily.

And then, of course, Hedley Verity became the first bowler to reach one hundred wickets this season. We had an opportunity of a word with our friend the other day. He is very fit and should be in excellent form. He is looking forward to a long trip, but you will hear more of this later.

Continuing our notes on the theme of the last month, a Swiss writer visiting Britain has written a fascinating book, called "Bridle Paths." Among other things he notes, Scots people, next to Spaniards, are the most generous race. He feels at home in Scotland, for, he says, like his fellow Swiss, the Scots have migrated to every corner of the world.

He was struck in Scotland by the number of poor farmers who have denied themselves in order to give good education to their children. Many glories of British history would not have been written had not Scotland provided England with some great soldiers, statesmen, and scholars.

Scotland may be famous for its stories, but so is Pudsey, in Yorkshire, the home of Herbert Sutcliffe and Billy Bowes. Many a laugh will be raised at the Yorkshire Dialect Competition, promoted in connection with Pudsey's Carnival Week. "The Yorkshire Evening Post" recounts one or two very good anecdotes which bear repeating.

Just over half a century ago a carrier, by the name of Chick Coddum, used to journey between Leeds and Drighlington daily, driving a donkey and cart. Chick was a well-known character on the road, and he made the journey to Leeds and back by short stages, taking the public-houses as "breathing" places. One night he got a short way when his donkey turned awkward and refused to go another inch. "Eh, by

gum," said Chick, "there's nowt for 't. As'll hev to get in t' shafts missen." He hoisted the donkey on to the cart and got into the harness between the shafts. When he arrived at the cross-roads about midnight a policeman stopped him. "Whear's thi leets?" asked the officer. "Nay," answered Chick, "ask yond chap on t' cart. He's t' driver."

The same character once went to Morley for a pair of new boots. He was long enough getting back home. At last he did arrive and flopped down into a chair dead beat. "Did ta get 'am?" asked his wife. "Aye lass," he said, "but thear's summat wrang wi' 'em. Ah've walked hoam i' 'em, but it's ta'en me all t' day." His wife looked at him, then at his new boots. "Tha gert cawfhead, tha's noan lowsened t' band ar t' back." Chick had put the boots on just as they had been taken out of the box tied together with string.

We are not certain whether dialect yarns are permitted, so we give the following anecdote for those readers who may have had difficulty with the previous samples.

Schoolmaster (to colleague):

Those boys are not very intelligent. When I asked them if they knew the sequel to the story of the prodigal son, one got up and recited: "The father went out to meet his son. And when he came nigh upon him he fell on his neck and slew the fat-headed calf."

I see that at one of the recent conferences one of the experts has been expounding new laws of "good salesmanship"—such things as "The customer is always right," and so on. One of these guides to right conduct is, "Always take the customer's point of view in your conversation." A correspondent of one of our leading papers has been trying to visualise this in action. He presumes something like the following "sales talk" will now take place in the best shops as the Would-be Customer is approached by the Super-Salesman:

W.B.C.: I want a new hat.

S.S.: I should think you do! That's a pretty foul thing you've got on.

W.B.C.: Something in brown, and not too expensive. I can't afford one of those in the window.

S.S.: No, I can well believe that.

W.B.C. (Suspiciously): I believe you

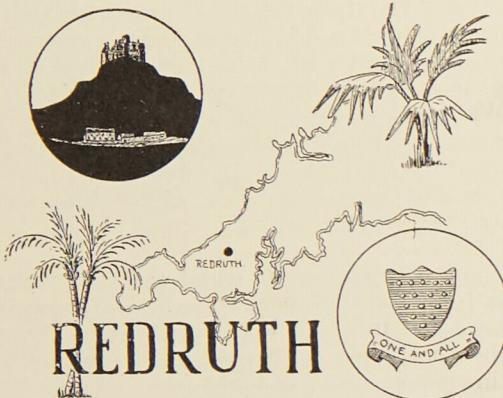
are trying to be rude.

S.S. : And as usual you are perfectly right. Good day, sir, good day. After all, you will be able to get just as good a hat a few doors further down.

It seems to me that conversation on those lines would do much to make for brighter shopping. And think how pleased the customer would be.

However, you may find that the best rule in Salesmanship is—"Do as you would be done by."

* * *



We have been waiting a long time for some summer weather, and at last it has arrived. It decided to come quickly, when it had really made up its mind to come, and, as a result, we are all feeling the heat rather badly. We are not complaining, however, but on the contrary hope it will continue for the benefit of those who are on holiday and have holidays to come.

Through the efforts of the Old Cornwall Society a revival of an ancient Cornish custom was witnessed on Tuesday evening, 23rd June (Mid-summer Eve), when bonfires were lit on the hills from Lands End to the Tamar, at 10 p.m. The spectacle from high points such as Carn Brea (the hill overlooking Redruth) was very interesting, and, in our imagination, we saw our forefathers of three and a half centuries ago blazing out the news of the approach of the Spanish Armada from the Land's End to Plymouth, almost as quickly as the modern telegraph could have done. At any rate, it was quick enough to give Sir Francis Drake time to finish his game of bowls.

By the way, the Municipal Bowling

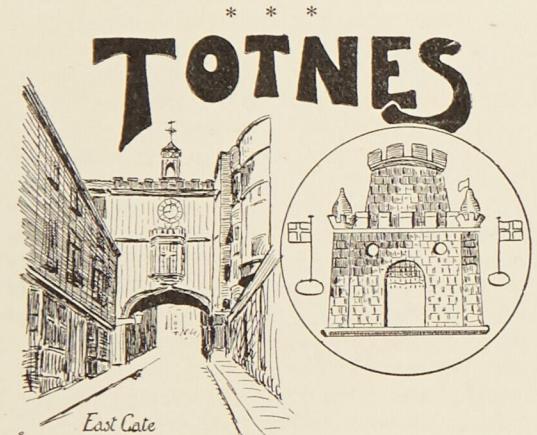
Club here at Redruth is now in its second year, and so great has the enthusiasm for bowls become with young and old that it is one of the largest clubs in the West.

They tell us this bowls is a great game, both exciting and graceful. What a pity our garden is so large !!

Our factory Cricket Team has played one game during the month. This was with North Country, and resulted in a win for the factory by 53 runs to 48.

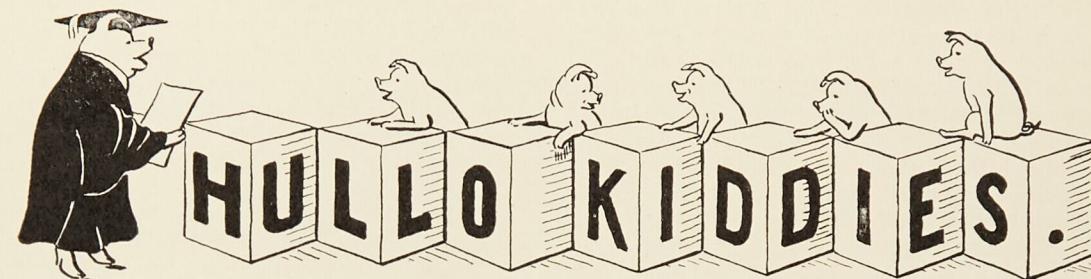
A. Veasy (sick) and Jim Dunstone (injured hand) are still away from work, but both are making satisfactory progress, and we hope to have them with us very soon.

W.B.F.



When the question of our annual outing came up for discussion a considerable diversity of opinion was found to exist as to what form the trip should take, so much so that it seemed doubtful at one time whether an outing would take place at all. But ultimately a decision was reached in favour of a charabanc trip to Weymouth, and this project caught on so well that when we sallied forth on Saturday, June 27th, our party numbered 52, composed of the employees, their wives, and families. At the conclusion of the day it was the general opinion amongst those who took part that it was one of the best outings we had ever had—truly a case of "all's well that ends well," and another instance of a day well spent. The route chosen was via Lyme Regis, and although the costal mist somewhat obscured the lovely scenery, the outward journey was thoroughly enjoyed, and on arrival at our

(Continued on page 166.)



WILD FLOWER COMPETITION.

Up to the time of writing Cynthia is again at the top of the list, so if you want to get ahead of her you will have to work very hard and send in as many new kinds of flowers as you possibly can.

I am pleased to see some new entrants this year and you must not be discouraged even if you do not get the prize—you will find the study of the flowers very interesting in itself.

I see Wills' are issuing a series of cigarette cards with the pictures and names of 50 of our English wild flowers, and they supply a very nice album to contain the set for the price of 1d. This should be a great help to you in learning the names of those you do not know, and if you are still in doubt I shall be pleased to continue to help you if you will make a note of the doubtful ones when you send in your packages.

When this comes into print you will have started your summer holidays. Up to now the summer has proved very disappointing, but we can only hope that the sun is waiting for you to begin your holidays to put on its best smile.

That you will have a very happy and healthful holiday is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate

AUNT SUSIE.

And remember—that the truest happiness comes from serving others !

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM

(Continued).

Her Mother's appearance was only the beginning of Sally's birthday surprises; they kept coming all day in the form of little mysterious packages from the most mysterious sources, and although Sally was still in

very much pain, she declared that she had never had such a happy birthday. Half the joy, of course, was in being able to share the good things with the rest of the Children's Ward and with the old people—for all who were able to leave their beds from the Old Folks' Ward came to her birthday tea, and even some of those who were bed-ridden were wheeled through to have a share in the treat.

After lunch the men-folk of the farm arrived, and their brown, healthy, and cheery faces did much to brighten the sick folk in the hospital. They brought more good things for Sally, and Sam had made her a very elaborate work-box with his fret-work set—one that stood just as high as her bed. It was fitted out with the daintiest of needle cases and pin cushions, and all shades of silks for sewing and fancy work. There were patterns traced on canvas ready for working—pieces of silk and satin and lace for dressing dolls, coloured wools with dainty bone knitting needles, and all that a little girl could wish for for sewing and knitting the prettiest things. Mother had, of course, seen to the fitting out of the workstand, and Teddy had taken nearly all the pennies out of his box to help to buy the wools and silks so that the gift could be from both the boys.

Sally was delighted with all her gifts and almost felt that it was worth while being a little invalid to have so much attention lavished upon her. But when she looked at the boys' faces and sturdy limbs—for they had grown since she last saw them—a big lump came into her throat as she thought that never again would she climb a tree or row a boat, or swim round the buoy in the mornings, and although she tried very hard to keep them back, the tears burst through and in a moment she had thrown her arms around her Mother's neck and was sobbing bitterly.

"I'm afraid our little girl has had too much excitement," said Nurse, "We must let her be quiet for a little while," and she took Teddy's and Sam's hands and led them off with Daddy to look round the other wards.

But Daddy was soon called back again, and standing over Sally's bed, by the side of which Mother and Matron were sitting, were two doctors, the house doctor and a strange one whom Sally had never seen before.

"This is Doctor Bright, Sally," said her own doctor, "and he is going to have a look at you and see if he can do something more than we have done." Then the Matron took Mother and Daddy outside and talked to them while the two doctors gave Sally a thorough examination.

TOTNES.

(Continued from page 164.)

destination, we found all the party ready for the excellent lunch which was served to us, during which Mr. Powney read a telegram from our Chief, conveying his hearty good wishes to the party for a most enjoyable day. After lunch it was found that the mist had settled over the town so that the cameras brought for snapshots had to be put aside and we had to amuse ourselves with other attractions. Quite a number took a boat trip to Portland, whilst some of the staff were noticed endeavouring to emulate the putting prowess of some of the golfing stars,

What a thing to do on her birthday of all days! Sally had thought that at least to-day she would have escaped the probing and torturing of her poor back! But little did she know what was to come, and that this was the biggest birthday surprise of all!

(To be continued).

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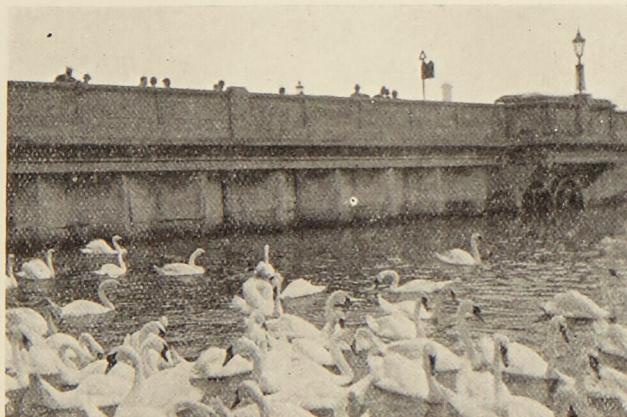
Three Victoria Crosses were recently sold by auction for a sum of £170. All three of them were awarded for acts of bravery during the Crimean War.

* * *

Paper making was first introduced into this country in 1496, some time after Caxton had set up his printing press at Westminster. The first paper was made by John Tate at his mill at Hertford.

whilst others were seen gazing at the donkeys on the sands, and the Punch and Judy show claimed some attention; it is possible that these recalled memories of other happy days of the past. During the return journey there were the usual songsters who kept us all in high spirits, and this year we had the company of our old friend, Mr. F. R. Bibbings, who is always in his element when hilarity is desired. Amongst the younger generation we found some budding crooners, but, after all, the old favourites still seemed to take on better as they go more with a swing, and it was truly a very happy party which arrived back in Totnes near the hour of midnight.

"THE SWANERY AT WEYMOUTH."

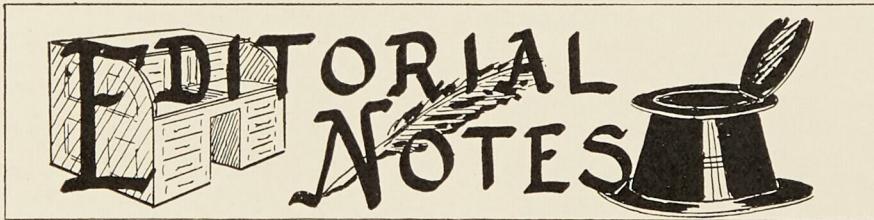


Photograph taken by Mr. J. N. Powney.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. SEPTEMBER, 1936. No. 9.



BEFORE the introduction of Summer Time, September marked the commencement of the autumn season. We now get one more month of summer sport and open-air life, during which shortening evenings remind us of the approach of indoor social life and recreation.

The Club House will have a full autumn and winter season before it, and its facilities will be utilised by members of the H.W.A. to their full capacity. As in other years we again express the hope that some space and time will be found for a course of study or a series of lectures. The organisers of the talks arranged during the last two seasons should feel heartened by the support accorded them, and come forward with a syllabus arranged from October to February.

With regards to the Magazine, which is now in its tenth year, we trust our readers continue to find it a clearing house for social news of all engaged by the House of Harris. We extend our thanks to contributors from the branches and outside staff, without whose help we could not continue. Our support from the parent factory is not so sure, as regular correspondents from it can be counted on the fingers of one hand. With the opening of the autumn season we hope to receive contributions from each department, so as to keep a more even balance between Calne and branch news. To our old contributors we again express our thanks; to new contributors we prefer a hearty welcome to our pages.

Between Ourselves.

IT would be easy on this occasion to write much about the Olympic Games; it would be easier still to write about the ghastly Civil War in Spain. I say ghastly, because anything which is not orderly has in it the element of unwise disruption and chaos.

In the whole of creation, although it may not be apparent to the naked eye, there is, without doubt, an ordered plan of development. Upon such a basis true government is built. Such government has as its objective not only the well-being of its constituents but the encouragement of the peace-making virtues which view war in its true sense and make for an enlightened national conscience.

In the evolution of national life towards a sane democracy, there must be a clashing of various schools of thought. On one hand there may be tradition and custom, which too often create narrow prejudices; on the other hand there may be hasty, cruel ruthlessness, which is not in accord with the true and sure principles of evolution. It is at such points that politics become undignified.

Often a young visionary sees nothing that is good in past history, and as his counterpart he finds a representative of an older order that sees no prospect of good from change. These two are like the proverbial oil and water which can never be made into a solution.

Spain at the moment is facing a crisis in such things as these, whilst over the border Germany, with most of the nations of the world, are, as these words are being written, playing together in the Olympic Games. Is there a connection between these two outstanding events and have they any relation the one to the other in the solution of some of the world troubles? I suggest that there is a relationship which cannot be ignored.

There are some people who play cards so that they may win, and their plan for winning admits of no mistake on the part of their partner.

There are others who play the same game and mean to win, but all their enjoyment is in the fun of the game.

I am suggesting that there was no competitor who entered the Olympic Games

who did not run to win, but some who got the most enjoyment were those who failed because they knew how to be sportsmanlike and unenvious when the other fellow got there first. Briefly, if nations know how to play games together and to obey the rules and the spirit of the games (most of which can never be written on paper) a sporting understanding will grow up that will at least put international disputes a further step away. Then, too, if within the confines of a nation those who rely on the progress of democracy carry on their campaign with humour instead of mud, and with charity instead of bombs, their cause will be destined to a much earlier and a more pleasant victory than if more doubtful methods are employed.

In this country, and in our Empire, our social revolutions have taken the form of scientific and good-humoured evolution. The pace may be slower, but it has certainly been more sure, so the result can be counted on as being more lasting.

We shrink with horror at the stories of rape and pillage, and ruined churches even, though we are not able to judge as to the issues between Government and rebels.

On the whole we hope, and believe, that the English method is still the best. It will be so long as we do not allow it to lead to self-content and conceit and to the continued neglect of social problems that are claiming to be bettered.

SUNDAY, 16th August, 1936.

Yesterday was a great day. Records in flowers, vegetables, jam, cakes, bird and fur exhibits. Records in service of all who thought so well in advance and worked so splendidly in carrying through the great Show and Sports. A record for our youngest factory, at Kidlington, in carrying off the trophy for the Inter-Factory Tug-of-war, and a record in weather, good humour, and good fellowship between the thousands representing our happy connections with so many factories, offices, and salesmen.

A great day of happiness and friendliness, of which we are proud.



Cricket and Weather.

Those of us who took our summer holiday early have not had a very happy experience of our peculiar English climate, and much that I noticed during my holidays makes me think that the farming interest is having a bad crop season. Most of the hay will be damaged or lost, and the severe storms have, all round Herts., flattened out the standing wheat, and so on. But I personally escaped the worst by being away in the Isle of Thanet, for there we did have rather much rain, but some few splendid days, and entirely escaped the two fierce storms which turned the Watford highways into canals. On July 7th, at Sandy Lodge, three miles south of Watford, 3.8ins. of rain fell in half-an-hour, which, I believe, to be a record fall in so short a time for the Home Counties.

English weather has always been uncertain. Shakespeare, who was a countryman, has much to say about our weather. He loved the fine, hot summer days, but experienced the worst summer ever known to England. That was in 1594, and is described in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as follows:—

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath, therefore, stretched his yoke
in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the
green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard:
The folds stand empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain
flock.

Up to date our 1936 summer has been a bad one for outdoor sport. County cricket, in particular, has had a shocking bad season. In the article on "Leisure," my brother makes some remarks about cricket and what an uncle of ours used to say about it. My cricket days came to an end in the summer of 1914, but, looking back on those times, all I can say is that my cricket most decidedly did not hinder my business; quite the reverse, and had I space I could record various incidents to show that it brought business to me. Perhaps in those days things were different. Now business depends much more

than it used to do on sheer organisation and advertisement, and much less on personality.

But for all that I still would hold the opinion expressed by a most famous commercial traveller of the old school—a certain George Moore, who made a fortune on the road. His advice is that it is a good plan to find out what your customer's views are on life in general and to get at him through his soft (but why soft?) spot. Even this year, on my holiday, the first man I spoke to at the Herne Bay Bowling Club was a member of our Grocers' Institute.

Still, the summer at time of writing has two months for repentance. Let us hope that our Flower Show in August may be graced by the benevolent efforts of Old Sol and that during the second half we may experience a touch of what Shakespeare called "glorious summer."

R.E.H.

* * *

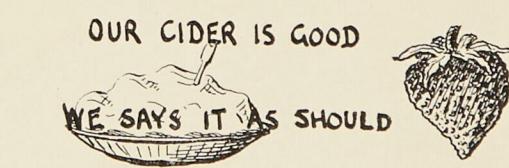
"Well," said the dentist cheerily, as he entered the waiting-room, "who has been waiting the longest?"

"I have," said the tailor as he presented his bill.—*Boston Transcript*.

BRANCH' IMERICK.



SAYS TOTNES WE'RE SHY AND RETIRING,
BUT BOAST THAT OUR COUNTY'S INSPIRING.



OUR CIDER IS GOOD
WE SAY IT AS SHOULD
AND OUR CREAM WILL SAVE YOU
EXPIRING.

Savings Scheme.

At a recent meeting the Committee were reviewing operations during the first half of 1936 and some interesting facts emerged. In January of this year there was a record number of new accounts opened to receive bonus for last year, and at the end of June over 80 per cent. of these accounts remained open.

The easy means of saving afforded by the Small Deposit Cards is increasingly popular at Calne, where the total of £356 2s. 7d. for the half year showed an increase of 20 per cent. over last year. These cards are not used to the same extent at the branches, and their total for the six months was slightly below the corresponding figure for 1935.

Retiring employees and widows of deceased depositors had been allowed to continue their accounts—an assistance which is much appreciated in such circumstances.

The Committee also considered afresh the disposal of surplus funds, but the position is still very difficult. Any investment at present in gilt-edged securities would result in an immediate reduction in rate of interest to depositors, and an eventual loss of capital. It was, therefore, unanimously agreed that as long as the Company was

willing to keep it the deposit be allowed to remain with them, and the Committee again expressed their appreciation of the Company's assistance in this matter.

In view of the fact that the Company have deposited with the Chairman of the Scheme Debentures (representing a first charge on their large assets) to the full value of the deposit, the security is practically equal to that of a gilt-edged investment.

* * *

SIMPLE!

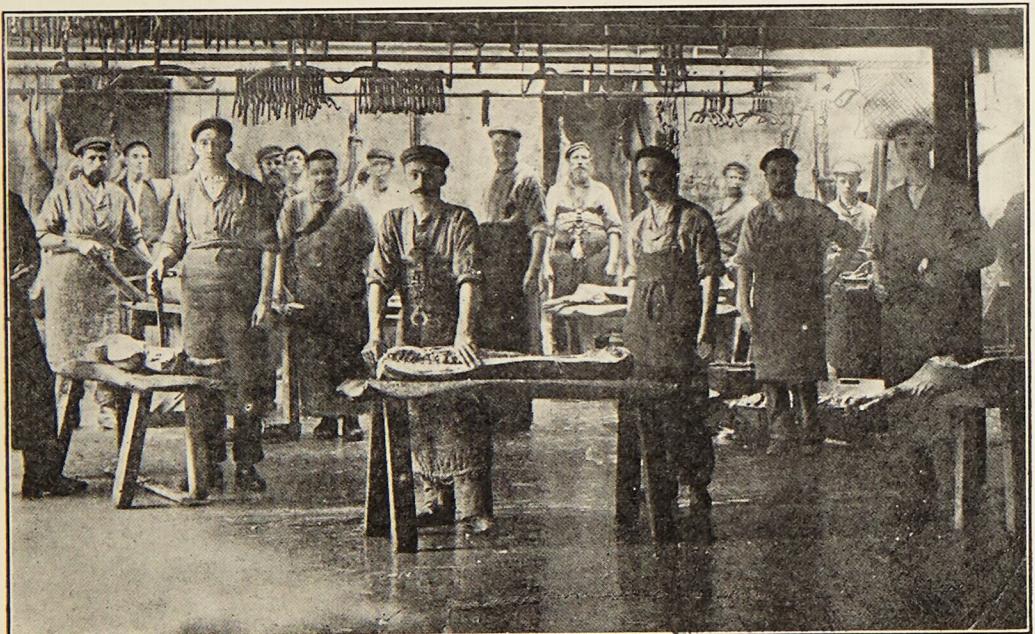
Patient: "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?

Doctor: By cheque, postal order, or cash.

* * *

A Further Link with the Past.

The photograph reproduced below was taken in the Old Slaughter Department, at the No. 1 Factory, the period being approximately 35 years ago. It represents the cutting gang, and reading from left to right the following employees are in the group:—Joe Cole, Edward Cue, H. Archard, J. Garraway, H. Boaze, L. Goddard, T. Sumbler, W. Burchell, Harry Bennett, John Cleverly, E. Newth, F. Butler, C. Smart and H. Cole.



THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SUMMER SHOW OF THE HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

A VERY successful series of events took place on Saturday, the 15th of August, to mark the 14th Annual Flower Show and Sports arranged by the Harris Welfare Association.

A record number of entries, and the large crowds who made their way to the Recreation-ground, proved that this annual event is as popular as ever, both with the members of the society and the general public.

Very early in the day members of various branches began to arrive, and subsequently made organised tours of the Calne Factories. They afterwards met for lunch, together with the officials and helpers of the Flower Show, at the invitation of the President of the Harris Welfare Association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P. He was supported by R. P. Redman, Esq.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, the President welcomed the visitors to Calne, and expressions of thanks were made by Messrs. W. V. Long (Chippenham), G. Coles (London), H. Ludgate (Ipswich), G. Taylor (Eastleigh), F. Gale (Kidlington), C. B. Shier (Highbridge), and R. E. Harris, representing the travelling staff. Messages were received from the other Factories and Mr. Dodds.

Mr. Petherick, speaking on behalf of the Calne Factory, invited the company to drink the health of the President. The toast was received with musical honours, and in reply, Mr. Bodinnar expressed the great pleasure it gave him to see so many of his friends gathered together at this function. Concluding his speech, he referred to the position of the Bacon-curing Industry, and appealed for the whole-hearted co-operation of every employee.

After the lunch, the Carnival Queen (Miss K. Salter) and her attendants proceeded in procession from the Town Hall to the Recreation-ground, accompanied by the Calne Town Band, and several departmental jazz bands.

A huge crowd surged into the ground with the procession, and the gate stewards had an exciting few minutes trying to collect cash and admission tickets.

In spite of the trying season which gardeners have experienced, the quality of the fruit, flowers, and vegetables staged was

of an unusually high standard, and earned the commendation of the judges, Messrs. J. Knight, J. Green, J. Harris, and S. Spink.

The display of flowers was a special feature of the Show, and the table decorations were, as usual, a popular and charming feature. A model landscape garden, designed by Mr. F. Gale, attracted considerable attention.

The judges in the Arts and Crafts Section were Mrs. Bodinnar, Miss Bodinnar, Mrs. Redman, and Sister Gowan, who had a hard task in discriminating between the merits of garments, rugs, paintings, and the many other entries. There is a welcome increase of interest shown in this section of the Show, which will soon require a marquee of its own to house the many excellent exhibits which skilful hands have designed and made. The increase of entries in the jam and cake section was not so marked, but a little propaganda work by the committee should bring these classes next year into line with the more popular gardening classes.

The Fur and Feather Show, which made its second appearance this year, was an unqualified success. The entries were far in excess of those made at the last Show, and in the opinion of the judges, Messrs. F. Crofts, J. Freeth, and C. J. Spink, if the standard of quality of the entries is maintained, it should prove an increasing source of strength to future Shows.

A comprehensive sports programme was carried out with marked efficiency under the guidance of a splendid body of judges, starters, and officials. The chief event of the day was the Inter-factory Tug-of-war, for which several branches had entered teams, Kidlington carrying off the cup as the result of a great struggle with Chippenham.

Mrs. Bodinnar presented the prizes to the successful competitors, after which cheers were given for Mrs. Bodinnar and the President.

During the afternoon and evening two popular entertainments were given by Mrs. Cull's Diamond Girls, and an excellent programme of music was rendered by the Calne Town Prize Band, under the conductorship of Mr. W. Buckley. A dance at the Town Hall wound up a happy day.

The many side-shows, competitions, and novelties enabled one and all to spend a happy and care-free afternoon and evening, and did much to contribute to the success of the fourteenth Summer Show of the H.W.A.

During the day the annual bowls contest

for the Roland Harris spoons was held, resulting in a win for Calne.

A full list of prize-winners, sports and competition results, is given below.

SECTION 1 (FRUIT).

Class 1.—Apples, dessert—1, W. Hill; 2, W. J. Young; 3, W. Haines.

Class 2.—Ditto, cooking—1, P. A. Biffen; 2, W. J. Young; 3, H. H. Duck.

Class 3.—Plums—1, H. H. Duck; 2, W. J. Young; 3, A. J. Williams.

Class 4.—Gooseberries—1, W. Haines.

Class 5.—Currants—1, L. A. H. Ambrose; 2, S. A. Duck.

Class 6.—Any fruit not in schedule—1, Henry Hill.

Class 7.—Loganberries—1, W. Bennett.

SECTION 2 (VEGETABLES).

Class 8.—Collection of vegetables—1, H. H. Duck; 2, G. Phelps.

Class 9.—Green peas—1, F. W. Webb; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, W. Burchell.

Class 10.—French beans—1, G. H. Dolman; 2, F. Rutty; 3, W. J. Angell.

Class 11.—Carrots, long—1, Fred Butler; 2, H. Stone; 3, A. W. Garraway.

Class 12.—Ditto, short—1, G. Phelps; 2, W. Prior; 3, E. Wood.

Class 13.—Potatoes, round, white—1, E. F. Partridge; 2, W. H. Weston; 3, F. W. Webb; 4, A. J. Williams.

Class 14.—Ditto, round, excluding white—1, A. J. Williams; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, H. G. Angell.

Class 15.—Vegetable marrows—1, H. Lockyer; 2, F. Rutty; 3, R. Stone.

Class 16.—Cabbages, cooking—1, A. J. Williams; 2, A. Winter; 3, W. Winter.

Class 17.—Ditto, pickling—1, Fred Rutty.

Class 18.—Turnips—1, P. Coleman; 2, A. J. Williams; 3, G. Phelps.

Class 19.—Beetroot, long—1, A. H. Haines; 2, R. Stone; 3, W. Winter.

Class 20.—Ditto, short—1, F. W. Summers; 2, H. H. Duck; 3, G. Phelps.

Class 21.—Onions—1, A. H. Gale; 2, Fred Butler; 3, A. H. Haines; 4, G. H. Dolman.

Class 22.—Collection of potatoes—1, E. F. Partridge; 2, R. Stone; 3, G. Phelps; 4, L. A. H. Ambrose.

Class 23.—Broad or long pod beans—1,

L. A. H. Ambrose; 2, F. Rutty; 3, W. Haines.

Class 24.—Eschalots—1, G. Phelps; 2, R. Stone; 3, P. A. Biffen.

Class 25.—Parsnips—1, R. Stone; 2, W. Winter; 3, A. Winter.

Class 26.—Lettuce—1, A. Puffett; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, W. Bennett.

Class 27.—Cauliflower—1, G. Phelps; 2, A. Winter; 3, W. Winter.

Class 28.—Rhubarb—1, H. F. Woodman; 2, W. Haines; 3, Mrs. W. J. Turner.

Class 29.—Any vegetable not in schedule—1, G. Phelps; 2, A. J. Williams; 3, W. Hill.

Class 30.—Kidney potatoes, white—1, L. A. H. Ambrose; 2, W. H. Weston; 3, Henry Hill; 4, James Tucker.

Class 31.—Ditto, excluding white—1, W. Hill; 2, A. H. Haines; 3, W. Haines; 4, G. Phelps.

Class 32.—Celery—1, G. Phelps; 2, A. J. Williams; 3, R. Stone.

Class 33.—Nine potatoes, by weight—1, James Tucker; 2, G. H. Dolman; 3, W. Hill.

Class 34.—Ridge cucumbers—1, F. Bowyer.

Class 35.—Marrow, by weight—1, G. Phelps; 2, E. Stone; 3, W. Haines.

SECTION 3 (FLOWERS).

Class 36.—Cut flowers, six varieties—1, W. Winter; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, Henry Hill.

Class 37.—Sweet peas—1, W. J. Angell; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, James Tucker; 4, F. W. Webb.

Class 38.—Nosegay of sweet peas—1, W. J. Angell; 2, James Tucker; 3, A. A. Puffett; 4, F. W. Webb.

Class 39.—Nosegay of garden flowers—1, Miss F. Winter; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, W. J. Angell.

Class 40.—Cut flowers, four varieties—1, F. W. Summers; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, A. W. Garraway.

Class 41.—Gladioli—1, T. Kirton; 2, T. W. Summers; 3, W. J. Angell.

Class 42.—Nosegay of roses—1, P. Coleman; 2, F. W. Summers.

Class 43.—Asters—1, G. Phelps; 2, G. H. Hudson; 3, R. Wood.

Class 44.—Stocks—1, W. Winter.

Class 45.—Antirrhinums—1, H. H. Duck; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, G. H. Hudson.

Class 46.—Specimen plant—1, W.

Winter; 2, Miss F. Winter; 3, P. Cainey.

Class 47.—Table decoration (member or wife or daughter)—1, F. W. Summers; 2, Mrs. M. E. Smith; 3, J. Ruddle; 4, Mrs. A. G. Johnson.

Class 48.—Ditto, wild flowers—1, Henry Bull; 2, Mrs. A. G. Johnson.

Class 49.—Nosegay of wild flowers (member's children)—1, Miss K. Summers; 2, S. I. Scull; 3, Reggie Tucker; 4, Eric Cousins.

Class 50.—Miniature rock garden—No entries.

Class 51.—Display of garden and/or wild flowers—1, F. W. Summers; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, W. Winter.

Class 52.—Dahlias—1, F. W. Summers; 2, Miss M. G. Giddings; 3, M. J. Holley.

SECTION 4 (A).

(Open to lady members of Carnival and Flower Show Section).

Class 53.—Jam—1, Mrs. Sewell; 2, Mrs. M. E. Smith; 3, Miss E. A. Bowyer; 4, Miss B. E. Partridge.

Class 54.—Jelly—1, Mrs. Sewell.

Class 55.—Marmalade—1, Mrs. Sewell.

Class 56.—Sponge sandwich—1, Miss M. G. Giddings; 2, Mrs. Sewell; 3, Miss B. Trembling; 4, Miss Weston.

Class 57.—Wild flowers and grasses—1, Miss M. Weston.

SECTION 4 (B).

(Open to wives and mothers of members).

Class 58.—Jam—1, Mrs. S. Stephens; 2, Mrs. B. Evans; 3, Mrs. Hart; 4, Mrs. T. Bowyer.

Class 59.—Jelly—1, Mrs. J. Tucker; 2, Mrs. A. G. Johnson; 3, Mrs. Hart; 4, Mrs. W. J. Turner.

Class 60.—Marmalade—1, Mrs. Weston; 2, Mrs. A. Puffett; 3, Mrs. Hart.

Class 61.—Fruit cake—1, Mrs. G. Carter; 2, Mrs. Weston; 3, Mrs. Partridge; 4, Mrs. B. Evans.

Class 62.—Cooked potatoes—1, Mrs. A. G. Johnson; 2, Mrs. F. W. Webb; 3, Mrs. W. J. Turner; 4, Mrs. Lockyer.

Class 63.—Window plants—1, Mrs. W. Winter; 2, Mrs. A. Sage; 3, H. F. Woodman.

INDUSTRIAL SECTION

Class 1.—Hand-made garment—1, Mrs. I. J. Taylor; 2, Mrs. F. Rubery; 3, Miss B. E. Partridge.

Class 2.—Hand-made pyjamas and case—No awards.

Class 3.—Machine-made garment—1, Mrs. I. J. Taylor.

Class 4.—Darned socks or stockings—1, Mrs. A. Tucker; 2, Mrs. Sewell; 3, Mrs. B. Evans.

Class 5.—Hand-made dress or coat for baby—1, Miss F. Winter; 2, Mrs. H. Bull; 3, Mrs. J. Cousins; 4, Mrs. C. Ashman.

Class 6.—Article from old garment—1, Mrs. J. Cousins; 2, Mrs. F. E. Garraway; 3, Mrs. I. J. Taylor; 4, Mrs. Sewell.

Class 7.—Cushion cover—1, F. Rivers; 2, Mrs. Barton; 3, Miss M. Hewitt; 4, Miss J. Ellery.

Class 8.—Men's socks—1, Mrs. A. Puffett; 2, Mrs. L. G. Cleverly; 3, J. E. Dean.

Class 9.—Adult's jumper or pullover—1, Mrs. C. Ashman; 2, Miss Joyce Thomson; 3, Miss M. Garraway; 4, Miss M. Weston.

Class 11.—Painting—1, K. E. J. Rutty; 2, C. Haines.

Class 12.—Metal work—No awards.

Class 13.—Woodwork—1, P. Cainey; 2, Miss G. Cleverly.

Class 14.—Wool rug—1, G. H. Hudson; 2, Mrs. J. Bromham; 3, Mrs. J. L. Church; 4, Mr. W. J. Angell.

Class 15.—Article not included in above classes—1, Mrs. Phelps; 2, Mrs. Joe Haines; 3, Miss L. G. Cleverly; 4, F. Rivers.

FUR AND FEATHER SECTION.

Class 1.—Heavy male bird, adult—1, A. J. Drew; 2, W. J. Turner; 3, H. Woodman.

Class 2.—Heavy male bird, bred 1936—1, B. Brown; 2, H. F. Woodman; 3, A. H. Gale.

Class 3.—Heavy female bird, adult—1, H. F. Woodman; 2, S. T. Scull; 3, A. J. Drew.

Class 4.—Heavy female bird, bred 1936—1, G. H. Dolman; 2, W. Hill; 3, H. F. Woodman.

Class 5.—Light male bird, adult—1, Walter Angell; 2, Hy. Hill.

Class 6.—Light male bird, bred 1936—1, Hy. Hill.

Class 7.—Light female bird, adult—1, G. H. Dolman; 2, G. H. Dolman; 3, Walter Angell.

Class 8.—Light female bird, bred 1936—1, Hy. Hill.

Class 9.—Bantams, any variety—1, Walter Pullen; 2, P. G. Davis; 3, Leo. Duck.

Class 10.—Duck or drake, any variety—1, H. H. Duck ; 2, Leo. Duck ; 3, H. H. Duck.

Class 11.—Pigeons, male—1, F. W. Webb ; 2, F. I. Nash.

Class 12.—Pigeons, female—1, F. I. Nash.

Class 13.—Pigeons, homers, male—1, W. J. Young ; 2, A. T. Lew ; 3, W. J. Young.

Class 14.—Pigeons, homers, female—1, W. J. Young ; 2, A. T. Lew ; 3, W. J. Young.

Class 15.—Cage bird—1, H. Mennell ; 2, G. Cleverly ; 3, E. M. Sewell.

Class 16.—Table bird, bred 1936—1, A. Puffett.

Class 17.—Rabbit—1, equal, S. Duck and B. A. Webb ; 2, J. Plucknett ; 3, J. Plucknett.

Class 18.—Children's Pet—1, Douglas Smart ; 2, D. A. Biffen ; 3, A. G. Little and H. H. Duck.

Class 19.—Any exhibit by wife of member—1, Mrs. Walter Angell ; 2, Mrs. A. G. Little ; 3, Mrs. A. Puffett.

Class 20.—Eggs, brown—1, W. Burgess ; 2, H. F. Woodman ; 3, Walter Pullen.

Class 21.—Eggs, white—1, B. Gale ; 2, W. Burgess ; 3, G. H. Dolman

Best bird in Classes 1—8—Silver spoon—Mr. G. Dolman, Traffic Dept.

SPORTS EVENTS.

Departmental relay race, Ladies—1, Office (M. Cleverly, J. Ellery, I. Hunt, B. Newis) ; 2, Kitchen (D. Adams, D. Flay, E. King, M. Slade) ; 3, Sausage (I. Bethell, J. Duck, W. Hunt, B. Webb).

Departmental relay race, Men—1, Office (R. Carpenter, L. Garraway, I. James, W. Penny) ; 2, Slaughter (S. Baker, F. Cleverly, D. Culliford, W. Smith).

Half-mile cycle race, Ladies—1, B. Newis.

Mile cycle race, Boys, under 18 years—1, J. Burgess ; 2, G. Truckle ; 3, V. Read.

440 yards race, Men, 18 years and over—1, J. Mence ; 2, R. Hooper ; 3, E. Yates.

Sack race, Ladies—1, J. Duck ; 2, B. Newis ; 3, M. Slade.

100 yards race, boys, under 18 years—1, F. Cleverly ; 2, R. Hanks.

High jump—1, G. Warne ; 2, R. Carpenter ; 3, R. Hooper.

Three-legged race, Ladies—1, J. Ellery and I. Hunt ; 2, M. Cleverly and B. Newis ; 3, D. Adams and M. Slade.

Sack race, Men—1, G. Warne ; 2, P. Holding ; 3, F. Cleverly.

Tug-of-war (preliminary), Inter-factory—Chippenham beat Calne ; Kidlington beat Highbridge.

100 yards race, Men, 18 years and over—1, G. Warne ; 2, J. Mence ; 3, R. Stanley.

220 yards race, Boys, under 18 years—1, G. Truckle ; 2, F. Cleverly ; 3, R. Hanks.

Veterans' race, Silver Medallists—1, W. Clarke ; 2, R. Stanley ; 3, W. Haines.

Half-mile race, Men, 18 years and over—1, E. Yates ; 2, G. Truckle.

Tug-of-war (preliminary), Inter-departmental—Engineers beat Warehouse ; Slaughter beat Boning.

Long jump—1, E. Yates ; 2, G. Warne ; 3, T. James.

100 yards race, Ladies—1, B. Newis ; 2, J. Duck ; 3, M. Cleverly.

Egg-and-spoon race on cycles, Men—1, J. Burgess ; 2, R. Wood ; 3, G. Warne.

Tug-of-war (final), inter-factory (President's trophy)—Kidlington beat Chippenham.

Tug-of-war (semi-final), Inter-departmental—Slaughter A beat Slaughter B.

Relay race, Inter-factory—1, Calne (R. Carpenter, F. Cleverly, T. James, J. Mence) ; 2, Chippenham (A. Lem, F. Walker, G. Warne, E. Yates).

Musical chairs, on cycles, Men—1, V. Read ; 2, D. Saye.

One mile cycle race, Men, 18 years and over—1, E. Belcher ; 2, A. Pickett ; 3, G. Warne.

Egg-and-spoon race, on cycles, Ladies—1, B. Newis.

Tug-of-war (final), Inter-departmental—Slaughter A beat Engineers.

* * *

Two little London girls, on a visit to Calne, were being teased by the awful Uncle, who crowned his efforts by telling them they were Cockneys. The youngest of the two quite indignantly said, "We are not Cockneys. We are Church of England."

* * *

An Irishwoman remarked to her husband: "You told me you were at the office late." "Yes, my dear," he replied. "Then how is it Mr. Murphy saw you at the races?" "Oh, that was not me, my dear. I saw the fellow there myself, and he was awfully like me."—*Tatler*.

Our French Feature.

SEPTEMBRE—SEPTEMBER.

A baker is "un boulanger," his wife is "une boulangère," and the shop "une boulangerie."

A butcher is "un boucher," his wife is "une bouchère," and the shop "une boucherie."

A grocer is "un épicier," his wife is "une épicière," and the shop "une épicerie."

A pastrycook is "un pâtissier," his wife "une pâtissière," and the shop "une pâtisserie."

A confectioner is "un confiseur," his wife "une confiseuse," and the shop "une confiserie."

A fruiterer is "un fruitier," his wife "une fruitière," and the shop "une fruiterie."

A fishmonger is "un marchand de poisson," and his shop "une poissonnerie."

A wine merchant is "un marchand de vin."

A brewer is "un brasseur."

An innkeeper is "un aubergiste," or "une aubergiste."

A gardener is "un jardinier."

A miller is "un meunier," and his wife "une meunière."

A hairdresser is "un coiffeur."

A hairdresser's saloon is "un salon de coiffure," and you can tell whether it is a ladies' or gents' hairdresser by the following inscriptions:—"Coiffeur pour dames," ladies' hairdresser ; "coiffeur pour messieurs," gents' hairdresser.

A bookseller is "un libraire," and his shop "une librairie."

You buy papers, "chez le marchand ou la marchande de journaux."

A printer is "un imprimeur."

A tailor is "un tailleur."

A cobbler is "un cordonnier."

A milliner is "une modiste."

A dressmaker is "une couturière."

A doctor is "un docteur" or "un médecin."

A chemist is "un pharmacien," and his shop "une pharmacie."

A surgeon is "un chirurgien."

A milkman is "un laitier," and a milk-woman "une laitière."

A schoolmaster is "un maître d'école."

A school-mistress is "une maîtresse d'école."

An engineer is "un ingénieur."

A music seller is "un marchand de musique."

A merchant is "un négociant."

A cook is "un cuisinier" or "une cuisinière."

A carpenter is "un menuisier."

A mason is "un maçon."

A painter is "un peintre."

A book-binder is "un relieur."

You take things to the "teinturier" (dyer) to have them cleaned or dyed.

An ironmonger is "un quincaillier," and his shop "une quincaillerie."

A laundry is "une blanchisserie."

A hosier's business is "une bonneterie."

A tea room is "un salon de thé."

A forwarding agent is "un transitaire."

You buy shoes, "chez le marchand de chaussures."

You buy coal, "chez le marchand de charbon."

A dairy is "une crèmerie."

A dentist is "un dentiste."

An electrician is "un électricien."

An aviator is "un aviateur."

A farmer is "un fermier," and his wife "une fermière."

Leather goods are bought at a "maroquinerie."

A florist is "un" or "une fleuriste."

A photographer is "un photographe."

"Un grand magasin," is a big shop.

"Au bon marché" on a shop means that goods are sold cheap.

Stamps "timbres," tobacco "tabac," cigarettes and matches "allumettes," are bought at "débits de tabac."

A fisherman is "un pêcheur" and a sailor "un marin."

Hotel, restaurant, garage—These three words are pronounced the same in English and in French. They are masculine, therefore "un hôtel" (don't pronounce the "h"), "un restaurant," "un garage."

The owners of these three establishments are called "un hôtelier," or "une hôtelière"; "un restaurateur," or "une restauratrice"; "un garagiste."

(To be continued).

D.G.T.B.

* * *

Bees cover a distance of something like 300,000 miles in collecting one pound of honey.



THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

WALES VISITS CALNE.

On Thursday, 16th July, Calne went very Welsh, when we had some 250 grocers and their friends from the Swansea Valleys to make a tour of the factories.

It was necessary for a very early start to be made, the journey beginning by buses which picked up the various contingents from the upper parts of the Valleys, thence by rail to Bath; Calne being reached in motor-coaches.

Our guests were entertained to luncheon and tea in the Town Hall and Corn Exchange, the number being too large to seat in the one place, but loudspeakers provided a means of communication between the two halls.

Our own guides, both ladies and gentlemen, made a brave show when meeting the guests, and they fulfilled their duties admirably when conducting our friends round the factories.

At the conclusion of the tour a photograph of the whole party was taken and, before proceeding to tea, we were given a reminder of the national heritage of the Welsh people by the whole party bursting into song and rendering a number of hymns. The passing traffic must have been very surprised to hear what was quite a good effort, considering that it was quite spontaneous. The large choir was led by a Minister who had come along with them.

Mr. Redman presided at the luncheon and Mr. Bodinnar travelled down from London in the afternoon and was able to be present and addressed our guests at tea-time, when they sang "Aberystwyth" for him with gusto.

We were very pleased to see all these Welsh friends and to have the opportunity of showing them how Harris products are made, and we were given many assurances of the excellent impression they carried away with them of the way things are done in Calne.

On Wednesday, July 22nd, we received a visit from the Reading and District Grocers' Association. At luncheon our guests were welcomed by Mr. Petherick, who apologised for the absence of our Chief. After a tour of the factories tea was taken at the Lansdowne Arms, when the president, Mr. Juan Roberts, thanked the Directors for the invitation to visit Calne. After a tour of the Woodlands the party left in charabancs, congratulating themselves upon selecting one of the few fine days of this so-called summer.

Upon the next occasion when our friends on the road visit Calne they will find the Sales Department are able to welcome them in new quarters, where we have more room and where our Chief has also found more suitable accommodation. The new Office extension opens out from the old Offices at the same level, and runs alongside the Calne Library.

J.H.G.

ART OF SALESMANSHIP

When a salesman makes a mistake, he loses a sale. That is one reason why salesmanship is a vital and important matter. The old-fashioned salesman was born, not made. At least he said so. But it is always difficult to train a man who is temperamental, and a salesman is often temperamental. He is largely ruled by his feelings. A good salesman never forces himself or his goods upon a customer. He does not try to sell until he knows that he is welcome. He knows that the customer will not appreciate the goods unless the salesman appreciates the customer. He talks with his customer, not *at* him. As far as possible he puts himself in the customer's place. The old way used to be by argument; but the new way is by courtesy and service. Never argue with a customer, unless you make sure that you lose the argument in the

end. The main thing is not to pour out a flood of talk, but to make the sale. The finest point of salesmanship is to make the sale indirectly—to draw the customer on so that he sells himself. When this happens the customer feels that he has been personally obliged, not over-persuaded. He has been changed from a customer to a friend.

The buyer is the man who wants the article more than the price. Therefore, it is the mission of the salesman to develop the *wants* of the people. Salesmen are creators of public opinion; their work is to teach as well as to sell. They build the invisible structures of habit in the minds of the people. And just at this stage in our national affairs there are few things more important than the art of salesmanship.

(Re-printed by kind permission of "The Grocers' Review").

"OWT ABOUT OWT."

ST. HELENS.

St. Helens is probably the largest glass-making centre in the country. Sand enters very largely into the manufacture, and after the process, a very big problem is presented as to how best to dispose of the refuse. This refuse leaves the glass-making plant in a semi-liquid form, and is carried off in long troughs and finally settles down outside the factories, covering acres of valuable land. Many attempts have been made to turn this to commercial use, such as brick-making, &c., without success.

The famous Beecham's Pills are made here also. It is said that the original Beecham stood in St. Helens Market Place and sold his pills from a tray at 1d. per box.

St. Helens is a good town for business, but one is always glad to get away. There is little interest in the Churches, except that one Church is continually in dispute with the Low Church party. This is a controversial matter and our policy is to leave these matters alone.

SPORT.—Rugby football, under Northern Union rules, is very strong. It is a real treat to watch the local "Derbies" with Warrington or Wigan.

WARRINGTON.

The town of many bridges. I don't think it is possible to find a town with so many bridges within a short radius of the

town. All traffic from the North-West going North or South must pass through Warrington to cross the Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal; also other waterways.

The road traffic is indeed a serious problem for Warrington; the town is very old with narrow streets. You can well imagine the problem that faces the local authorities.

Warrington has a variety of industries, chief of which are tanning, milling, soap-making, &c.

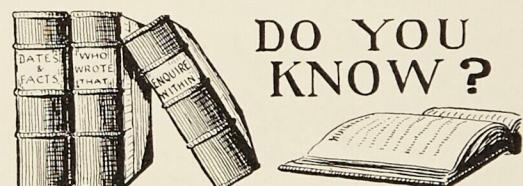
Oliver Cromwell left his mark on the town, and there is a statue to his memory in the High Street.

Warrington, like many other manufacturing towns, we are glad to get away from. It is, however, on the borders of Lancashire and Cheshire, and in a very short time you are away in very delightful country.

A. E. KAY.

DO YOU KNOW?

* * *



- 1.—Who wrote the words of the National Anthem?
- 2.—What ladies' names are associated with the following gentlemen in literature? : —Edwin, Romeo, Launcelot, Orlando, Anthony, Ulysses.
- 3.—Who introduced penny post?
- 4.—(a) Who first officially fixed the year at 365½ days? (b) He arranged a leap year to make up for the fraction, but this was too much by — mins. — secs.? (c) The error amounted in time to 10 days. Who set it right? (d) England did not correct its calendar till 1752, when it amounted to — days? (e) What country refused to correct its calendar? (f) What is a calendar (of John Gilpin)?
- 5.—What is very often called a blanket flower?

* * *

"Your 'ands are dirtier than mine."

"Well, I'm two years older'n you, ain't I?"—Everybody's Weekly.

THE FLOWER SHOW

AND SPORTS, 1936.

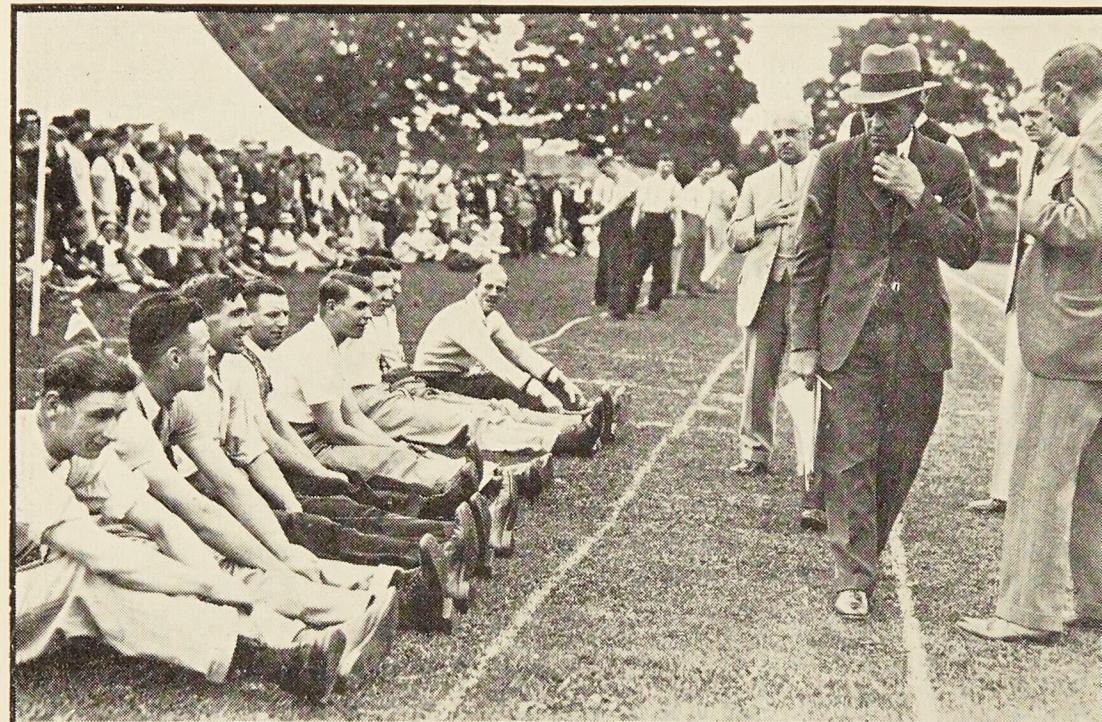


Top:—"The Carnival Queen" and her attendants.

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Wiltshire Gazette."

Bottom:—Kitchen Dept. Jazz Band.

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald."



Top:—Calne Tug-of-War Team undergoing "Boot Inspection."

Bottom:—Section of the crowd watching the sports.

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Bath and Wilts Chronicle and Herald."



Our Portrait Gallery.

SISTER GOWAN.



Sister Gowan has been in charge of the First-aid Department since its inception, nearly 16 years ago. She has been resident in Calne for a number of years, and many homes remember, and are grateful, for the kindly help and encouragement given in the numerous cases she has attended.

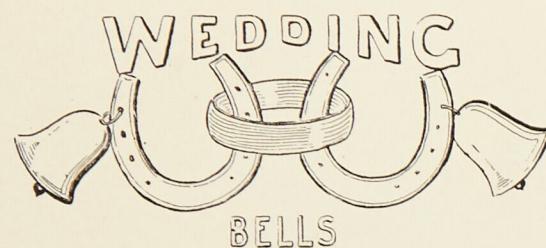
She was Matron of our local War Hospital, and is held in affectionate regard by her patients.

We trust her valuable services will be ours for years to come.

* * *

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW?

- 1.—Henry Carey.
- 2.—Ethelburga, Juliet, Guinevere, Rosalind, Cleopatra, Penelope.
- 3.—Rowland Hill (statue in Kidderminster, Worcester).
- 4.—(a) Julius Caesar, (b) 11mins. 9secs., (c) Pope Gregory XIII., (d) Eleven, (e) Russia, (f), Man who puts the polish on calico.
- 5.—A gaillardia.



At Calne Parish Church on July 18th, Miss Milly Henley was married to Lance-Corporal John Henry Scott, of the 1st Wilts.

The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a gown of blue crepe suede, wreath and veil, and silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. Two bridesmaids attended the bride dressed in rose pink crepe suede, pink crinoline hats, trimmed with pink roses, pink satin shoes, and carried bouquets of pink carnations.

Miss Henley was eighteen years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a canteen of stainless cutlery. The honeymoon was spent in Bournemouth. The happy couple will sail for Bangalore, India, in a short time.

The marriage took place at the Monkton Hill Methodist Church, Chippenham, on Saturday, June 27th, of Mr. M. P. Gibbons and Miss M. E. Humphries, the honeymoon being spent at Weymouth.

Mr. Gibbons has been employed on the Office staff for eight years, and is at present attached to the Costs Office. He was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from his colleagues in the Office.

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

UNKIND.—Two and five are not your lucky numbers—Neither is seven and six.

VERDICT.—Fresh scenes and new faces—Then the verdict was "Guilty."

VERSES.—Wear a sapphire to avert ill luck—Magazine versifiers will require steel armour.

VEST—Your undertakings will be fortunate—Providing you use Lux.

WANT.—Love will come to you in the spring—A bent pin is a sign of an early spring.

* * *

It's easier to provoke indignation than to arouse enthusiasm.



CLUB NOTES.

The "Summer" weather has been extremely disappointing, and, apart from tennis, it has been practically impossible to arrange other outdoor amusement.

Three whist drives were held during the months of June and July, but these were not too well patronised—in fact, the results were discouraging to the Games Committee. The Committee had thought of arranging larger drives and other attractions, but in view of their experience they will refrain from holding any further drives until the darker evenings. It may be that other attractions such as the usual outdoor summer games, garden fetes, flower shows, and such like events meet the needs generally, and that organised functions at the Club House during the summer months are, therefore, somewhat surplus to requirements.

The indoor winter programme will soon receive the attention of the Committee. Any suggestions from members will receive careful consideration and will be appreciated. Please send any such suggestions to the Club Secretary as soon as possible.

A second full-size billiards table has now been obtained and erected. This will prove to be a great boon, as it was very noticeable last winter that one table was not adequate.

The Games Committee will consider the formation of an Inter-Departmental Billiards League, and suggestions on the formation and running of such a League will be helpful.

F.H.A.

LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Good-bye for the Present," by Eleanor Acland.

The sub-title of this book is "The Story of Two Childhoods, 1878-88 and 1913-24,"

and it was written by the late Lady Acland, whose husband, Sir Francis Acland, is M.P. for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire.

The first part of the book is the story of Lady Acland's own childhood. It is a very vivid and natural account of all the little incidents and hopes and fears that impress themselves so deeply on the mind of a sensitive, imaginative child that they are never forgotten. The second part is about the childhood of Ellen, Lady Acland's youngest child, whose life was cut short by a fatal accident soon after her tenth birthday. She was a very sweet-natured and happy child who was greatly missed by her parents and brothers.

Part of the interest of this book lies in the marked difference between the lives and upbringing of the two children. The first child was brought up in the Victorian age, when children lived very restricted lives; and Ellen was brought up in more modern times, when children are allowed much more freedom of thought and action.

WITH THE 1st XI.

The very bad weather conditions which we have been experiencing this summer have spoilt a good many of the matches and the team cannot get going. A summary of the past results are as follows :

June 13th, v. Wills, Swindon.—Cancelled.

June 17th and 18th, v Calne Town.—Lost. Scores, Harris 91; Calne, 188. P. Carter, 4 wickets for 33; F. Nash, 4 wickets for 31.

June 20th, v. Savernake.—Lost. Scores—Harris, 77; Savernake, 163. B. Gough, 36 runs.

June 27th, v. Chippenham 2nd XI.—Lost. Scores—Harris, 61; Chippenham, 79 for 3 wickets. K. Haines, 35 runs.

July 4th, v. G.W.R. Waggon Shop.—Won. Scores—Harris, 102; G.W.R., 53. I. J. Taylor, 6 wickets for 15 runs; B.

Gough, 4 wickets for 12 runs; R. Swaffield, 25 runs; F. Cleverley, 23 runs.

July 8th and 9th, v. Calne.—Match drawn.

July 11th, v. Avon Sports.—! ! !

July 18th, v. Devizes 1st XI.—! ! !

July 25th, v. Wells.—Still more ! ! !

July 29th and 30th, v. Calne Town.—

Lost. Scores—Harris, 72; Calne, 145. P. Carter, 5 wickets for 17 runs; F. Cleverley, 24 runs; R. Swaffield, 19 runs.

August 1st, v. Lacock.—Match drawn.

Scores—Harris, 148 for 7 wickets; Lacock, 54 for 7 wickets; P. Carter, 4 wickets for 12 runs; R. Stevens, 51 runs; R. Swaffield 37 runs; J. Gough, 28 runs. No "0."

The usual all-day match with the Old Colstonians, Bristol, was arranged for August Bank-holiday Monday, and the weather was more favourable than has been in the past. I. J. Taylor winning the toss decided to bat first, but we were soon out after making only 55 runs. Our batsmen failed against the bowling of Treeby, who took 7 wickets for 11 runs. The visitors followed on and were all out soon after lunch for 30 runs. They could do nothing with the bowling of Jack Gough (who was assisting the Club) on a drying wicket, and he had the fine analysis of 5 wickets for only 1 run. R. Parkhouse, also assisting the Club, had 2 for 2 runs.

We did not do very much better in the second innings, being all out for 75 runs, J. Gough and R. Parkhouse each contributing 27 runs. The Bristol team needed 101 runs to win, and when they had scored 70 runs for the loss of three wickets, it seemed that they would pull it off. However, R. B. Swaffield, coming on with his spinners, soon put a different aspect on the game, and the Captain had the pleasure of congratulating him on doing the hat trick in the first over, and he finished up with the analysis of 5 wickets for 5 runs.

WITH THE 2nd XI.

The 2nd XI. have been doing very well this season, having won six games and lost six, and some of those lost have been by very small margins.

The outstanding feature of their games was a not-out century made by their captain, A. Bennett, on Saturday, August 1st. His actual score was 111, made in approximately one hour and twenty minutes, and contained twelve fours. He gave one hard chance,

otherwise his batting was faultless, scoring all round the wicket, and is a record score for the 2nd XI., as it cannot be traced that a century has been scored before.

* * *

FROM AN OLD DIRECTORY.

Melksham.

Two mineral springs, one saline and the other chalybeate, were discovered in the vicinity some years ago; and in 1816 a new saline spa was obtained by boring to a depth of 351½ ft. It was anticipated that Melksham would advance into note in consequence of the medicinal qualities these waters possessed, and every accommodation for visitors was provided, including a pump room, hot and cold baths, a handsome crescent, an agreeable promenade, &c. But with all these inducements success was not commanded.

Cherhill.

On the side of a chalk hill in this parish is the figure of a horse 157 ft. long, cut out of the turf. It was executed under the direction and at the expense of Christopher Allsop, Esq., an eminent physician of Calne. Being situated on the highest land between London and Bath, the horse is visible at a distance of between 20 and 30 miles in almost every direction.

Wootton Bassett.

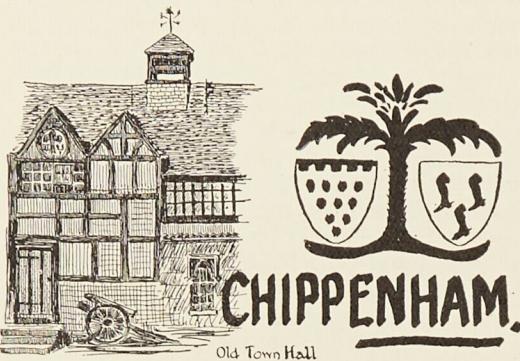
The fairs are held on the Tuesday before the 6th of April, and on the first Tuesday in October, at which there are from 300 to 400 agricultural servants yearly hired. It is supported by subscriptions, and rewards are given to meritorious servants by the committee of the management.

* * *

OBITUARY.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Mary Matilda Smart, who died on July 4th last, at the age of 84. Mrs. Smart was one of the first to come within the ambit of the Old Folks' Scheme, which is so helpful and beneficent to the "elder brethren" of the House of Harris. Her association with the Firm was much, being through the services of a husband, daughter, son-in-law, son, and two grandchildren (the 3 latter are still with us). To the family, and in particular to the daughter, Mrs. Gingell, who herself is one of the "old folk," and who so patiently nursed her mother for many years, we extend our sincerest sympathy.

Friends Elsewhere.



ANNUAL VISIT TO CALNE.

Once again our Chief has been kind enough to extend to all at Chippenham an invitation to visit Calne on Saturday, August 15th, 1936.

It is hardly necessary to say how much this date is being looked forward to by all members of the staff who appreciate the thoughtfulness shown in making it possible for us to participate in this annual gathering.

We have many pleasant recollections of our previous visits to Calne, and we are certain that this visit will be even more enjoyable.

We are hoping this year to have the honour and privilege of bringing the "President's Cup" back to Chippenham. Every effort is being made to accomplish this, and although we would not dare to forecast the result we are most optimistic. We also hope to repeat our successes of other years in the different sections provided in the Sports and Flower Show schedule.

W.H.W.

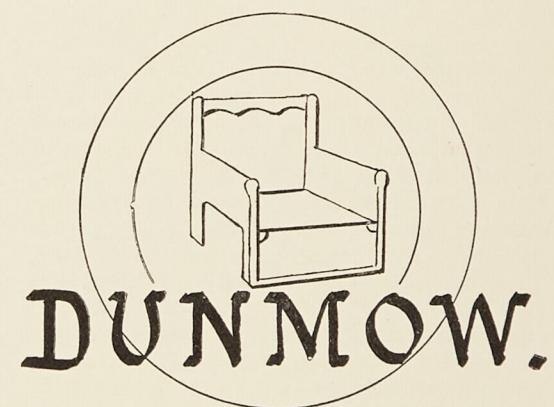
Through the usual generous courtesy of the Firm permission and time were again kindly granted to the factory staff for an outing to be organised for 1936, and, under the auspices of a sub-committee of the Works Council Representatives, arrangements were made for a trip to Weston-Super-Mare on July 18th. Whilst fully appreciating and extorting our best thanks to Mr. Bodinnar, we would also like to thank our Manager, Mr. W. V. Lorg, for the valued assistance rendered on behalf of those who participated in taking advantage of this trip.

The journey was made in conjunction with the Great Western Railway Co., who provided all travel comfort possible, a party

of between 50 and 60, accompanied by Mr. J. G. Hooper (Works Manager), leaving Chippenham at 8.12 a.m. The spirit of the staff ran high with hopes of a glorious sunny day, but, unfortunately, the meteorological conditions persisted otherwise throughout. Arriving at Weston-super-Mare at 10.12 a.m. gave the party a period of ten hours to leisurely spend their time—many taking advantage of the sheltered entertainments available, whilst others preferred to make the promenade their rendezvous to bear patience for the arrival of King Sol.

As night follows day, so the end of another outing arrived with the harmonious spirit still being displayed on the homeward journey.

J.G.H.



Four of us are looking forward to going down to the Calne Flower Show, in response to the invitation kindly given. We are hoping that the weather will be kind to all concerned.

Then on the 22nd August our men are going on an outing to Margate. They are wanting a fine day for that also. Margate is a long way from Dunmow, but the ride by bus across London and Kent seems to have its attractions.

One of our staff, namely Miss P. M. Young, is looking forward to being married on the 29th August, in the Congregational Church, Dunmow. The lucky young man is Mr. A. Salmon. We say lucky in all truth and sincerity. We are very sorry to lose Miss Young, and we wish the couple a very long and happy life.

We may add something regarding all these happenings in a later issue.

May-be our friends elsewhere will be interested to know that a Football Club is in being at our branch, under the name of "Dunmow Flitch Athletic." The team is entered in the Braintree and District League, and is looking forward to a successful season. The captain is Mr. G. Banks, and the vice-captain Mr. J. Cloughley. We wish them much success in their matches, and a lot of fun in their practice games.

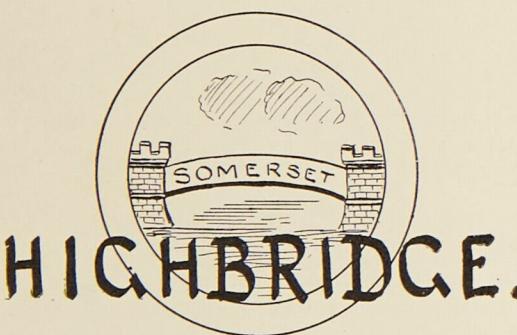
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At the time of writing preparations are being made for the annual visit to Calne in connection with the Harris Flower Show. This event is looked forward to with increasing pleasure each year.

The news that "Tommy" Green, the Eastleigh road-walking champion at the Olympic Games in 1932, has definitely decided to retire from first class competitive walking is causing much regret locally. In his remarkable career Mr. Green has broken more records and won more races than practically any other athlete in the world, and is acknowledged to be the finest walker ever produced.

* * *



We are very sorry to report this month the illness of Mr. W. J. Pople, which has necessitated his detention in hospital. Mr. Pople was on holiday when he was suddenly taken ill and had to return home, when his

doctor advised hospital treatment. His many friends will be glad to hear that he is progressing, and those of us at Highbridge who know him so well wish him a speedy recovery and return to normal health and strength.

We must also extend our sympathy to Mr. W. H. G. Young, jnr., who has again had to enter hospital, and we wish him quick recovery from what has been a very tedious time.

We are glad to see Mr. E. Hooper about again after his operation.

On Saturday, 25th July, a number of us took part in a charabanc afternoon and evening trip to Lynton and Lynmouth, via Minehead, and back across Exmoor, and fortunately the weather held good for the greater part of our journey. At any rate, in this respect we were fortunate after the terrible weather we have been experiencing. We arrived home at 11.30 p.m., after a very enjoyable afternoon and evening.

R.C.L.

SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

We are sorry to relate that our members of the Welfare Association who have sporty instincts have not seen their way to back up the Committee in their attempt to run a football team again for the ensuing season. It is a great pity that this apathy is present, especially when the Committee have voluntarily offered to take over the financial responsibility, thereby lifting the yoke off the shoulders of the Football Committee. It appears that the football-minded of our members are wanting in effort and enthusiasm. If the players would only show half as much interest as the officials have done during the past two seasons, we should have a good team.

After a personal appeal to all interested in this sport, and having a general meeting, it was decided to abandon the idea of having a football team. The footballers amongst us had the chance of a lifetime to run a decent team.

SKITTLES.

We are pleased to report that the skittlers have amongst them many enthusiastic members who really enjoy having a "chuck up," and we are glad to say that

from the dozen or so who have indicated their intention of being active members during the coning season, there will be some very enjoyable evenings spent during the dull winter months.

There are still some of our members remaining outside the fold. From our correspondent's knowledge there are enough of us to run two League teams, and also have very competitive inter-departmental teams.

Just one more appeal through the "mag." Come along, you fellows, and be one of us. Don't spoil your own happiness and pleasure by remaining outside. Let's have the real team spirit.

C.B.S.

ANNUAL FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SHOW AND SPORTS.

The annual Show and Sports, organised by the Committee of the Welfare Association, was held on Saturday, the 8th August, in the Factory grounds. We were very fortunate indeed with the weather, as, having had such un-summerlike weather for so long, we were beginning to despair of a fine day for our event, but the gods were kind, and it was ideal. We received from our Chief a telegram conveying his best wishes for our effort, and once again evidencing his usual thought and interest in our play as well as work.

The attendance was better than last year, but it could still be increased if all our members took more interest. The Committee fully realise their limitation in providing amusement for all, but if it was borne in mind that the success of any organisation only measures in strength the support the officials receive from the ordinary member, much more could be done.

The Flower, Vegetable and Produce Exhibition itself was excellent, a total entry of 180 being made, which is a very large increase on last year. The quality of the exhibits themselves also showed great improvement, and altogether was a very creditable exhibition of twenty-four members who staged entries. Of course, our old "pro," Ted. Cann, gave most of his competitors something to think about; but it looks as if some of the novices will be making Ted look up in a year or two.

A nice programme of Sports was held during the afternoon and evening, and, with

a few side-shows, passed a very pleasant time for those who attended.

Mrs. Walter Young and her willing helpers, Mesdames J. Norris, L. King, H. D. Smith, and Miss P. Holley, served an excellent tea to the company during the afternoon, which was enjoyed by all, and we must once again acknowledge with sincere thanks their hardworking efforts for our pleasure. We should be lost without them.

We should also like to thank those members who are not on the committee who assisted us, among them Mrs. V. C. M. Major, Misses M. Sansom and V. Gordon, who ran the Doll Competition and helped with the Side Shows; and last, but not least, Mr. Bob Gibbs, who spent the whole time "sticking up" at skittles, an arduous job on a hot afternoon. Their help was much appreciated.

Mrs. Creswell Davis, of Highbridge, very kindly judged the ladies' entries, and Mr. Day, of Berrow, the vegetables and flowers, and to both our thanks are given.

Finally, we thank all the members who supported us, hope they had an enjoyable time, and ask for their continued support.

The list of winners in the Vegetable, Flower, and Produce Exhibition is given below:

Class 1.—Five potatoes, kidney,—1, W. J. Young; 2, H. D. Smith; 3, A. G. Kidley.

Class 2.—Five Potatoes, round—1, E. Cann; 2, H. D. Smith; 3, E. Mason.

Class 3.—Three parsnips—1, R. J. Slocombe; 2, E. Cann; 3, L. C. King.

Class 4.—Three carrots, short—1, L. C. King; 2, R. Hooper; 3, E. Cann.

Class 5.—Three carrots, long—1, E. Cann; 2, S. T. Hardwidge; 3, R. J. Slocombe.

Class 6.—Twelve eschalots—1, E. Mason; 2, S. T. Hardwidge; 3, A. Holley.

Class 7.—Three onions, spring—1, E. Cann; 2, R. J. Slocombe; 3, S. T. Hardwidge.

Class 8.—Green peas, 10 pods—1, A. G. Kidley; 2, H. D. Smith; 3, R. A. Hand.

Class 9.—Runner beans, 10—1, E. Cann; 2, W. J. Young; 3, S. T. Hardwidge.

Class 10.—Three beetroot, short—1, E. Cann; 2, R. A. Hand.

Class 11.—Three beetroot, long—1, E. Cann; 2, R. Gibbs.

Class 12.—Two cabbage, green—1, H. D. Smith; 2, E. Cann; 3, T. Burchell.

Class 14.—Two marrows—1, E. Cann.

Class 15.—Six heaviest potatoes—1, A. Holley; 2, T. Burchell; 3, A. G. Kidley.

Class 16.—Heaviest marrow or squash—
2, E. Cann.

Class 17.—Three lettuce—1, E. Cann ;
2, R. J. Slocombe ; 3, W. J. Young.

Class 18.—Red Gooseberries—1, E.
Cann.

Class 19.—Green gooseberries—2, F.
Pople.

Class 20.—Five dessert apples—1, W. J.
Young ; 2, L. C. King ; 3, R. J. Slocombe.

Class 21.—Five cooking apples—1, L. C.
King ; 2, R. J. Slocombe ; 3, W. J. Young.

Class 24.—Half-pound red currants—1,
F. Pople ; 2, E. Cann.

Class 25.—Three vases cut flowers—1,
S. T. Hardwidge ; 2, R. A. Hand ; 3, equal,
L. C. King and A. G. Kidley.

Class 26.—Three vases sweet peas—1, E.
Mason ; 2, R. A. Hand ; 3, L. C. King.

Class 29.—Specimen flowering plant—
1, R. A. Hand ; 2, T. Burchell ; 3, S. T.
Hardwidge.

Class 30.—Specimen fern or aspidistra—
1, W. J. Pople ; 2, T. Burchell ; 3, R. A.
Hand.

Class 31.—Antirrhinums—1, T. Hard-
widge ; 2, W. J. Young ; 3, C. B. Shier.

Class 32.—Vase or bowl flowers—1, Mrs.
A. G. Kidley ; 2, Mrs. T. Hardwidge ; 3, Mrs.
R. A. Hand.

Class 33.—Pot of jam—1, Miss M.
Sansom ; 2, Mrs. Bevan ; 3, Mrs. R. A.
Hand.

Class 34.—Fruit cake—1, Mrs. R. A.
Hand ; 2, Mrs. A. Holley ; 3, Mrs. Kidley.

Class 35.—Cooked potatoes—1, Mrs.
Hardwidge ; 2, Mrs. A. Holley ; 3, Mrs.
R. C. Lynham.

Class 36.—Miniature garden—1, Mrs.
A. G. Kidley ; 2, Mrs. R. A. Hand ; 3, Miss
A. G. Kidley.

Any report of the Flower Show would be incomplete without reference to those modest people whose untiring efforts and enthusiasm ensure enjoyment for us all.

Our thanks and appreciation are due to Mr. R. C. Lynham, who unselfishly gave up a day in the middle of his holiday to come back and do a lot of hard work. The complete success of the arrangements is testimony to his efforts.

We are also indebted to Mr. H. C. Marsh, who, although he has relinquished the joint secretaryship, willingly came forward to fill the breach.

To Mr. W. H. G. Young and Mr. T.

Burland, we also say, "Thank you." Saturday was a busy and tiring day for them, but they could still inspire us all even after a gruelling morning preparing the field.

In conclusion, a word of appreciation to all Members of the Committee for a very stout exhibition of the team spirit.

A.G.K.

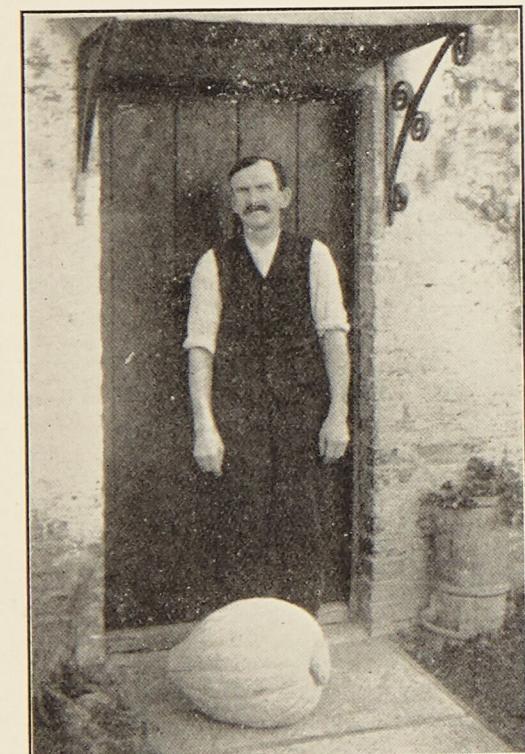
We are very pleased to welcome to Highbridge Mr. R. Cobb, and hope that he will be very happy with us.

We are glad to be able to report that Mr. W. J. Pople is now progressing and has been able to leave hospital. We hope he will soon be able to return to us.

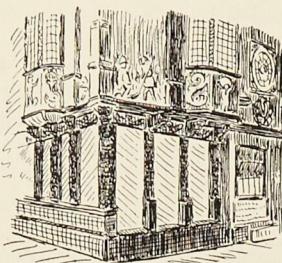
Mr. William Young, jnr., is, unfortunately, still incapacitated, and to him we all offer our sympathy in what has been a very tedious time, and which we hope will soon end.

We were very pleased to have a visit from Mr., Mrs., and Master R. Taylor, of Calne.

R.C.L.



Mr. E. Cann, a successful exhibitor at the Highbridge Flower Show.



Yet another month has passed—July has gone, and, as I write these lines, August Bank-holiday is over.

Not a very good month, July, for those on holiday, although very varied accounts of the weather have been received, according to where the holiday-makers spent them.

In most cases, however, whatever the weather, the change has done good, and work can be tackled again with a stout heart and renewed energy.

We were very pleased at Ipswich to welcome back an old friend in a new guise, in Mr. T. Johnston, who has come from Calne to spend a few months with us as a member of our staff. Mr. Johnston first came to Ipswich as a representative of the Pigs Marketing Board, and has latterly been in the Company's service at Calne.

Speaking of Calne brings to mind the fact that on August 15th we, in common with our colleagues from many other Branches, will be wending our way to "Sweet Calne in Wiltshire," to join in a great re-union. All of us are looking forward to our visit to headquarters, where, whatever the weather, our welcome will be warm.

Our Sports and Social Club, who are organising the trip to Calne as this year's works outing, are going from strength to strength. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Club owes much—very much—to its President. Just before I left for my holidays the Secretary told me that the Firm had not only granted a donation of £100 to the Club, but had also wiped out a further £150, which had been previously loaned to the Club free of interest, thus, in effect, giving the Club £250. The effect of this is that we now have our sports ground, with tennis courts, cricket pitch, &c., together with a new pavilion, complete with canteen.

We are all proud of Ronald Sharp, aged

16 years, who is employed at the St. Matthew's Street Branch of our associated Company, Messrs. Robert Seager, Limited, Ipswich. Near Ronald's home is a large gravel pit, with a big and fairly deep pond. Into this pond had fallen a little girl, one Ellen Miller, who would have drowned had not Ronald jumped over a fence and, fully clothed, dived in and rescued her. The child was unconscious when he got her out, and Ronald promptly applied artificial respiration, and was successful in restoring animation. Ronald is a member of the Ipswich Police Lads Club and holds the life-saving certificate. Well done ! !

Of our invalids, Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department) and Mr. A. J. Burrows (Stores) are having a prolonged spell, whilst Mr. R. Keeble (Slaughter) is suffering from the effects of a cut hand. We hope they will all three soon be with us again. We were pleased to see Miss Goldsmith at work again, fully recovered from her cycling accident.

A.H.M.

* * *

LEEDS



We have read with interest the timely article contributed by the Rev. G. H. Harris on the subject of "Leisure," bringing home many great truths which it is our duty to ponder. The writer, many years ago, had occasion to be in correspondence with the Rev. G. H. Harris, and remembers that correspondence, which referred to the subject of "Education." If one may say so, and one who becomes more humble as he grows older and recognises his shortcomings as experience proceeds with its logical teaching, it would be of estimable value if our friend would some day give us an article upon Modern Education and its bearing upon commerce, in which so many of us are engaged.

Meanwhile, while so many British people are holidaying in Germany, perhaps it may also be permissible to ask that one of them gives us his impressions of the use of Leisure

there, and the effect of Nazi discipline upon that Leisure. Is the young German to-day using his Leisure as Mr. Harris advises? And is it disciplined Leisure? Is his mental outlook being developed or retarded by Leisure? And is this Leisure in Germany being used to develop young minds, and in what direction?

Contact with many of the generation which is called upon to prepare itself to replace the generation which is passing out presents misgivings. It does not appear to realise that, through the lamentable disaster of war, there is a generation missing, and the youth of to-day is being called upon to shoulder the responsibilities earlier in life. The question is whether, with the advantage of increased Leisure and freedom, it is frittering away this opportunity in frivolous or extravagant, or perhaps useless "pleasure" amounting to something not far short of waste of time. And, having reached a decision upon that question, the next one is, would more discipline—guided and educated discipline—assist in producing mentalities more studious, industrious, adventurous, teeming with initiative and urge, and ready to strain every nerve muscle and brain in joyful achievement and purpose? May we again thank the Rev. G. H. Harris for turning our thoughts upon such an entrancing subject.

August is the time when the old question always arises as to whether husband and wife should go to the seaside together or whether they should have a holiday.

Leeds, like the south, appears to be enjoying a rather cold and umbrella summer as we write. We noticed that St. Swithin's Day was varied. In 1929 it was dry and we had the wettest July and August for years, while in 1933 it was wet, and we had a lovely dry summer. But St. Swithin, being an English Saint, evidently does not affect weather in Scotland. While England generally has been wet till well into July, Scotland has been greatly favoured with sunshine and weather so dry as to cause water supplies in Aberdeenshire to be a source of anxiety.

Nobody likes unseasonable weather. Bright, frosty, wintry days provide their own exhilaration. But, while a bad winter may try our nerves, a wet summer is just about the worst experience of all. This state of affairs leads to a tale we read the other day

which may be worth repeating for it carries a lesson.

"A mother had a large family of children. When one was difficult she gave the child a dose of salts. When all the children were difficult she took a dose herself."

There are many tales available at holiday times, and when holidays are over we can always do with a smile to cheer us up for the winter. Here are one or two:—

"I'm not quite sure whether he was actually proposing to me, but he asked me how I'd like to draw his separation allowance in the next war."

* * *

"Yes, I go in every day, immediately after lunch." "But you shouldn't bathe on a full stomach, you know." "Full stomach? My dear man, I'm staying at a boarding house."

* * *

"Aye, Charlie fair pit his fit in it. Tellt her he was a bank clerk." "Then you're nae use tae me," says she. "Ah've been readin' in the papers that bank clerks canny get merrit."

* * *

And now for a couple of Yorkshire yarns:—

It was on a certain farm in the East Riding. The stream was muddy and swollen, the single plank across it narrow and slippery. There came the sound of a shout and a heavy splash. Devoted farm hands rushed to the spot to see the great red face of "t'maister" bobbing above the foam.

He was helped to the shore blowing out jets of muddy water; and then, without a word, he turned and squelched off home to change his clothes. But suddenly the light of reminiscence kindled in his eye, "Why," he said, "that's the fust time ah've had a wash all ower for forty year."

* * *

It is related that a certain Yorkshire Bishop was walking through the village one day and called at a cottage for a glass of water. The old lady who brought it recognised the Bishop and was very nervous in consequence. "This is beautiful water," said the Bishop. "Where does it come from?"

To which the flustered old dame replied, "From the Lord, my pump."

Photographic Notes.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR NEGATIVES.

THE RIGHT PRINTING PAPER WILL HELP.

Although there are several all-round printing papers which give good results from practically any negative, the best results are obtained by choosing the grade of paper most suited to the needs of each negative.

Those who do their printing in artificial light have a choice between two types of developing paper. Of these Velox gaslight paper is by far the handiest for the amateur as a dark-room is not essential, although, naturally, it must not be directly exposed to any bright light. Bromide papers are much more rapid and cannot be handled in any light stronger than that from a deep orange shaded lamp.

All good printing papers are made in a wide variety of grades to meet every requirement. In fact, there is a grade for every need. One of the most popular makes of bromide paper is manufactured in no fewer than fifteen grades, all of which are available in three degrees of contrast.

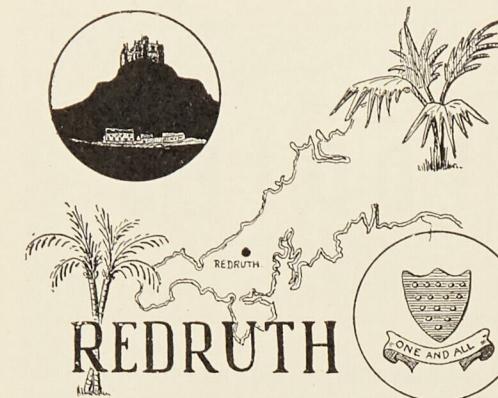
Flat negatives, lacking in contrast, need a "vigorous" paper to bring out the brightness of the high lights and the richness of the shadows. Contrast negatives on the other hand demand a "soft" paper if a soot and whitewash effect is to be avoided. For all round purposes, however, satisfactory results are obtained by using a paper of "medium" grade.

Besides being made in three grades, Velox gaslight paper is made in three surfaces—semi-matt, matt, and glossy. Semi-matt surfaces are generally regarded as the most pleasing as they give bright detail without the hard, shiny look of the glossy papers. A glossy surface, however, is essential for Press work. In pictorial photography a soft matt surface often gives the most artistic results, while landscapes and portraits look particularly well on a roughish surface.

* * *

Husband: Who was that you were talking to for a whole hour at the gate?"

Wife: That was Mrs. Smith—she hadn't time to come in." — *Berliner Illustrirte*.



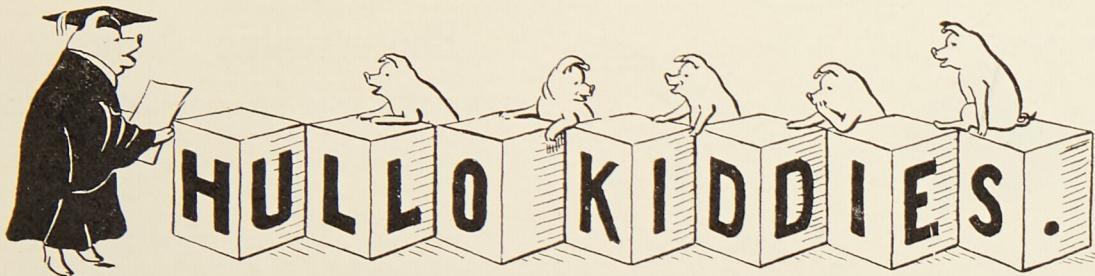
The request for copy for the September issue of our Magazine reminds us that the summer is quickly passing away, but so far we have had practically no sunshine. The present season is reported to be the wettest since 1913. It is estimated that only about 25 per cent. of the hay crop has been saved, and owing to the almost continuous rain fears are being entertained for the corn crop. Fields of wheat and barley which promised to be good have been so badly beaten down by the wind and rain that, should fine weather at last arrive, it will only partially ripen, and harvesting operations will be difficult.

The wet summer is also very trying for the thousands of holiday makers who are now in Cornwall. But, despite the adverse atmospheric conditions, they seem to have developed the holiday spirit, and are making the best of things. Chemists are finding small sale for sunburn lotions, but outfitters should be doing good business in raincoats.

The Spanish Civil War has caused considerable uneasiness to those people in this part of Cornwall who have relatives employed in the Rio Tinto Mines. These mines are situated in the mountains about fifty miles from Seville, the rebels headquarters. Some disturbances have occurred, but the mines so far are reported undamaged, and the British residents unmolested.

We are glad to have Jim Dunstone and W. H. May back with us again after a long absence through injuries. A. Veasey has not yet returned, but he is making satisfactory progress after his serious illness.

W.B.F.



WILD FLOWER COMPETITION.

This competition is nearing its end ; the closing date is September 15th, and the winner will be announced in the October Magazine. There is still a chance for anyone who wants to win the prize—a book—which the winner may select for herself (or himself).

Address your flowers to

“AUNT SUSIE,”

and drop them in the letter-box at the Office entrance. *Please don't* forget to put your name and address inside !

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate

AUNT SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM (Concluded).

After the new Doctor had “pummelled” poor Sally until she felt she could not possibly stand any more, and had looked very knowingly at the House Doctor, he said, “Well, little girl, I think we have the biggest birthday surprise yet. I *think*—it will take some time to make quite sure—but I *think* we are going to make you walk again ; but you will have to be very patient and very, *very* brave.”

Was she dreaming ? What did he say ? Did he really mean it ? She might walk again ? Sally had been trying so hard during the past weeks to get used to the fact that she would always have to be wheeled about in a bath chair, even when she grew up, and when she became an old woman, and there would be no Mother to look after her. She had tried to shut out all these thoughts, but they kept creeping in, especially at night when she couldn't sleep. Who would care for her when her Mother grew old, and after that ?

But now ; what had the Doctor said ? And she had been so cross that he should come on her birthday, too !

But where was Mother ? And what had become of Daddy and the boys ? They must know first of all. Ah, here they all

come, and Matron's face was even sweeter and more “smily” than usual. She was telling them, for she had seen from the Doctor's face that he had the most wonderful news for them. “Yes,” he said, “It's all right. I am almost sure we can make this little lady well again, and that in time—it may be a *long* time—she will walk again.

“Oh, Sal,” cried Sam, “what fun we'll have after all. We've found three new caves in the rocks round Martin Point, and heaps of other 'portant discoveries, but we weren't going to tell you because you wouldn't be able to go and see them yourself.

“Yes,” said Teddy, “and Sinbad is always talking about you and saying what a plucky girl you are, and he's been planning such a lot of things that we could all do when you got home ; and he's building the loveliest, cosiest, safest boat where you could lie out flat and be comfortable. But he said no-one was to row it but himself as he 'weren't having no more accidents if *he* knew anything about it.'”

Mother was too happy to say anything ; she just squeezed Sally's hand very tightly, and Sally understood.

Daddy gripped the Doctor's arm and spoke his thanks with very few words, but with a very full heart, and as the Doctor turned to go Sam and Teddy stood at attention and gave him a right royal salute.

And what about little Norah in the next bed ? She was not forgotten. Mother had already taken her into her heart, and she and Daddy had agreed that if there was no-one to say “No,” she should come to Home Farm to live with them. For at Home Farm there was always room for one more, and as Daddy said, “the best way to show your thankfulness is to make someone else happy.”

And that was what they did. That night there were many happy hearts, and it is hard to say who was the happiest. Who do you think ?

THE END.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. — OCTOBER, 1936. — No. 10.



October 1st marks the commencement of a new year in the life of the Harris Welfare Association. The outstanding feature of the past year was the opening of the Club House at the Woodlands. Already this meeting place has proved a great boon as a centre for the various clubs and activities of the Association. Our young people, especially those who have made Calne their adopted home, find the well-equipped and cosy rooms delightful surroundings for recreation and social intercourse.

It is difficult to give the exact age of the Welfare Association (could our President tell us when he started it?) as for several years previous to the first co-ordination of Welfare work, in April, 1921, there had been many recreational and social clubs connected with the Firm. Perhaps the oldest of these sections is the Cricket Club, which for many years has carried on during seasons of fair weather and seasons such as the one just passed, when the weather has not been kind.

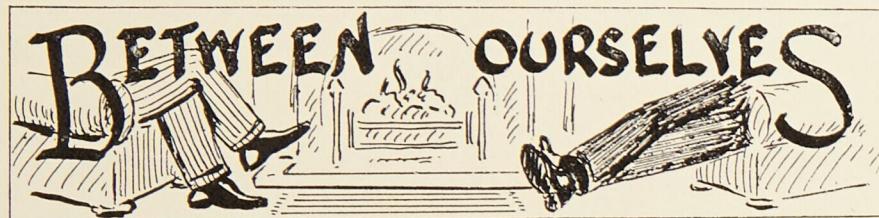
Entertainment Societies and Nigger Minstrel Troupes have come and gone, leaving us to-day with a strong and flourishing Dramatic Society, from whom we expect

great things during this present season. Tennis and Hockey are well entrenched amongst the outdoor sports, and with the provision of an up-to-date skittle alley, a virile and flourishing Skittle Section has resulted.

From time to time lectures have been arranged, and we hope that any which may be advertised during the coming autumn and winter will receive increased notice from members of the Association. We may add that wives and friends of members are especially invited to these lectures.

The two outstanding features of each year's work are the Summer and Winter Carnivals. The Committee of this section is to be congratulated on maintaining the interest of its supporters so consistently year after year. We now look forward to the Christmas Carnival, which once again will be the best so far attempted.

Thanks are due to all the individuals in every section who work so hard to make the Association a success, and to the President and his co-Directors, without whose help and financial support all these advantages would be difficult to attain.



ALL the papers recently gave publicity to the following:

MANAGER WHO MIXES.

"IN my experience the manager, whether junior or senior, who will play cricket, bowls, or billiards and drink his pint of beer with the workpeople occasionally out of hours, wins their affection and confidence much more quickly than an equally sympathetic man who neglects this avenue."

—Mr. T. A. Mason (general manager, I.C.S. (Alkali Ltd.) at the Industrial Welfare Society Conference at Oxford to-day.

The first question I asked myself when I read it was, was there any necessity for such a statement, as surely every good Director, Manager and member of an executive would look on it to be as much a part of the human side of his duties as anything that can be imagined to show himself as interested in the recreations and pleasures of those with whom he worked.

I asked myself another question—why shouldn't a manager and all persons in executive positions "mix" in an entirely proper way with those who are associated with him in factory and office.

There may be some who might feel that it would be derogatory to their position. My own opinion is that properly and wisely done any all round man can lose nothing of status or dignity by showing that he admits the very simple, common basis of life as a whole and by recognising that we are all human beings.

The ability to mix may be temperamental. The lack of such ability (which should never be judged hurriedly) may be a genuine shyness, but if men do not take the opportunities of knowing their working friends out of mere false conceit or a wrong fear of lack of dignity, they themselves are

to blame and it marks them down as being weaker than they themselves probably can see. The best "mixer," whether he be Director, Manager, or office boy, is one who under all circumstances retains his personality and dignity and he should possess to the full the ability to enter without presumption or patronage into an understanding of the other fellow's point of view.

In all these things, there is, of course, the characteristic reticence of the English race to be taken into account. An Englishman can sit alone in a railway carriage with, say, an American, and be quite willing to speak no word throughout a long journey. Other nationalities find it more easy to talk freely and familiarly—perhaps also—lengthily.

In all our efforts in the House of Harris there is the desire that all our people of all kinds shall get to know each other better, not only for the purpose of making business relationships more pleasant and easy, but also for the encouragement of a real spirit of goodwill and a desire to be of service—the one to the other. For after all, reduced to a common denominator, all men and women are basically similar—they all breathe, eat, sleep, work, suffer, laugh—and die.

There are those who are privileged to give to their fellows. They have by accident of birth, achievement, education or self help, something to impart of culture, courage and wider vision that should be of service to those who have been otherwise placed. They must learn how to give, and so that in most cases the gift may be imparted without the knowledge of recipient. Given such a desire for understanding between all sections of a business house, those who have most to give will find that the gradually opening shell of consciousness may often display a real pearl in unexpected quarters. The not-easy-to-be-understood exterior will often conceal that which is of the truest and highest worth.

J.F.B.

"They Walk in the City."

THE many thousands who read and loved Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions" will look forward to reading his latest novel, "They Walk in the City." The title of the book intrigued me, for I have walked in the City for 48 years.

The City Mr. Priestley writes of is not, of course, just the City of London Square Mile, but it is the City of Greater London, with all its suburbs. Mr. Priestley writes of it as "a forest of stone 30 miles long and 30 miles wide, in which 8,000,000 people eat and drink and sleep and roam about 7,000 miles of streets." Such is Modern London. It was not always so. I knew a vastly different London. A London of the hansom cab and the horse 'bus and the old smoky Underground. A London without motor transport and red double-decker motor buses. A London with no London Transport Co., and no London Port Authority. A London with no cinemas. A London of gas-lit streets. And the shops! No Harrods or Selfridges. No A.B.C.'s or Lyons, or Salmon and Gluckstein, or Boots. No Woolworth or Marks and Spencer, and one, just one, Sainsbury.

But perhaps the change which chiefly marks the Modern London from the London of 50 years ago is best evidenced by a great building which is as yet unfinished and which stands in the heart of the City Square Mile—the Bank of England.

We have been used to a phrase, "As safe as the Bank" (as safe as the Bank of England). And for many years the old Bank building stood there in the heart of England's capital, quite adequate to the needs of the times. Then came the War. And with the War almost everything changed. The Bank became heavily associated with War finance, the War Loans, and so forth. The old building at once became out of date and extra buildings had to be taken on. Eventually it was decided to build a vast new Bank on the site of the old one. The new building is now almost complete.

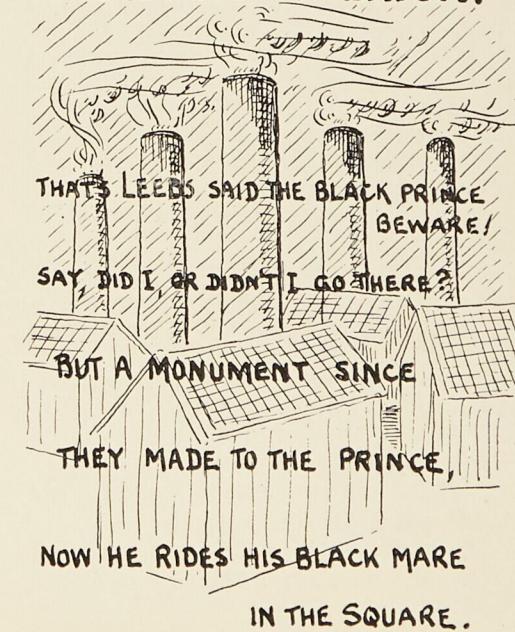
Perhaps I have said enough to show how great the change has been. But in one respect there has been no change at all. Fifty years ago London was the world's greatest city, and the Bank of England the world's greatest banking institution. And so

it is in 1936. But of one thing one can be quite sure—the tremendous upheaval caused by 1914-18 did not pass without leaving in its wake an immense pile of wreckage. Many firms celebrated in Victorian times, and long after, failed to survive the shock and are now only a memory.

I have walked in the City and have seen all these changes. And there was a period of a few years when, following the death of my father, I walked in the City alone. That is for a time I did the whole of the London business for the old Firm of C. & T. There was then no Sales Department, no Claims Department, no vans. Only just myself. I believe this arrangement to have been adequate to the times, especially when one remembers that in those days our business was confined to Bacon Curing.

But when, almost, day by day I pass through the City and note the progress being made in the Bank of England, I see reflected in that sight a parallel to the advance which is manifest in our own concerns. The Bank of England in, say, 1888, and the House of C. & T. Harris in 1888, both in their particular ways were easily first in the field,

BRANCH'IMERICK.



and as they then were they were adequate to the times.

But to say that is not to reveal the whole story. I remember once hearing two farmers at the Dairy Show talking about pigs. They had listened to a talk about pig rearing, and all they heard did not please them. They could only agree that what was good enough for "my grandfather is good enough for me."

It was all typical of the type of mind unable to venture out of a rut. I have said that the War left behind it many firms broken on the wheel of change. Firms who to use a sporting phrase, could not "stay the course." That sorry fate has not been the fate of C. & T. The day was when I walked the City alone. And now. Now we have our London H.Q. at Cowcross Street, we have a London staff, and we have a fleet of vans. Why? Well, just because our Directors have been acute and looked ahead. They saw the time when more and more the future of our business must depend on turnover, and in a forward and courageous policy. Greatly daring, they moved with the new time, in the van of progress. Absolutely they could see that we had reached a point when policy had to fit in with the requirements of the time. The result of their efforts is seen here in London when not one but many walk in the City, and why every day Cowcross Street has its share in providing for the needs of those 8,000,000 who proudly call themselves citizens of the world's greatest city. And that is why when, as in the month of August, London goes to Calne, London will mark the additions which Calne provides to meet not only the requirements of our actual business but also in the sphere of social welfare.

As to the immediate future. If Mr. Priestley is right about his 8,000,000 people, and his 7,000 miles of streets, it would seem that we are not over represented, especially as we look forward to largely-increased supply, and London continues to grow outwards. So that we must press ever forward saying with Ulysses:—

How dull it were to pause to make an end
As though to breathe were life.

Therefore, we can see the day when yet more people will walk in the City on behalf of C. & T.

R.E.H.

FORWARD MARCH!

The focus of the whole world was recently thrown on the Olympic Games in Germany.

This country on the whole did rather badly. Granted that the moral effect of success in sport cannot be denied, one really wonders just what its real value is to a nation's progress when you get down to rock bottom.

When we look around us to-day, does not the thought occur to us as to whether it really matters if a nation holds a record for this, that, or the other? Is it not of much more worth to have a peace-loving and sane people living in a free-minded and God-fearing atmosphere?

It does not need a Samson to rule a nation or a mass of beef and brawn to control the counting houses. Provided citizens keep themselves more or less bodily and mentally healthy and endeavour to develop their brain power and sane thinking, tempered with a religious consciousness, a nation need not fear its progress.

We do not read of the Lord performing feats of mighty strength, or endurance, other than that which came from His spiritual strength.

A.G.

P.D.S.A.

(Peoples' Dispensary for Sick Animals).

This Caravan will visit Calne every Monday (outside Town Hall), from 12.15 to 1.15.

Free treatment and advice. When desired animals painlessly destroyed.

Tinfoil, used postage stamps, medicine bottles gladly accepted at Caravan.

Any further information from Mr. SMITH, Recview, Calne; or Mrs. JAMES, West Hill House, Calne.

Made entirely of wood, and having eighteen dials which show the time in as many cities, a clock upon which its maker is said to have worked twenty-three years is being shown in Europe.

*

"Now when we cross the road, my dear," said the old lady to her friend, "don't look round, because if a motor hits us in the back it's their fault, not ours!"

British Legion Battlefields Pilgrimage, August, 1936.

HAVING recently returned from this Pilgrimage to France and Belgium, I have been asked to write a few lines for the Harris Magazine.

The Headquarters of the Pilgrimage was at Ypres. The very name of this ancient Belgian City, better known to the Tommies as Wipers, recalls to those who have served, and those who have lost, all the horrors and destruction of those dark days of 1914-18. It is computed that Ypres and its close surround is the last resting place of one million men, and for this reason alone the city will be for ever impressed on the British mind.

It is true the city is no longer the battered Wipers of the War days. It has been restored as a garden city, and now includes a number of War Memorials, also an English Church. The famous Cloth Hall of Ypres was unsurpassed in architectural beauty by any similar building. It was commenced in 1200 and completed in 1230. At the end of the War it was nothing but a battered ruin. The historic belfry was no more, and only two out of its fifty arches remained. Some restoration work has taken place, but it is still a glaring example of the ruthlessness of war.

To those taking part in the Pilgrimage the Mecca was the Menin Gate, the Memorial to our glorious Armies who paid the supreme sacrifice. On this Memorial is inscribed the names of 56,000 whose fate is unknown, beyond the fact that they disappeared and were not seen again. As we stood and gazed with awe, our eyes wandered to the words inscribed over the Gate: "To the Armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914 to 1918, and to those of their dead who have no known graves."

"REST ETERNAL GRANT TO THEM,
O LORD."

The Pilgrimage started from Victoria, London, on Saturday, August 1st, at 1.30 p.m., and after a very pleasant journey we arrived at Ostend, via Dover, about 9 o'clock. After passing through the Belgian Customs, we proceeded to Ypres by char-a-banc, and after a late but hearty meal, we were all glad to get to bed, as it was past midnight.

Sunday.

Most of the party attended Service at the English Church in the morning. On leaving Church we met an extraordinary procession making its way to the Cathedral. At the same time in The Square all the fun of the fair was in full swing, with hoop-la and dodgems, and also a circus.

In the afternoon we were invited to tea at "Haig House,"

In the evening the party paraded with members of the Ypres Branch of the Legion and proceeded to the Menin Gate where a short Remembrance Service was held, after which we remained in silence while the Belgian buglers played the Last Post and Reveille on the silver bugles presented by the British Legion.

Monday.

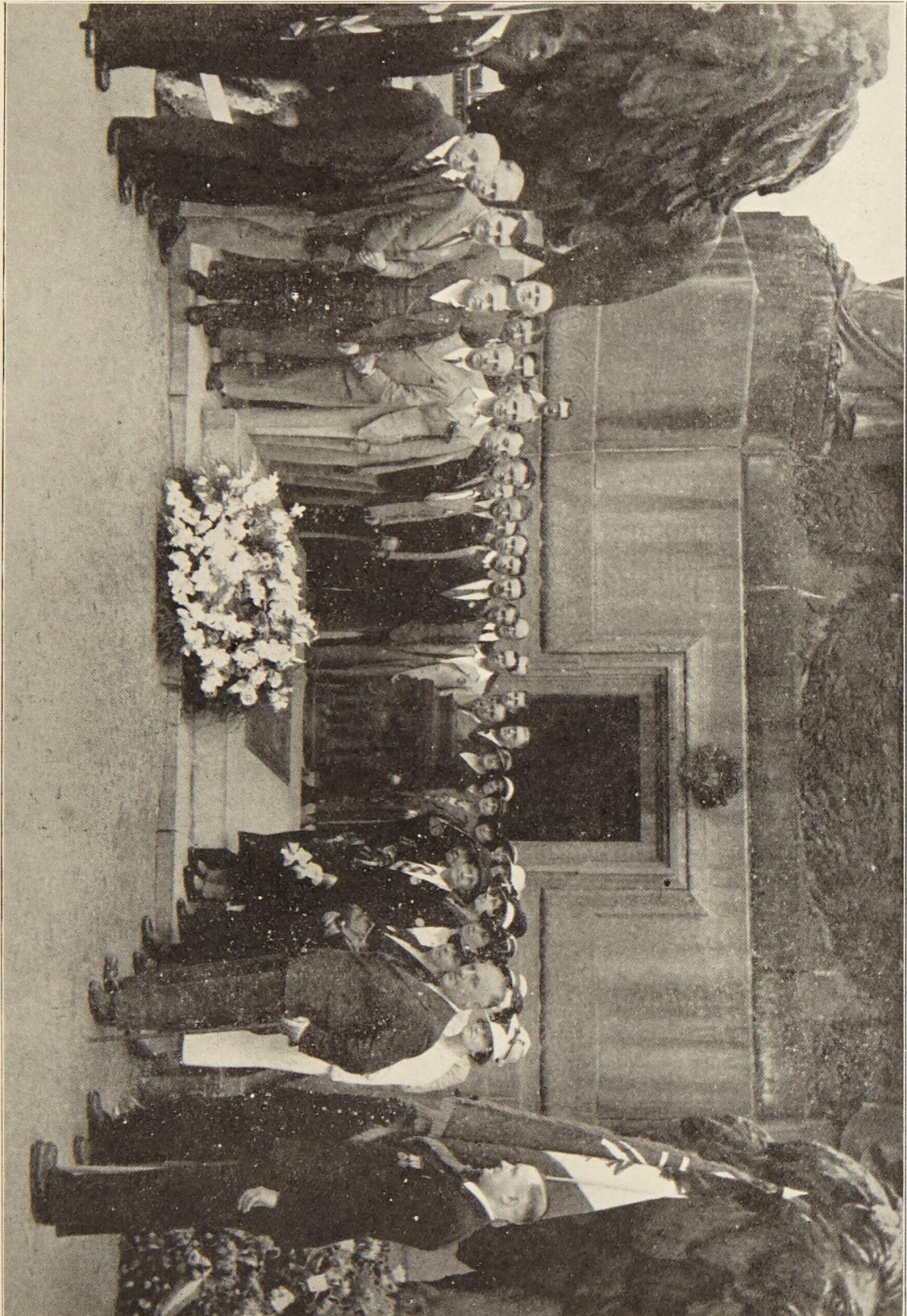
Leaving Ypres about 8.30, we soon passed "Shrapnel Corner," so called by the Tommies because the Germans kept up a persistent bombardment in the hope of catching ration and supply parties on their way to the trenches. On the left of the road is Bedford House Cemetery. On the way to the village of St. Eloi, several of the old German pill-boxes can be seen.

We passed on through Wytschaete, which was totally destroyed during the War. Just before entering Messines the London Scottish Memorial is on the left of the road and the New Zealand Memorial is in the village itself. Messines is famous in War history for the tremendous sacrifice made by our Indian comrades in 1914.

Passing "Hyde Park Corner," we arrived at Ploegstreert, familiarly known to the Tommy as "Plugstreet," where a stop of ten minutes was made to visit the Memorial to the missing who fell in the Battles of Armentieres and Loos. On this Memorial we found the names of 11,447 men whose bodies were never discovered.

The next village we arrived at was Le Bizet, on the frontier. After the usual Customs formalities, which seemed very peculiar to us, we arrived at Armentieres, the home of a certain young lady immortalized in the soldiers' song. Armentieres has now been rebuilt and has a population of 18,000 inhabitants.

We passed on through Fleurbaix to Neuve Chapelle, where we visited the Indian Memorial. The spot on which the Memorial stands was known during the War as "Port Arthur." On the lower part of the column



is inscribed in English, Arabic, Hindu, and Gurkha, the text: "God is One, His is the Victory." The names of 4,843 Indians who fell in France are inscribed on the Memorial. The Battle of Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915, was of short duration, but the British casualties amounted to over 12,000.

Passing on through La Bassee, Loos, Lens, Avion, and Petit Vimy, we climbed to Vimy Ridge, where a stop was made to visit the wonderful Memorial which was unveiled by His Majesty the King a week earlier. The trench system on the Ridge has been preserved and forms part of the Canadian Memorial.

Leaving Vimy, we passed through the village of Thelus and Ecurie to Arras. Here arrangements were made for us to visit the graves of two brothers who died while on active service. A small car was hired and we left the main party and off we went down the Carnoy Valley. After making numerous enquiries we found Carnoy Cemetery and the grave of our brother beautifully cared for. After laying a wreath and taking a couple of snaps we proceeded to Bagneaux, where we found the other brother's grave kept equally beautiful.

After a short stay we made our way back to Arras, passing through Caterpillar Valley and Pozieres. In Pozieres Cemetery a Memorial has been erected to 14,690 "Missing of the Fifth Army who fell in the Battles of the Somme." The next Memorial we see is at Thiepval. The names of 73,412 men who were killed on the Somme battle-front and whose bodies were never found are on this Memorial.

Passing Aveluy Wood we arrived at Albert. The Church of Notre Dame de Brebieres was famous during the War for its hanging gilded figure of the Madonna and Child, which fell into a position of fifteen degrees below the horizontal during the early part of the War, and remained thus until it fell in March, 1918.

From here we commence our journey homeward to Ypres, passing many Cemeteries on the way; on through Bucquoy, Ayette, where there is an Indian and Chinese Cemetery; Boiry to Arras. After a brief stop in Arras we pass La Targette, Souchez, Aix Noulette to Bethune, then on through La Gorgue, Estaires, Le Seau Neuve Eglise, Kemmel. We at last reach Ypres, after spending a day in country which saw fighting such as the world had never seen

before; comradeship which endures for all time; but above all, sacrifice by those whose one thought was service to King and Country.

"We will remember them."

Tuesday.

We left our hotel about 9.15. After visiting numerous Cemeteries we arrived at Ostend, where we spent about an hour and a half on this beautiful sea-front. Leaving Ostend, we travelled along the sand-dunes to Blankenburg and Zebrugge, where another stop was made to allow us to visit the Mole and the Museum, where our guide gave us a very interesting story of the Battle of Zebrugge. After buying a few souvenirs and taking a few snaps, we went on to Bruges and visited the Basilica of the Precious Blood. Time and space does not allow for too much detail, but if anyone feels they would like to know more about the Basilica I will gladly lend them the history.

We returned to Ypres about 7 p.m., and after dinner we held a dance at the Majestic Dance Hall, to which we invited the British Colony in Ypres, and a jolly good night was spent to the strains of the "Belgian Bing Boys" Jazz Band.

(To be continued)

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

WASHING.—Domestic happiness—Is it?

WELL.—Green and red are not fortunate colours for you—neither are the Belisha Beacons.

WHELKS.—A burden will be removed—but only after taking dyspepsia tablets.

WINDING SHEET.—Your fate will be decided at the next party you attend—You are strongly advised not to sing.

WINE.—Seven is not a lucky number for you—It is one under the eight.

YACHT.—Red-haired people will not prove your best friends.—Yacht rot!

ZEBRA.—Changes are coming—The stripes may be worn horizontally.

* * *

NOT BUYING.

Artist (to friend): "See that picture over there? Well, I painted it, and a million wouldn't buy it!"

Friend: Well, I'm one of the million.

Our French Feature.

OCTOBRE—OCTOBER.

This is the month when French children return to school after the summer holidays "les grandes vacances." All French schools close during August and September; some of them break up in the middle of July and do not start again before October. The return to school is "la rentrée des classes." The following is a list of the principal subjects taught at school with their English equivalents:—

Lecture—reading.
Ecriture—writing.
Arithmétique—arithmetic.
Orthographe—spelling.
Grammaire—grammar.
Algèbre—algebra.
Géométrie—geometry.
Physique—physics.
Chimie—chemistry.
Histoire naturelle—natural science.
Botanique—botany.
Histoire—history.
Géographie—geography.
Economie domestique—domestic economy.
Français—French.
Anglais—English.
Allemand—German.
Latin—Latin.
Grec—Greek.
Couture—sewing.
Dessin—drawing.
Solfège—Tonic Sol-fa.
Chant—singing.
Musique—music.
Cuisine—cookery.
Gymnastique—gymnastics.
Littérature—literature.

Some schools teach "Histoire Sainte" (Scripture), "modelage," modeling; sculpture (same word in both languages); "découpage" (wood carving); "cuir et métal repoussé" (leather and metal work), &c.

A dictation is "une dictée."
A composition, "une rédaction."
A translation, "une traduction."
A subtraction, "une soustraction."
Addition, multiplication, and division are spelt as in English. These three words, like "soustraction," are feminine, therefore "une addition," &c.

The Head Master is "le Directeur," and

the Head-Mistress "la Directrice." School teacher is instituteur (masc.) and Institutrice (fem.).

(To be continued).

* * *

Hullo, Kiddies!

WILD FLOWER COMPETITION.

You will be interested to know that the prize-winner in the Wild Flower Competition is:—

CYNTHIA HART,
3, Lickhill Road,

Calne,

who was also successful in winning a prize last year.

Cynthia has worked very hard and has sent in by far the most entries. Congratulations, Cynthia!

ADVERTISEMENT.

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE BY MONTHLY PREMIUMS.

Arrangements have been made whereby the Sun Life Assurance Society is prepared to grant Life and/or Endowment Assurances to Members of the Staff (Office and Factory) of the Company on a Monthly Premium basis.

No extra charge is made for this concession, the premium being calculated at one-twelfth of the Annual Premium, to the nearest penny.

The premiums quoted by the above Society are very competitive and a Medical Examination is not required unless the Assured is over fifty years of age or, in the opinion of the Society, the circumstances render it necessary.

Further particulars and quotations may be obtained on application to:—

MR. H. W. BODMAN,
23/25, ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARADE,
TRAMWAYS' CENTRE,
BRISTOL, 1.

RETIREMENT OF MR. W. R. WESTON.

Mr. F. Sutton, a young man in his 50th year with the firm, made a few suitable remarks when presenting Mr. W. R. Weston with a pipe, pouch and tobacco, on behalf of the Boning Staff, upon the occasion of his retirement.

As the clock struck 5 p.m. on the 2nd September, 1936, there was recorded on the Company's Long Service Roll 51 years to the credit of Mr. W. R. Weston, who was then shaking hands with the Boning Staff, of which he had been foreman for many years

In his retirement we all hope to meet him, and trust he will have the best of health for years to come. In the meantime, good luck! See you at the Carnival!

H. HILL.

Mr. Weston wishes to express, through the Magazine, his deep appreciation for the kind wishes which he has received from the firm, his friends and former fellow workers.

A Further Link with the Past.

The photograph reproduced on this page was kindly lent by Mr. A. H. Haines, and illustrates the Ham Curing and Finishing Department.

The photo was taken 32 years ago, in August, 1904.

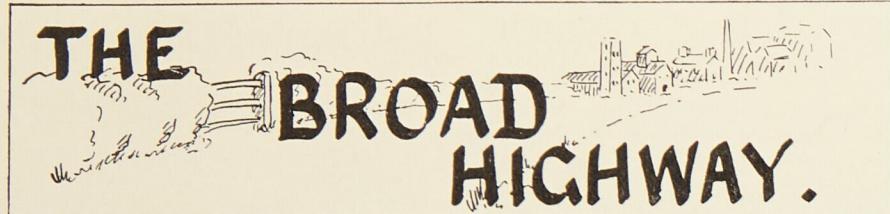
Reading from left to right the names of the employees are:—Messrs. R. Biffin, T. Hillier, J. Cleverley, H. Blackford, H. Boase, C. Knight, A. H. Haines, W. Garraway, W. Newth, W. R. Weston, F. Witchell, and J. Smart.

Two of those photographed in the group completed 50 years service with the Firm, namely, the late Mr. T. Hillier and Mr. W. R. Weston, the latter having just resigned as foreman in charge of the Boning Department.

* * *

Oak timbers, in the roof of a London building, are as strong now as they were when put in five centuries ago, according to a recent test.





THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

"OWT ABOUT OWT."

MANCHESTER.

Congratulations to Mr. Barnett, of the Gloucester County Cricket Team, on his selection for the England team for the forthcoming Australian cricket tour. Mr. Barnett is the son of Mr. C. Barnett, an old and regular customer of ours in Tewkesbury and elsewhere.

We congratulate Mr. G. E. Smith of Preston upon his marriage on the 14th September and wish every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

We also extend our congratulations to Van Salesman W. A. Bunting of Southend whose wedding also takes place this month. We hope that the future for Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bunting will be a very happy one.

In connection with the record-breaking voyages of the "Queen Mary," when she carried off the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, we see that it was announced in one of the daily papers that "the 'Queen Mary' brings home the bacon."

In view of the fact that we had the honour of executing a large order in connection with this voyage we had to read on rather quickly to ascertain what all the trouble was about. However, we were relieved to find that this was only another piece of journalese!

This was indeed a wonderful voyage and it appears that there is still something in reserve should the "Normandie" put up a challenge again later on.

LONDON GROCERS' EXHIBITION.

The London Grocers' Exhibition will be taking place at the end of this month when the attention of the grocery and provision trade will be concentrated upon the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

We shall be occupying our usual site, and our stand will be on much the same lines as last year.

We are looking forward to the annual meeting with many old friends.

J.H.G.

Near by is the Coal Exchange; coal and

other minerals are dealt with. A few yards away we have the Grocery Provision Exchange, usually called the "ditch."

Hanging Ditch takes its name from a narrow stream or ditch which is now much below the town level. Recently the hanging bridge which crosses the ditch was discovered and is preserved by the Commissioners for Ancient Monuments. Here cattle thieves were hanged, hence the name, "Hanging Bridge" and "Hanging Ditch." Entry to view the bridge is obtained through the basement of a near-by property occupier, by arrangement with the City Council. Leading from Hanging Ditch we have Chethams College, founded by Sir Humphrey Chetham, to house, clothe, and educate 100 poor boys, not necessarily orphans, but usually fatherless boys. The clothing is to-day as when founded, with white collar, blue tunic and knee breeches, buckle shoes, and a hat similar to that worn by the "Beefeaters." The schools, workshops, and other offices are as when founded. For a small charge visitors are taken through. It is recorded that here Sir Humphrey Chetham fought a duel with Guy Fawkes for the hand of Sophia Anna Radcliffe. Leading from the College are subterranean passages to various places, chiefly Ordsall Hall, Salford. These have fallen in, and the visitor is shown the entrance only.

The Church—little can be said about the Cathedral—the Old Parish Church, much of its exterior beauty is spoiled by grime. The interior is dark and gloomy and there is little of historic interest. Dean Inge (the Gloomy Dean), when in office, fitted the edifice admirably. The outstanding feature of the Manchester Churches is the Whit-Week procession. Each Whit-Monday they take possession of the town, assembling in Albert Square; each school, accompanied by one or more brass bands and silk banners, walk in procession through the main streets.

To cross the town from station to station is impossible, unless you know the by-ways. This is repeated on Whit-Friday by the R.C.'s. The R.C.'s procession is a much more showy affair than the C. of E. Each school aims at a definite colour scheme; tableaux of the Madonna and Child, &c., are carried. The striking feature of the R.C.'s is the number of young men, compared with the C. of E.

Other denominations walk on various

days throughout the week in the suburbs.

Sport.—Old Trafford, Manchester, is the headquarters of the County Cricket team. They are not doing too well at the moment, but they have a lot of young blood coming along, so we need not fear. The East Lancashire League is a wonderful nursery and is ever producing new stock. No cricket enthusiast would miss "the battle of the Roses" (Lancs and Yorks), at Old Trafford, on Whit Monday. Football.—City and United can always be relied upon for a good game under association rules. United came into the First Division this year. Both teams have held "the Coop." Under Northern Union Rugby rules, you have the choice of Broughton Rangers Salford, Swinton, &c., all clubs of very high merit. There are also a number of amateur clubs under Rugby rules. Lacrosse is very popular and one of the South Manchester clubs usually holds the coveted honour—Cross Flags.

Among Manchester's many activities is that of wire drawing. Drawing is the process of converting copper plate, or sheet, to copper wire, until the desired thickness is obtained. The first Atlantic cable was drawn in Manchester; my grandfather was the works foreman. It was a big job. There was a time-limit penalty which meant the firm would be heavily penalised for every day late over the stated time. Grandfather had his bed moved to the foundry. The men worked in shifts throughout the twenty-four hours. The cable was completed and delivered to the S.S. "Great Eastern," lying in Liverpool docks, before time. As appreciation for his efforts grandfather and family were invited to Liverpool and entertained on the "Great Eastern" with a very select company. My mother, who was just a girl, often spoke of the thrill; the ride to Liverpool, by rail, was an event. The "Great Eastern" was the wonder ship of her day, as the "Queen Mary" is today. After many difficulties the cable was laid, and communication by cable was established between England and America. The "Great Eastern" laid several other cables and then met the fate of many good ships in the breakers' yard.

Politically Manchester has often given a lead to the country. There is a saying "What Manchester thinks to-day, the country thinks to-morrow." When Parliamentary General Elections were spread over several

days, North-West Manchester, now Exchange Division, was one of the first—the results declared the same night. The vote was chiefly from merchants with offices, whose interests had much in common, consequently you got a solid vote which gave a lead to the country. The seat has been held by many famous past and present statesmen.

Music.—Manchester has always held a foremost place for good music. The Halle Choir and Orchestra are well known and appreciated throughout the musical world. There are many other musical societies of very high merit.

Another saying is, "The Manchester Man and the Liverpool Gentleman." I think the explanation is the Manchester man is an individual manufacturer; he is in his mill by 6 a.m. After breakfast he visits Manchester to buy raw material, then back to the mill with his coat off. Liverpool men deal chiefly with imports of raw material, and are largely brokers, agents, &c.

In conclusion, I am not a journalist. I have tried to bring the office and factory into closer contact with the towns and customers they are sending goods to daily. May I suggest other representatives send in something interesting from their territories. Surely there is something more than taking a man's order. Let us know this England. It's worth it.

A. E. KAY.

* * *

An elderly couple were charged with creating a breach of the peace in their own home.

"How did you come to cause this disturbance at your own fireside?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, it was like this," replied the old woman. "John and I were sitting at the fire. John was reading his newspaper and I was thinking. Then I turned to him and said: 'John, sheep are awful' stupid, aren't they?' and John said, 'Yes, my lamb.'"

* * *

AN IMPORTANT CONSULTATION.

A young doctor received a note late one evening from three of his fellow practitioners, asking him to go over and join them in a game of bridge at the club. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It is an important case. There are three other doctors on the spot already."

THE BOWLING MATCH.

CALNE V. LONDON.

This annual event was played off on the Calne green on August 15th. London was represented by F. C. Robinson (North Middlesex), R. E. Harris (Watford Conservatives), M. Hillier (Boston Manor), J. C. K. Perkins (Mitcham), skip. The Calne four:—R. Robbins, F. Webb, W. Griffin, F. Gale, skip. Result:—Calne, 23; London, 20.

It was a peculiar game—really a contest between Calne short and London long jacks. London opened well and led 6-0. As Wordsworth remarked of life, "it was a berth and a forgetting." To start with London went in the light of liberty, but at the fifth end Calne got in and the shades of the prison house began to fall. London was held in durance vile while Calne put on 17 right off, and the score was called Calne 17, London 6.

This state of affairs was due to the wiles of Robbins, who threw the very short jacks which London over-ran. At last the spell broke. London got in and the long jack came into its own. Of the concluding ten ends London scored on eight, and had not Calne broken through with a four on the 18th, London would have won. As it was London, from one point of view, had the best of the game as they scored on 11 ends and Calne on 9 ends; the second end was dead, for the end finished with each side having a wood touching the jack.

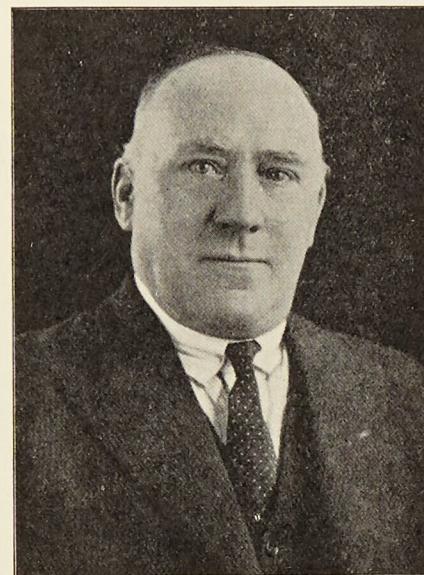
As an exhibition of bowling, it was a very poor and untidy show. Far too many woods found resting places far remote from the jack, or at the long jacks were run into the ditch. No-one played up to form. Why, I cannot say; these queer things sometimes happen. Perhaps ineptitude is a contagious disease. It would have been quite different if even one player had set an example of consistent good play.

However, as usual, we vastly enjoyed our game. The Calne green was in excellent trim, and we were charmed to find Mr. Gale well enough to "skip" for Calne. The weather, too, was lovely. So to look forward to another year when London will be able to claim an outright victory—the fact that this year London scored on more ends than Calne may be taken as a warning of what is yet to come.

R.E.H.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. R. GRIMES.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. R. Grimes, of Van 1, London, who represents the Company on an important journey in South London.

Mr. Grimes served in the Signal Section of the Royal Field Artillery during the Great War, joining us in 1924.

He is a salesman of the old school, and has been on the road for 35 years. He is well known to all connected with our type of business.

* * *

FULFILMENT.

"Foreign lands you will see,
O'er vast oceans you'll travel;
A large fortune you'll win,
A great secret unravel."

This was the message conveyed to a girl in her teens from a Christmas cracker.

Years have supervened. A girl no longer, she now sews in exports.

The first half has come true. Not she, but her work, goes to all corners of the world. "The secret unravelled" is this—she has learned that "A little thing is a little thing, but a little thing done faithfully is a very great thing."

And she is content.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage took place at Bremhill Parish Church on August 1st of Mr. Joseph Burchell and Miss Olive Mary Chivers, of East Tytherton. The bride, who had been bridesmaid at her sister's wedding in the morning, was given away by her father. She wore a blue dress with hat, gloves, and shoes to tone, and carried a bouquet of white and pink carnations.

The bride of the morning was matron of honour, and wore a pink floral dress, with hat and shoes to tone, and carried her bridal bouquet of cream roses.

Mr. Burchell is employed in the cold storage, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church, on August 8th, Mr. Kenneth Dolman, of the Boning Department, was married to Miss Amy Salter.

The bride was given away by her father and wore a dress of pink suede georgette, large pink straw hat trimmed with fawn and pink ribbon, navy blue suede shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Three bridesmaids attended the bride. The chief bridesmaid wore a dress of fawn crepe suede with floral bodice, fawn shoes, and fawn straw hat, trimmed with pink flowers. The other bridesmaid was dressed in saxe blue floral georgette, with white straw hat and fawn shoes. Both bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink and white carnations. The small bridesmaid wore a blue satin frock, blue crinoline hat, blue socks, and black patent shoes, and carried a posy of pink carnations.

Miss Salter was about four years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror. Mr. Dolman was the recipient of a curb and companion set.

The marriage was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Calne, on August 19th, of Miss Ivy Manners to Mr. Percy Syms, of Dinas Powis.

The bride was attired in an ankle-length dress of cornflower blue silk, with hat to match, and was attended by her sister, Miss Ruby Manners, who wore a dress of pink-flowered silk.

Miss Manners was a member of the Invoicing Department for 14 years, and was presented with a combined bureau bookcase from her fellow colleagues of the Office Staff.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Beauty of Britain," published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

This book contains plenty of excellent photographs and contributions by a number of well-known authors, each of whom has written about a part of Britain with which he is familiar.

Its object is to bring to the reader's notice places of beauty and interest quite equal to those more widely known. In these days when so many people spend their holidays in touring the countryside, either on foot or on bicycles, or in cars, this book would prove of great interest and help when planning such a holiday.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL CRICKET.

This annual tournament commenced on 10th July, 1936, when the Maintenance met the Warehouse and Printing.

As usual the time limit was in operation of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours batting each, and in spite of bad weather a keen game resulted.

It was rumoured that some batsmen took umbrellas out to put up when not taking the bowling; also some were wearing overcoats and others macs., which makes one think that it should have been a water polo match and not cricket.

However, the game was completed. The Warehouse, &c., batted first and hit up 97 for six wickets, through E. Witchell 36 not out, A. Bennett 26, and L. Taylor 15 not out. The Maintenance reply was 76 all out. The only batsmen to make any score were R. Stevens 42 and H. Smart 12.

July 12th saw the Retort in opposition to the Kitchen, the former winning easily.

The Retort batted first and through B. Gough 36, and L. Davis 42, completed 104 for three wickets.

The Kitchen could only muster 30 against the bowling of B. Gough and J. Archard, the former taking six wickets for 11 runs and the latter four for 18.

The third match was between the Slaughter and Sausage and Boning Departments, on July 14th, the Slaughter winning easily.

In spite of W. King making 49 the Sausage and Boning were all out for 89. The Slaughter, through W. Arkell hitting up 56 retired, and W. Smith 33 retired, made 140 runs.

The semi-final rounds were opened on July 18th, when the Slaughter played the Warehouse and Printing, and a most exciting finish was witnessed, the Slaughter winning by the narrow margin of 4 runs.

The Slaughter batted first and made 148 for eight wickets, when time was called, the top scorers being W. Arkell with 48, F. Cleverley 29, and W. Smith 26. The bowling honours for the Warehouse went to P. Coleman, six for 62.

It appeared at one time as though the Warehouse would win as Sid Sandford, going in first wicket, made 82, which included two sixes and ten fours. A. Bennett made 23, but time was called with four runs to win and only seven wickets down.

The other semi-final was played on July 20th, between the Retort and Offices. This was the Offices' first match, having drawn a bye, and they won easily.

The Retort batted first and made 91 for seven, and the Offices, through some lively hitting by A. Winter, passed their total with only three wickets down, A. Winter making 47, helped by R. Swaffield 17; also P. Gibbons 20, F. Nash 14, and J. Wiltshire 16.

The final between the Offices and Slaughter, was played off on 22nd July, and

on paper it looked as though the Offices would win easily, but there is always the glorious uncertainty about cricket to be kept in mind, and if a team does not get the luck in this sport they can easily lose.

The Offices batted first, and it looked as though a big score would be put up as the first wicket did not fall until 56 runs were on the board, Ken Haines being caught after making 22. The next wicket fell at 75, R. Swaffield making 53. These two were at one time scoring off practically every ball.

After this, disaster overtook the team, through probably trying to maintain the rate of scoring without playing themselves in, and were all out for 112.

The bowling honours went to W. Arkell, six for 32. The Slaughter opened their innings with W. Arkell and W. Smith. The latter was soon out and Arkell made 15 before being caught by A. Winter, F. Nash being the bowler.

Then what must be history in these matches happened, the wily old warrior, Keb Cleverley, being at one end batting and his son Frank the other. These two gradually wore down the bowling and completely mastered it, Keb making 16 before he was caught by R. Swaffield at cover point, and his score did not include one four, which speaks for itself when we know how he can hit. Frank went steadily on to make 47, the Slaughter being all out for 130, and thus ended a most pleasant, keen, and sporty match.

Many thanks are again extended to the Umpires and Scorer, R. Noad.

* * *

A newspaper reporter met the boxer whose fight he had described the week before.

"Hi!" cried the boxer, angrily, "What's the big idea? Here I win a big scrap and your paper only gives me two columns about it!"

"Well," replied the reporter, "think of all the fights Nelson won, and he had only one column."—*Tit Bits*.

* * *

ADVICE OF AN ACTRESS.

"Never make a gesture unless you are sure that it is right. Try to adopt a pose suitable to the character and costume. Until you have gained experience, rely as much as possible on getting the effects with your voice and your face."

Friends Elsewhere.



14th ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW AND SPORTS.

For the seventh year in succession we have had the pleasure of accepting our Chief's invitation to visit Calne on the occasion of the Annual Flower Show and Sports.

As we look back on the earlier visits to Calne what a host of thoughts must pass through our minds as we compare the first visit with the one we have just participated in, the huge gathering assembled for lunch, the names of Factories unheard of at the first gathering in the Calne Town Hall on August 9th, 1930. This alone shows what a progressive industry we are actively connected with, an industry that is pulling its weight in solving the problems that confront our country.

All who had the pleasure of listening to our Managing Director at lunch must have been impressed by his sincere speech and returned to their respective jobs inspired, determined to do even better things in the future and to give whole-hearted support to the Chief, whose first thought and consideration must be the welfare and happiness of the employees.

Once again we desire to thank the organisers of the Flower Show and Sports for the excellent afternoon and evening's entertainment provided for all. It was indeed the best so far arranged, and we congratulate all those responsible. Chippenham endeavoured to show appreciation of the efforts made on their behalf by taking part in as many events as possible.

Unfortunately we were unable to bring back the much coveted Tug-of-War Trophy, but that is an honour deferred to another year. We shall continue trying until the

President's Cup finds a resting place at Chippenham. We were well beaten by Kidlington, who we heartily congratulate on their splendid performance.

For the first time since its inception we lost the Relay Race to our Calne friends, who we also congratulate on their achievement, but in doing so we wish to express admiration for A. Lem, who ran with a badly injured leg, which he sustained in the musical chair race. We understand that Arthur is determined to make amends next year to regain this race for Chippenham, as he feels he was responsible for losing it on this occasion.

In the sports we did exceedingly well, as the following summary will show:—

G. Warne—1st high jump, 1st sack race (men), 1st 100 yards race, 2nd, long jump, 3rd egg and spoon race (bicycles), 3rd mile cycle race.

E. Yeates—3rd 440 yards race, 1st half-mile race, 1st long jump.

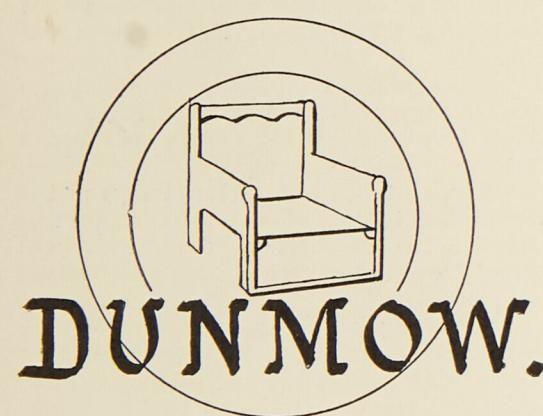
W. Clark—1st veterans' race (silver medalists).

R. Wood—2nd egg and spoon race.

We also carried away several prizes in the Flower Show, and our lady members were successful in the Industrial Tent, and Mr. A. Lem secured two prizes in the Fur and Feather Section.

W.H.W.

* * *



The Dunmow Flitch Athletic Football Club played Greenstead Green on 5th September, and after quite a good game, with just a little bad luck on our side, we lost the odd goal in nine, which was a very creditable showing, and augurs well for the future. Our men were fresh to it, and the players had not played together much, so, as

was to be expected, there was just a little lack of cohesion, which the winners seemed to be quite well trained in. Our men will undoubtedly get over that difficulty.

We are pleased that Miss Young's wedding to Mr. Salmon went off well on the 29th August, and we are wishing for them both a long life of usefulness and happiness.

We can also report another wedding which will be interesting to a very wide circle of readers of this Magazine. On the 7th September our Mr. Martin, who represents us in the Nottinghamshire district, was married to Miss Evelyn Hudson. We wish for both our friends the very best that anyone could wish. Mr. Martin's address is 40, St. Helen's Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

We are very pleased indeed to have our friend Spurgeon back at work after being so long away on the sick list.

Our men had their outing to Margate on the 22nd August, and those who went said they had a good day. A hint is that we should, before we ask for permission for another Saturday morning off, pull ourselves together and make the outing something like it is intended to be, namely, a "get together" for a useful purpose, and not a day's roaming for a few. Some of us would like to see our men go to Calne in bulk, with a view to competing in some of the events, and, if luck should have it so, bring back some of the trophies.

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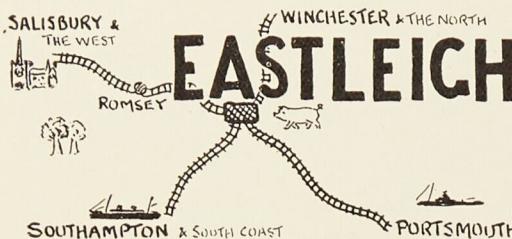
A lady had advertised for a girl for general housework and was showing the applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promises of privileges—afternoons off, evenings off, and so on—and it looked as though the two were about to come to some agreement when the girl suddenly asked: "Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl.

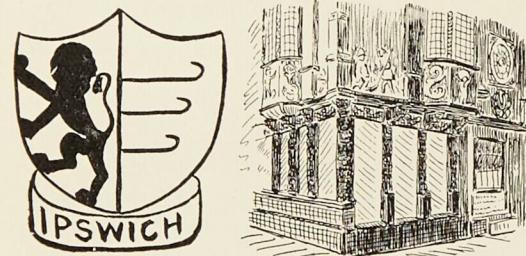
"I don't understand."

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl, a second time. "Do you put all the food on the table at dinner and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it round?"—A.C.C.O. Press.



The long looked for ambitions of Eastleigh for a high form of local Government have now been realised, and before long the town will be a Municipal Borough. That Borough status has been granted is in itself a reflection of the growth and progressiveness of the community. The progress and development of the town is amazing, and it is hoped that the result of Incorporation will greatly stimulate further developments.

* * *



August—the children's holiday month—has done somewhat to make amends for the preceding months. Days of golden sunshine, bringing health to man and fruition to crops, have been vouchsafed to us, and the harvesting, both of health and golden corn, has been proceeding apace.

We were all very delighted to have a visit, on August 12th, from Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Redman, although they did not stay long enough to satisfy us. However, a large party from Ipswich returned the compliment on the 15th, when they went to Calne for the Annual Flower Show and Sports Day, and had a wonderfully enjoyable time. Those of us who, for one reason and another, were unable to go to Calne were made very envious by the glowing accounts given by the returning visitors. (Official account elsewhere in this issue).

Things in general are very flourishing in Ipswich, all the big engineering and other

works being very busy. This increased prosperity is reflected in the building of two new cinemas, one of which will be opened in a few days time, whilst another very popular venture is the formation of a professional football team.

Our air-port, too, is to be greatly enlarged. The Air Ministry have taken over Bawdsey Manor, at the mouth of the River Deben, and our port is handling more shipping than ever, so taking it bye and large, we are feeling pretty good just now at Ipswich.

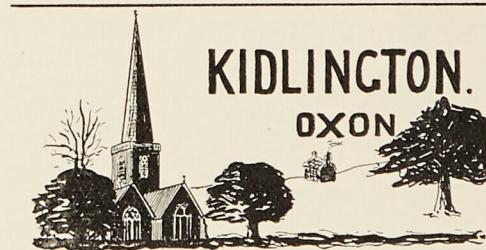
The Sports and Social Clubs are doing fine, thank you, and we were all glad to see Mr. Secretary Storey back again full of beans, after a short illness. (He wound up by going to Blackpool for a week, and I believe he is going to ask Mr. Bodinnar for a Tower Ballroom and Winter Gardens, complete with Reggie Dixon).

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Downes, who have increased the population of Ipswich by one small but vociferous son.

We were very glad to welcome back Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department) and Mr. A. J. Burrows (Stores) after their long illnesses.

A.H.M.

* * *



Once again, in response to the kind invitation to visit Calne, a party of 38 spent a very full and enjoyable day on Saturday, August 15th. The clerk of the weather could hardly have been more considerate, for the day was ideal. We left Kidlington at seven o'clock and reached Calne about nine, where a very enjoyable breakfast was ready for us. Then followed a tour of the factories, which is a part of the programme always keenly looked forward to by all.

Then, at the kindly invitation of Mr. Bodinnar, we all met for the very excellent luncheon he had provided for us, and to which we did full justice.

We then formed part of the huge and happy crowd and made our way towards the Recreation Ground. Here again we were struck by the thoughtfulness and kindness of our Chief, for we discovered we each had been provided with free admission cards.

Although one of the youngest factories in the family of "Harris," we had decided to test our skill this year in growing vegetables and in the tug-of-war. That two of our exhibitors managed to bring back fifteen prizes gives us very great encouragement for next year. "Well done," Messrs. Williams and Stone, we were all proud of your achievement." Perhaps next year we shall have as many exhibitors as we had prizes this, now that we have made a start.

Needless to say we are also pleased to have the President's Cup, given for the Inter-Factory tug-of-war, in our keeping for a year. Our lads had been quietly practising for a few weeks, but we hardly expected to win the trophy.

If the Social Club Committee is backed up with the same team spirit this coming winter as has been shown throughout in the preparation for this Tug-of-war contest, we shall have some fine times. Three nights a week saw fifteen to twenty men in the factory meadow practising, and I am sure we who did not find a place in the final team are proud to have played our part in the preparation. We all give our very best thanks to our captain, Ron., for his advice and help, and especially to his father, Superintendent Fairbrother, for the interest he has taken in us and for his hints gleaned from long experience in this sport.

We arrived back at Kidlington during the early hours of Sunday, after one of the most enjoyable outings we have ever had.

Saturday, September 4th, saw our Tug-of-war team again in the field, competing for a silver cup, presented to the local band for competition by Major Sir James Edmondson, M.P. Our team was drawn against the noted Tackley team, but after two very hard pulls we managed to get into the next round. We met a Kidlington team in the final, and here again we managed to win after two pulls. To the accompaniment of cheers our

captain was presented with the cup, which was borne aloft to "Jack's Headquarters," where it was filled and a right merry time ensued. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. R. Cross, who was not able to pull owing to an injury, and our thanks to Mr. G. Eustace, who filled his position so well.

* * *



LEEDS

Leeds has been enjoying its holidays like other centres, and one is impressed with the heavy exodus of people to the holiday resorts. Let us be glad, and assume that it is a sign of more prosperous times.

Some readers may possibly remember the holiday weather forecast we indulged in recently. We have been to Scotland since then, and we found no free "N.I.P." in the air, nor in the sea either, although both were balmy. In fact, it was wonderfully mild. Friends in the South can be assured that there is no risk of chilly conditions in Scotland in summer.

This year Scotland has scored heavily in fine weather. On the Moray Firth coast and northwards—Inverness, Strathpeffer, Tain Dingwall, and to "John o' Groats"—they were mostly short of water. We had a shower on Bank-holiday Sunday and Monday, but sunny calm weather thereafter till we left on 15th August.

A few hours after our departure, however, Elgin and other places had a cloud-burst, which created "Lammes Flood" conditions. Dundee had a church struck; while at Aberchirder, in Banffshire, field workers had clothes torn off and horses were killed by lightning. Many rivers, including the Tay, overflowed and swept crops away. The sun was shining soon afterwards, and our reports are that it has been shining ever since, even in the Western Isles.

Would you like us to start a Weather Bureau at Leeds office—all profits from forecasts to go to Welfare Fund? What

you may do with the prophet when he is wrong is another matter.

During our holiday we were in the vicinity of Loch Ness, and were disappointed at being unable to meet our friend, "The Monster." Nevertheless, in these parts it is believed that this Loch has a large eel population—many very big—and recent blasting for the new road may possibly have caused caves far beneath the water to subside and expel unusual specimens of a type hitherto unseen.

Meantime, Miss Mary Copeland, of Tynemouth, and her father, while on holiday in a 21ft. sloop, bumped into "something" on Loch Oich on the Culidom Canal, and this was followed by a kind of whirlpool as if some creature, large and heavy, had sank or dived. Maybe it was "The Monster." Who knows? We don't. It is also reported that the Monster bobbed up on seeing three Englishmen in a boat, and shook its head at them, because it had heard them referring to the stretch of water as "Loch Oik." Dear! dear!

An unusual sight came our way at Burghead, near Lossiemouth, where a 600ft. metal trellised aerial has been erected for the new Northern Broadcasting Station. We could see the engineers climbing up outside, or using the lift up the centre, and their agility was remarkable. But the tests proved loss of power to earth after it was all completed in its great concrete emplacement. So it was decided to raise this great affair bodily by 1½ft. It was done with jacks underneath, on the principle of lifting a car for re-tyreing. The men at the winches controlling the stays, and the men in the pit around the concrete foundations controlling the jacks, and the men on the top of the huge mast, all moved in unison to the blasts of the chief's whistle. The great thing went up by inches. It was positively thrilling. We hope you will hear that station next month.

* * *

During our peregrinations we heard some yarns. For instance:

Visitor: What a splendid sunset!

Local: Yes, not bad for a small place like this.

* * *

"The common cold is always with us," said the Doctor. "Throughout the four sneezins of the year."

MacTavish's Doctor has just put him on a milk diet. The patient is now anxious to know whether he can have something to drink with it.

* * *

"Gie me a cig," said the Scotsman.

"Look here, Mac., how many do you smoke a day?"

"Oh, any given amount."

* * *

In the shooting butts:—

Visitor: I remember hitting a partridge with a golf ball.

Loader: Och! Maybe ye'd done better the day if ye'd brought your golf sticks.

* * *

Office Staff please note:—

Employer (to tardy office boy): What's your excuse for being late this time?

Boy: Stop me if you've heard this one.

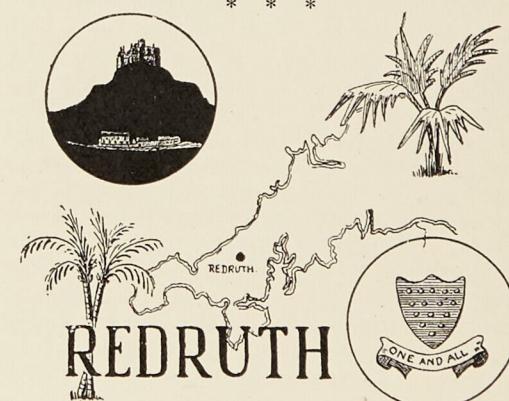
* * *

Here is one from the south:—

A boy delivered a parcel at a suburban house the other day. When the maid opened the door he said:—

"Will you ask your mistress if she wants these goods put on her account or whether she intends to pay for them."

* * *



We hope the delightful weather of the past two or three weeks will continue long enough to redeem this summer from going down in history as the wettest in living memory. The weather is now perfect for holiday-makers and the hope is that it will, at all events, remain with us well into September. A record number of visitors have again come to Cornwall. Beaches were never more crowded and the number of motor-cars from outside the county on the Cornish roads has far surpassed the number

for any other year. The amount of money spent by these visitors is enormous and helps in some measure to compensate for the losses sustained by the depression which has come upon agriculture, tin mining, and china clay.

At 9.30 in the evening of August 14th a company of thirty assembled on Redruth Station to make the journey to Calne Flower Show. Only one change had to be made, and this was at Truro, where we found carriages reserved for us. We arrived at Chippenham at 5.15 a.m., and were taken to Calne by char-a-banc. Just after six we were supplied with breakfast, which we enjoyed immensely. At 8.30 we were taken through the Factory, and at one o'clock we joined the huge gathering at lunch. Many of the Redruth party were paying their first visit to Calne. They were all greatly impressed with the wonderful machinery and wonderful organisation of the Calne Factory, but everyone seemed to be amazed as on entering for lunch they saw a large space covered with rows of tables which were spread on a lavish scale. Although strangers to almost everyone in the vast assembly, the genuine words of welcome to us all from Mr. Bodinnar made us feel perfectly at home. The representative gathering of those associated in various ways with the House of "Harris" left with us an impression we shall always remember. The responsibility of controlling such a vast organisation must be tremendous, and we all hope that the necessary health and strength will be given to Mr. Bodinnar to carry on for many years to come.

In the afternoon we visited the Flower Show, and here perhaps we ought to confess that with us "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." Many of us found it necessary to rest, and in the shade afforded by the trees we found sleep that was both welcome and refreshing. The evening was spent in different ways, and eleven o'clock came all too soon, but we were all in our places to partake of the supper which had been prepared for us. We were sorry to leave the comfortable chairs in the lounge at the Woodlands when the char-a-banc called at 11.45 to take us back to Chippenham, where we joined the train for Redruth. We were fortunate in having plenty of room in the carriages on the way home, so that we were able to sleep most of the way to Redruth, which we reached at eight o'clock on Sunday morning. We were glad that the oppor-

tunity of visiting the Calne Factories and Flower Show was given to us. We are especially grateful to Mr. Bodinnar for his keen desire that we should join with the others in the great family gathering, and we also thank our many friends who went to such pains to make us happy and comfortable whilst at Calne. The journey was a long one, but thanks to the well-planned travelling arrangements we experienced the minimum of discomfort.

Redruth Carnival Week has again been a great success, and on the evening of August 15th, while some of us were making merry in Calne, one of the largest Carnivals in the county was taking place in Redruth. Included in the procession, which was of great length, were four bands, and it is estimated that over ten thousand people took up positions of advantage in the main streets as it paraded the town.

The death of Miss Elsie Merritt, who was highly respected by all who knew her, has taken place after a long illness. We sympathise with John and Edgar (brothers) and Jack (nephew), all employed at Redruth, and also Mrs. F. Smart (sister), of Calne.

W.B.F.

* * *

FISHY.

Angler, meeting a country urchin with a lovely bag of roach, "Hullo, sonny, where did you get those fish?"

"Well, guv'nor, you go down that road marked 'Private,' till you come to the field where it says, 'Beware of the Bull.' Go across that to the next, where it says, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' Beyond that you'll cross a stream by a bridge marked 'Unsafe,' and you'll come to a lake where it says, 'No fishing allowed here.' That's the place!"

* * *

"Where is the car?" asked Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me," exclaimed Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"Of course, you did. You drove it to town."

"I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me a lift and wondered where he had gone."



HARRIS MAGAZINE

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THE thanks of countless ex-Service men are extended to those men of vision who, during the first flush of concern after the War, foresaw a time when fresh crises and new interests would place 1914—1918 in the pages of history.

The broken soldier from Blenheim and Waterloo eked out a precarious existence by "shouldering his crutch to show how fields were won," to the delight of stay-at-homes in town taverns and village inns. Such a fate was deemed intolerable to men of our day and generation.

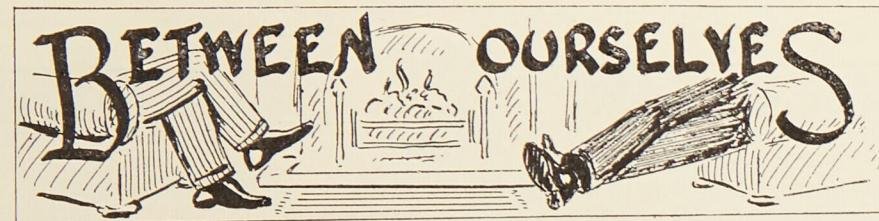
The British Legion was founded by men with a deep feeling of national responsibility in this matter. Generous though the scale of pensions granted had been compared with other days, it was known that many cases would arise falling outside the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Pensions. It was also recognised that certain hardships might arise because some could not present their cases in proper form to the Ministry. It was primarily to give help and advice in such matters that the Legion was formed by

amalgamating several existing ex-Service men's associations.

The activities of the British Legion are numerous. Not only is employment given to several hundred disabled men at the Poppy Factory, but over 150 cottage homes for disabled soldiers are maintained. Each year work is found for many thousands of ex-Service men and a number are set up in business on their own account.

It has founded, and maintains, the British Legion village for the treatment and training of ex-Service men suffering from tuberculosis. Many ex-Service men have been assisted to migrate to the Dominions and small pensions are granted from a special fund to prematurely-aged ex-Service men and women.

St. Dunstan's benefits by an annual grant from the proceeds of Remembrance Day appeals, but the most helpful work of all is done by the five thousand branches of the Legion up and down the country, ever vigilant in the interest of the ex-Service man's home, especially when sickness, distress, and loss overshadow it.



I WANT to invite the earnest consideration of every member of the Works Staff in each of our Factories to the Works Councils which we set up many years ago.

It was at one time generally felt by the workers in industry all over the country that the gap between them and their Boards of Directors was too wide. In other words, there was no recognised means of approach. It is probable that employers and employed lost something and certainly, at times, misunderstood each other's points of view because of the absence of a means of applying the personal touch from each side.

This was so much in the minds of thinking people on both sides that many years ago the Government of the day set up a Commission to consider this and other matters. It met under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, who was afterwards the Speaker of the House of Commons.

We are happy to record that in some places, before ever the Commission reported, we had inaugurated a Works Council. These Councils are constituted first of all as to size by the needs of the factory in which they operate, but the general idea is to have from the workers' side a representation that shall cover sufficiently all departments of the operating staff.

The Directors then appoint their nominees and the chairman. As a rule there are joint secretaries—one appointed by the Directors and the other by the workers.

The idea—and ideal—behind these organisations is that by regular meetings any party may be perfectly free to bring up any matter which is of general interest

either to the workers or to the firm. They may do this without prejudice or fear. In practice, small matters are always capable of adjustment in the day-to-day relations of those concerned with their immediate chiefs, but great stress is laid upon the fact that all matters of principle or policy may, and should be brought before the Works Council as a whole for discussion, and, if necessary, for submission to the Directors.

These Councils have worked very well in all our factories, and out of them have grown in many cases social and welfare activities of one kind and another that are all to the good.

There is no matter affecting the general interests and well-being of all concerned, so long as a principle is involved, whether small or large, which may not be brought before the Works Council.

It is the practice of the writer to endeavour about once a year, when visiting the Branch Factories, to meet the Works Council. But every branch Works Council should realise that the minutes of its proceedings are always sent to the writer, at Calne, and that he deals personally with any matters that may be recorded which require attention.

I hope that this brief explanation of the functions of a Works Council may be of service to all concerned, and that as time goes on they may become still more useful in constructive progress for the mutual benefit of the employees and the firm.



Greatness.

It is not granted to many to be born great or even to have greatness thrust upon them.

These thoughts came forcibly to our minds as we, who live in Yorkshire, heard of the passing of Lord Moynihan on the 7th September, a few days after his chosen helpmate had been laid to rest. Our land and the world in one week lost this unique couple—she, the inspirer and guide, he, the master-instrument. We in Leeds knew our friend. As we trod our several ways in the years gone by, we heard of his quiet kindnesses to the poor and thought for the children. He gave his priceless gift of life to many, with an open hand and without cost.

Lord Moynihan was the son of a Crimean V.C.—Captain Andrew Moynihan—and was born at Malta in 1865. He was made a knight in 1912 in recognition of his eminence as a surgeon. He was always a good citizen in the finest sense of the word, and at the height of his fame was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons, the highest honour which the faculty can award to any of its members. Last October he aroused much controversy by his outspoken advocacy of voluntary euthanasia—the "right to die" for people suffering the agonies of incurable disease. "I can't bear to see a patient suffer," he said. "Suffering that is useless and degrading must be conquered and abolished." Lord Moynihan was an authority on the treatment of cancer, and continually urged the necessity of arresting the disease in its early stages.

The achievements of Lord Moynihan in the operating theatre were the talk of the medical profession. Students from all parts of the world frequently crowded the gallery at Leeds General Infirmary when he operated. Throughout his life Lord Moynihan took a deep interest in that Hospital. His interests and reputation reflected honour upon Leeds, for it was in Leeds that his career had been long and intimately bound up with the work of the Infirmary, the Medical School, and the University.

Surely there is no finer tribute to Lord Moynihan than his own favourite quotation.

"Surgery is not only science, not only art; it is a sacrament."

BRITISH LEGION, CALNE BRANCH.

Wednesday, November 11th—Poppy Day, Concert in the Town Hall.

Sunday, November 15th—Church Parade.

Friday, November 20th.—Annual Dinner.

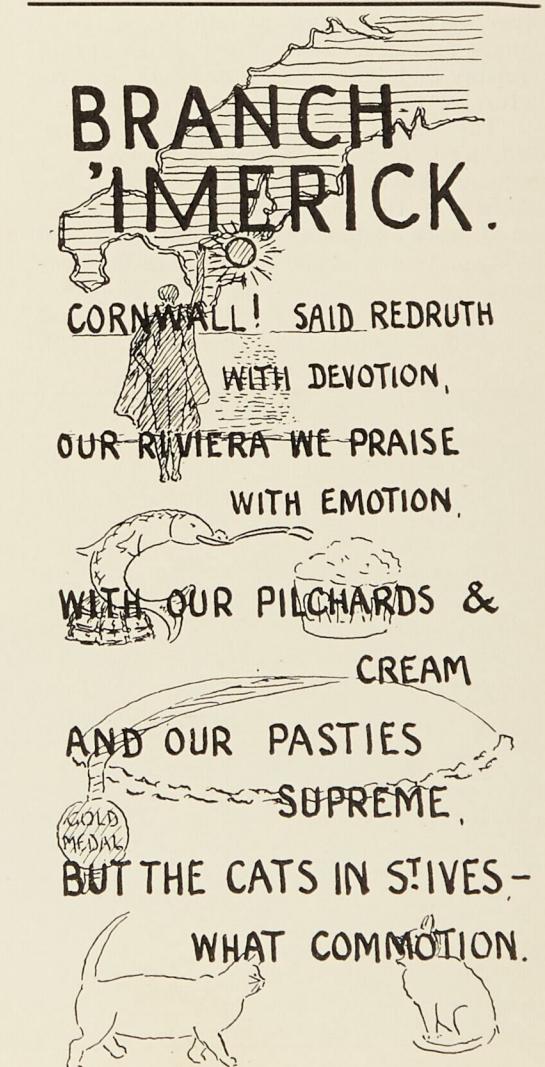
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AN URGENT REQUEST TO OUR READERS.

Please be sure and send along that Holiday Address for inclusion in our Register.

We can assure you that use is made of the Register, and the address you send along will be appreciated by someone next year.

Incidentally, other addresses we receive will probably interest you next summer (if any).



The West of England Bacon Co., Redruth.

Cornwall has always been a large pig producing area, and in the old days large numbers were sent alive to up-country factories, while still larger numbers were killed on the farms and sent away as carcasses. On certain days in the week every kind of farm vehicle could be seen on the roads to Redruth station, where hundreds of carcasses were received by agents of various firms, weighed, and loaded into the trucks. Very often in the autumn markets were flooded and prices, in consequence, were very poor.

Because of this large export of pigs, either alive or dead, a number of local farmers and business men decided to form a company and build a factory for the manufacture of bacon.

The company was floated on January 23rd, 1891, under the name of the West of England Bacon Curing Co., Ltd. The building of the factory having been completed, work commenced in March, 1892, and the bacon produced was branded Tre-Pol-and-Pen.

The West of England Bacon Curing Co., Ltd., existed until December, 1900,

when the company was bought by Chas. and Thomas Harris & Co., Ltd., of Calne, who took over the management in February, 1901. The name was changed to The West of England Bacon Co., Ltd. After 44 years the West of England Bacon Co. Branch of C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., is still going strong.

W.B.F.

AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. Bodinnar's remarks in his letter in the October Magazine fell in strangely with the feelings of "A Worker" at the Carnival and Flower Show.

The nearness of our President, his wife, and daughter, who gave unstintingly of their time, and apparently enjoyed doing so; their friendliness and interest in one and all had a great effect upon one. You no longer felt just a unit, a factory worker who did it for your daily bread. You felt that someone cared and that it was a great thing to help along that wonderful hub of industry which is our factory, and one made a resolve that in the same manner as our President had given to us you would give of your best each moment of the working hours.

"Largely ye have received, largely give."



Our French Feature.

NOVEMBRE—NOVEMBER.

Novembre est le onzième mois de l'année. November is the eleventh month of the year. Le premier novembre est le jour de la Toussaint (la fête de tous les Saints). The first of November is All Saints Day. C'est un jour férié en France. It is a legal holiday in France.

Tous ceux qui ont perdu des parents ou amis se rendent aux cimetières le jour de la Toussaint et mettent des chrysanthèmes sur les tombes.

All those who have lost relations or friends go to the cemeteries on All Saints' Day and put chrysanthemums on the graves. Le lendemain de la Toussaint est le jour des Morts.

The day after All Saints' Day is All Souls' Day.

Le onze novembre est le jour de l'Armistice. The 11th November is Armistice Day.

C'est également un jour férié en France ce qui permet à tout le monde d'assister aux services religieux et aux cérémonies qui ont lieu aux monuments aux Morts pour la Patrie dans toute la France.

It is also a legal holiday in France, which enables everyone to be present at the religious services and at the ceremonies which take place at the War Memorials to those who died for their country, all over France.

(To be continued).

D.G.T.B.

BOWLING MATCH P.S.

Since the report of the Bowling Match, Calne v. London was written the summer season has ended. Of our London staff two have had some success in sports. Mr. Coles, who would have been in the Calne and London bowling match but for a mix-up in the date, has won the handicap at the big Hornsey Bowling Club. Playing from owe 4, he defeated a previous winner in Mr. Wood, playing from owe 6. The match went to 33 ends, the final score being:—Coles 25, Wood 22.

We have our tennis players. Mrs. Gramolt, who won the championship of the Acland Association one year, got to the final round again this year, but lost. These

incidents suggest two possibilities for next year's fete. London, at full strength, might win the bowling match, and I suggest a London tennis double to play a Calne double. The London double would be Mrs. Gramolt and Mr. Godwin.

R.E.H.

* * *

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

In 1917 the following notice was posted outside a London cellar:—

BRING YOUR SICK ANIMALS.
DO NOT LET THEM SUFFER.
ALL ANIMALS TREATED.
ALL TREATMENT FREE.

In this way was started the P.D.S.A., which, to-day, has grown into an organisation which has:—

70 Dispensaries.
5 Animal Hospitals.
11 Caravan Dispensaries.
6 Ambulances,

and which carries out active work in six foreign countries.

Nearly **One Million** cases are treated in one year.

Five tons of Chloroform,
One ton of Cotton Wool,
Ten million Medicine Powders,
Twenty thousand Bandages

are used annually to relieve the sick and suffering animals of the poor.

Since the caravan started work in Calne, in August, over 100 cases have been treated. The figures given above explain why I beg for medicine bottles, old sheets for bandages, and also for used postage stamps and silver paper, which are sold. Five pounds weight of the latter will bring enough money to provide petrol for one day's run for the caravan.

The organisation is in no way connected with the R.S.P.C.A., though both are concerned with the welfare of animals.

You can become an Associate Member at an annual subscription of 2s. 6d., and any enquiries or offers of help will be gladly attended to, either by myself or by the Local Secretary, Mr. G. F. SMITH, Recview, Eastmead Terrace.

E. A. W. JAMES.
Calne Representative.

British Legion Battlefields Pilgrimage, August, 1936.

(Continued)

Wednesday.

Leaving Ypres by the Well Cross Roads, we passed the village of St. Jean, through Wielte to St. Julien and Vancouver Cross roads, where we stopped for a moment to see the Canadian Memorial commemorating the first German gas attack; on through the village of Grevenstafel. We were soon on the Passchendaele Ridge, which extends from Gheluvelt on the south to Nouchulst Forest on the north. The ground between Ypres and the Ridge was waterlogged during the War, and it was impossible to dig trenches or obtain shelter. The villages and hamlets were blown to pieces. To those who served on this front nothing but horror can remain in their minds.

Our next stop was Tyne Cot Cemetery, where we visited the Memorial and admired the wonderful care and attention with which



Tyne Cot Cemetery (British)

the graves of our comrades are cared for. During the War a German pill-box stood where the Cemetery now is.

Within the Cemetery lie 8,901 of the United Kingdom, 1,353 Australians, 966 Canadians, 519 New Zealanders, 90 South Africans, 14 Newfoundlanders, 6 Royal Guernsey Light Infantry, 2 British West Indians, 1 Frenchman, and 4 Germans. There are also 101 Special Memorials.

On the Memorial to the Missing is recorded the names of 34,888 of the British Empire who fell in the Ypres Salient from August,

1917, to the end of the War of whom no trace has been found.

Leaving Tyne Cot, with the mind bewildered at the sacrifices made, and an underlying determination to support even more strenuously than in the past the British Legion's set purpose to leave no stone unturned that will assist to ensure the peace of our Empire, we passed through the village of Broodsiende, Bevelaere, Gheluvelt, Inverness Copse, Clapham Junction, Louave Wood, Hooge, Maple Copse, to Sanctuary Wood, where a stop was made to enable us to visit the trenches and tunnels; also the Canadian Memorial on Hill 62.

Rejoining the charabanc, we passed Birr Cross Roads, Hell Fire Corner, Zillebeke with its lake, Hill 60, and the German luxury tunnels, passing Transport Farm, through the Lille Gate to Ypres for lunch. Joining the charabanc again after lunch, we left Ypres, via Spoil Bank, passing a number of Cemeteries which preserve the memory of those days in 1914—1918, when men lived in mud and filth to ensure that "Might should not conquer right."

Passing the Messines mine craters, Kemmel, La Clytte, we arrived at Poperinghe, where a halt was made for us to visit places of interest. The town was familiarly known to the troops as "Pop," and escaped heavy bombardment during the War. It was for a short time the headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, and was visited by H.M. King George and the Prince of Wales. The town is perhaps most famous as being the birthplace of "Toc H," and arrangements were made for us to be shown over the buildings in which this wonderful social organisation was founded.

After Poperinghe we passed through Brandhock, Goldfish Chateau, and soon arrived back in Ypres, after having spent a day on ground, every inch of which is treasured in the memories of those who served in the Salient as being for ever England, and at the close of this, another day—

"We shall remember them, though they sleep in Flanders fields."



Thursday.

At 8.30 a.m. 200 of the Pilgrims left Ypres for England. The remainder left for

Brussels, where we stayed until Sunday, August 9th.

Leaving Ypres for the last time, we proceeded through the Menin Gate to Menin on the Franco-Belgian frontier. Passing Courtrai, we reached Tournai, where we stopped for lunch, and also visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, &c. Leaving Tournai, we proceeded to Mons, the name of which will for ever be impressed on the minds of Britishers as the place where, on August 22nd, 1914, the British troops stood their ground against overwhelming odds until darkness came on.

Leaving Mons, we passed through Soignies and Hal, a town famous for its 14th century Church of Notre Dame, with its miracle working image of the Virgin, its alabaster altar, its bronze font, and other treasures. We arrived at Brussels about seven o'clock and were very comfortably accommodated at the Grand Hotel des Boulevards.



A German Cemetery.

Friday.

The party left the hotel by motor coach about 9.30 for a tour of the city. After visiting various places of interest, we stopped at the Belgian National Memorial, and Mr. P. Barton, on behalf of the party, placed a wreath on the Memorial. We then made our way to the grave of the Belgian Unknown Warrior, where we were joined by members of the Brussels branch of the Legion. Here also was laid a wreath on behalf of the party.

After visiting other places of interest, including the King's Palace and the National Shooting Gallery, where Nurse Cavell was shot with many more civilians, we made our way back to the hotel for lunch, having spent a very interesting morning.

The afternoon and evening was left for the party to do as they pleased, and as this was the first time we had had any time to ourselves it was very much appreciated, and everyone went shopping.

Saturday.

We left Brussels by charabanc for Malines, Louvain, and Antwerp. Malines is a city full of interest. The Gothic Cathedral of St. Rombald was built about 1300. There are many churches in the city. In that of St. John and Notre Dame are paintings by Rubens. The city was very much damaged during the War, but it is now a very important railway junction.

Louvain, a city of 39,000 inhabitants, contains some beautiful buildings, notably the Hotel de Ville; also the Cathedral, which was damaged during the War, but is now restored. The most notable building, however, is the University. Its library, with treasures of unique value, was burnt to the ground during the War. It was re-built by the United States and re-furnished with books given by Universities all over the world.

ANTWERP.—This is a city and seaport with a population of nearly 300,000. It is connected by a canal system with the Rhine Valley and Northern France. There are many beautiful buildings well worth a visit. The most notable is the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame, completed in 1518, and containing masterpieces of Rubens. In the Grande Place is Lambeaux's celebrated Brabo fountain. The Royal Museum contains a wonderful collection of Flemish art, both ancient and modern.

Sunday, August 9th.

After breakfast the party received picnic luncheon packets, and left Brussels by the 8.30 train for Ostend, where we were soon on board and making our way back to "Blighty." As we watched the Belgian coast disappear from sight the words ran through our minds:—

At the going down of the sun
And in the morning,
We will remember them.

I have kept these remarks as brief as possible, as there was so much to be seen, and one finds it difficult to say more about one thing than another, but if any reader would like to know more about the Pilgrimage I shall be pleased to lend them the snaps and views which I brought home.

C. E. BLACKFORD.

Why do People Hate Threepenny-bits?

(By ROBERT LYND).

IT is widely reported that the silver threepenny-bit is to disappear from the coinage and that a larger nickel coin is to take its place.

There will be few, I am afraid, to mourn the passing of the threepenny-bit. Ever since it was restored to the currency in 1845 it has been the most friendless coin on earth. Scotsmen alone seem to know its value and to love it as it deserves to be loved. Outside Scotland men and women shrink from contact with it as though it were not a piece of money but the germ of an infectious disease.

This is all the more curious since we naturally love little things. The gold-crested wren has a special charm because it is the smallest of English birds. The diminutive size of the bantam and the Shetland pony excites the normal child to enthusiasm. The beauty of a humming bird's nest, its hollow about the size of a thimble, is largely due to its littleness. Kittens, puppies, lambs, calves—how charming they seem in comparison with the larger beasts into which they will one day grow!

Yet the threepenny-bit—this kitten of the coinage, this lamb of the mint—has never been saved from unpopularity by its littleness. It is one of the few little things, like the gnat and the harvester, that have inspired little but hostility in human beings—at least in the southern parts of the island of Great Britain.

I have never been able to understand why the hatred of this innocent-looking coin should be so universal. I can see why it is disliked by people whose livelihood depends partly on tips, because an economical tipster may easily deceive himself into feeling that in giving a silver coin—even the smallest of silver coins—he is being generous. I remember many years ago hearing a country postman fulminating against a farmer who had given him a threepenny-bit for a Christmas box. "I didn't say anything," he declared with a scowl, "but as soon as I was out of his sight I took it and hinched it over a hedge."

The truth is nobody likes to be tipped threepence. I have heard a taxi-driver speaking with some bitterness of the parsi-

mony of women customers who would tip him threepence after the end of a long journey. "Threepence! Threepence!" he exclaimed disgustedly, "What I'd like to tell them is that I don't eat sweets!"

Apart from the tip dependent classes, however, what reason has anyone to dislike the threepenny-bit? Why should a shop-keeper, if he gives me a threepenny-bit in change, say apologetically: "I hope you don't mind"? Except, of course, that he knows I do mind—that I, in my turn, will be unable to pass on the coin to a bus-conductor without a still more humble apology.

As a matter of fact if I had no money but a threepenny-bit in my pocket I doubt whether I should have the courage to ride in a bus. I should feel that in passing the coin to the conductor I was doing him a personal wrong and ruining his happiness and his temper for the day.

The theory is, I suppose, that we are all so clumsy-fingered that we cannot easily hold a threepenny-bit and that as it is so small a coin we are likely to lose it. It is a theory that will not hold water. I have never found the slightest difficulty in holding a threepenny-bit and I never lost one, either—even in the golden age when I used occasionally to lose a sovereign. In my experience the threepenny-bit is the most difficult of all coins to lose as it is the most difficult to spend. If you have a threepenny-bit, the only way to get rid of it is to give it to a child and run.

After all, if threepenny-bits were particularly easy coins to lose, is it likely that the wisest of all nations in money matters, the Scots, would hold them in such affection? If you drive north from London one of the first things that tell you that you are approaching the Scottish border is the increasing number of threepenny-bits that you receive in your change. In Newcastle you begin to realise that you are getting near a civilised country in which the threepenny-bit is held in even higher esteem than the bawbee.

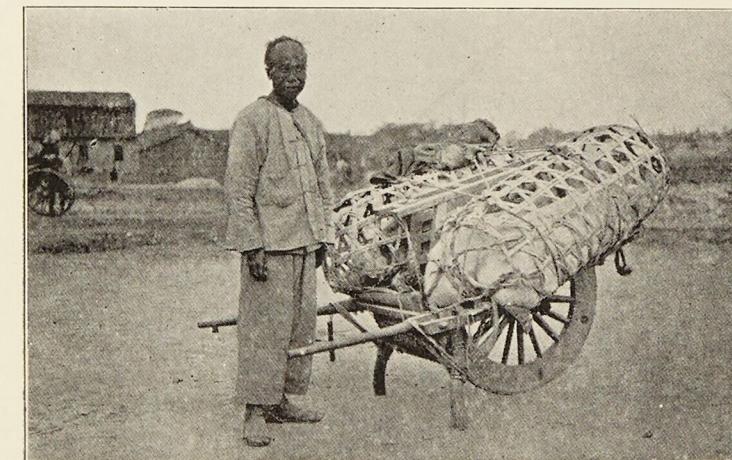
Statistics show, indeed, that Scotland absorbs about two-thirds of all the threepenny-bits issued—£64,000 worth out of £94,000 in a single year. This means that Scotland is annually flooded with 5,120,000 brand-new threepenny bits.

This popularity of the threepenny-bit is said to be due to a feeling that a silver coin, however small, looks well in a collection-

plate at the Sunday morning service. Possibly John Knox decided many generations ago that the widow's mite was a threepenny-bit and good Scotsmen have been trying to emulate the widow ever since.

Whatever the reason, I think the habit of putting silver instead of a copper in the collection-plate is evidence of the innate generosity of the Scottish people. It is also a proof of their reticence, their lack of boastfulness, in the performance of generous deeds. A halfcrown on a collection-plate looks showy. Even a shilling makes a certain noise as it falls. A threepenny-bit, however, is scarcely either seen or heard. This shy little coin takes its place among its fellows with only the faintest whisper.

PIGS TO MARKET IN CHINA.
We are indebted to Miss Ham for these interesting snap-shots. They were taken by a friend, whilst on a recent visit to China.



Wheeling Live Pigs on barrow.



Carrying Live Pigs to the Market.

Would that the same could be said of all charitable donations!

Will Scottish modesty find the same satisfaction in a larger threepenny-bit made of nickel? I doubt it. Nickel coins look horribly like make-believe shillings. Many a man, putting one of them in the collection plate, would feel that he was guilty of passing base coin.

It seems to me that a special meeting of the General Assembly should be summoned to consider this question of the substitution of nickel for silver in a coin that, through its associations, has become almost sacred.

I myself do not actually care whether the coin is abolished or not, but I would vote against its abolition out of sheer cussedness. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Author).

The Broad Highway.

Our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. A. Gates who has left Calne for Manchester to take over important duties for the Sales Department in the North of England and Scotland.

We welcome Mr. S. C. Bingham who has joined the Calne Sales Department bringing with him a long experience in the Bacon Trade in London and elsewhere.

We have once again seen through another London Grocers' Exhibition. Our Stand occupied the usual commanding position and the "Harris Corner," as it has become to be known was again a popular rendezvous. The Stand this year was the best we have had so far and brought forth many admiring comments.

It was, however, a great disappointment to us all not to have with us our Chief, who was unfortunately indisposed. We missed his usual smile and word of encouragement, and it was quite apparent that his absence was also felt by the many visitors to the Exhibition, judging by the numerous enquiries we received. Mr. Redman spent some time with us and was able to meet and have a chat with a large number of our friends from various parts of the country.

We received visits from friends near and far, and the usual annual contacts were made with Harris enthusiasts from Bonnie Scotland, who make the Exhibition an opportunity for further cementing the happy relationship already existing.

Business was brisk, particularly on the Wednesday and Thursday, and many new enquiries were received for Bacon and Harris Products generally, particularly Cooked Meats.

There are many more provision businesses going in for cooked meat counters now that the provision of proper refrigeration is a much more simple matter, and this is a branch of our trade which has before it a much wider distribution.

Much interest was shown in Cocktail and Chipolata Sausages in tins, and quite a number of orders taken. These two should prove very popular lines.

That part of the Stand given over to Bradenham and Suffolk Hams and export lines was kept very busy, and we had a

number of visitors from Overseas who were very keen to discuss the possibilities of increasing trade in the latter.

Year by year we find that the name Harris is becoming even more widely known and appreciated as the hall-mark of food stuffs that are of the highest quality.

We are now settling down to face what we hope will be the record season for Sausages, Pies, and other seasonal lines. We know that we shall have the enthusiastic co-operation of everyone on the road and, backed up by the extensive advertising which has now commenced, we are confident that we shall all be able to have a sense of satisfaction of a job of work well done.

J.H.G.

HAZEL GROVE CENTENARY

Hazel Grove, near Stockport, on Saturday September 26th, celebrated its centenary of this name, it previously being known as Bullock's Smithy.

It was recently mentioned by the British Association as one of Britain's "daft" villages.

There are several stories concerning the inhabitants of this village of a few years back. The local band once won third prize in a contest in Manchester. There were only three competitors. On their return home they decided to play themselves triumphantly through the village, but took off their boots so as not to disturb their sleeping fellow citizens.

Another story goes that when they first had trams in the village, the inhabitants used to blacklead the tram lines.

The band were once practising and one of their members, arriving late, informed them it sounded fine outside, so they all stopped playing and went outside to listen.

The last story is of a Hazel Grove man who kept poultry near the railway line and was constantly having them killed by passing trains. To put a stop to this he hung in the new hen house a railway guide so that the birds could tell when the trains were due.

C. W. HERBERT.
Van 48, Stockport.

* * *

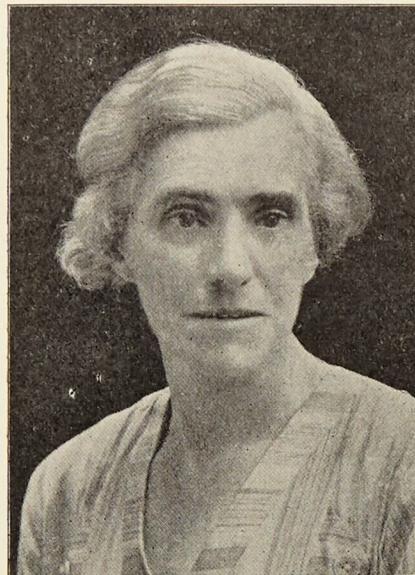
CHEAP TRANSPORT.

First Traveller: There's old Smith over there—he travels in gas ovens.

Second Traveller: How's that? Can't he afford a car?

Our Portrait Gallery.

MRS. SEWELL.



Mrs. Sewell has been with us for ten years and her sterling personality has won many friends amongst the girls, and those with whom her duties have brought her into contact.

Mrs. Sewell is a very energetic and enthusiastic worker for the H.W.A. and at Carnivals and Flower Shows does her utmost to ensure success. Her valued services are appreciated by one and all.

* * *

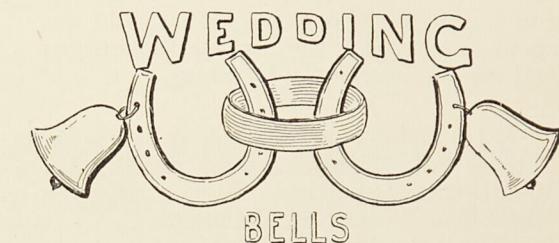
The one-ring circus was in town, and the band was playing. The country folks recognised all of the instruments except the slide trombone.

An old settler watched the player for a time, and then turning to his son he said: "Don't let on that you notice him. There's a trick in it; he is not really swallerin' it."—*Sudbury Star*.

* * *

Uneasy Passenger (on board an ocean steamship): "Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully?"

Dignified steward: "The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."



At Calne Parish Church, on August 22nd, Mr. Ernest Scull was married to Miss Edith Haddrell. The bride was given away by her brother, and wore a pink crepe suede gown, pink wreath and veil, and pink satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Three bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore dresses of mauve crepe suede with mauve head-dresses, and wore silver shoes and stockings to tone, and carried bouquets of mauve sweet peas. Miss Haddrell was five years in the Sausage Department. Mr. Scull belongs to the Warehouse. The wedding presents from the Factory included a palm stand and curb, a clock from the Warehouse, and a canteen of cutlery from the Retort.

By special licence, at Calne Parish Church, on August 27th, Miss Ruby Cleverly was married to Mr. James Pike, of Frome. The bride wore a navy blue two-piece suit, fawn hat, navy blue court shoes, and stockings to tone. The bride was unattended.

Miss Cleverly was eight years in the Pie Department and was presented with an oval mirror.

At Calne Parish Church on August 29th, Miss Joyce Brittain was married to Chief Petty-Officer Bernard Ponting, of H.M. Training Ship Sturdy. The bride was unattended and wore a pink satin dress with large pink crinoline hat, pink shoes and stockings to tone, and carried an ivory Prayer-book.

Miss Brittain's last period of service was about one year in the Pie Department. The wedding present from the Factory was stainless cutlery, and a clock from the Pie Department.

At Chippenham, on September 19th, Miss Margaret Wild was married to Mr. Ben Barnes, of Heddington. The bride wore a grey flannel costume, pink satin blouse, grey hat, brown shoes and stockings to tone,

and carried chamois gloves. Miss Wild was about four years in the Sausage Department and was the recipient of a tea service.

At Bremhill Parish Church, on Saturday, October 3rd, Mr. Arthur Stockdale, of the Maintenance Department, was married to Miss Lilian Wheeler, of Bremhill.

The bride wore a white satin gown, wreath of orange blossom and veil, and wore white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Five bridesmaids attended dressed in green taffeta frocks with golden halos, gold shoes, and stockings to tone, and carried gold fans.

Mr. Stockdale was presented with a time-piece and chromium coal scuttle from the Maintenance Department.

The wedding was solemnised at Calne Parish Church on Wednesday, October 7th, of Miss Joan Wallis and Mr. Denis Simons.

The bride was attired in a lido-blue poult taffeta gown, with shoes to tone, and pink taffeta hat and muff to match.

The bride's sister, as bridesmaid, wore a peacock green tree-bark satin frock, with hat and shoes to tone, and carried a bouquet of golden chrysanthemums.

Miss Wallis was attached to the Sales Department and was presented with a green Axminster carpet from the Office Staff.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Simons every happiness for the future.

The marriage took place at the Parish Church, Calne, on Saturday, September 26th, of Mr. E. J. A. Archard and Miss Muriel Sharp. The Vicar officiated and Mr. W. R. Pullein was at the organ. The bride, given away by her father, was dressed in a gown of new moonlight blue reversible satin. She was attended by her sister (Miss Maidie Sharp), who wore a pale blue dress with hat to match. Mr. Dick Swaffield was best man. The bridegroom is employed at the Calne Milling Company and is a playing member of the Harris 1st Cricket XI.

The marriage was solemnized on September 26th, at Castle Street Baptist Church, of Miss Nellie Hitchens to Mr. A. Strange.

The bride, attired in a gown of ivory ring velvet, was attended by two bridesmaids wearing dresses of salmon-pink embossed velvet. Miss Hitchens, who was a

member of the Office Staff for eleven years, received an oak sideboard from her colleagues.

The wedding of Mr. Fred Howse to Miss Beatrice Freegard, of Lower Beaversbrook Farm, Calne, took place at the Silver Street Methodist Church, Calne, on Saturday, September 12th.

The bride, given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory wind-swept satin, cut on classical lines with a train, tulle veil, and halo of sprigged orange blossom. She carried a sheaf of Harrissi lilies. The bridesmaids wore Victorian frocks of pink taffeta and "Dolly Varden" hats. They carried ruched muffs decorated with pink and mauve flowers and Victorian bags suspended from their wrists. The small bridesmaid wore a Victorian pink taffeta frock, poke bonnet, and carried a muff. A Victorian suit of mauve satin with lace cravat and buckled shoes was worn by the page.

Mr. Howse is attached to No. 1 Cellars and was the recipient of a wedding present.

The honeymoon was spent at Ilfracombe.

* * *

ADVERTISEMENT.

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE BY MONTHLY PREMIUMS.

Arrangements have been made whereby the Sun Life Assurance Society is prepared to grant Life and/or Endowment Assurances to Members of the Staff (Office and Factory) of the Company on a Monthly Premium basis.

No extra charge is made for this concession, the premium being calculated at one-twelfth of the Annual Premium, to the nearest penny.

The Premiums quoted by the above Society are very competitive and a Medical Examination is not required unless the Assured is over fifty years of age or, in the opinion of the Society, the circumstances render it necessary.

Further particulars and quotations may be obtained on application to:—

MR. H. W. BODMAN,
23/25, ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARADE,
TRAMWAYS' CENTRE,
BRISTOL 1.



LIBRARY SECTION. BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Lord Lovat," by the Right Hon. Sir Francis Lindley.

A biography of the late Lord Lovat, who spent most of his life in public service. From the time when he organised the Lovat Scouts, who were of such great assistance in the Boer War, he never tired in his efforts to serve his country. He was of an outstanding personality, a fine sportsman, and a born leader of men, and a good man of business, all of which attributes contributed towards making his life such a successful and useful one.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Library Section was held on Friday, 18th September.

The Secretaries were pleased to report an increased membership and a balance in hand of £1 14s. 6d.

Officers and committee were elected to serve for the coming year.



Owing to the unsettled state of the weather this summer, the tennis season has been a somewhat disappointing one. Fourteen matches had to be cancelled and three abandoned. Enthusiasm, therefore, did not reach a very satisfactory level.

The results of the matches played were as follows:—

1st string, won 7, lost 7.
2nd string, won 3, lost 6.

These results were not as good as those in previous seasons, but the matches were very much enjoyed by the players, who were always able to give their opponents a good game.

The club was also unfortunate to lose during the latter part of the season the services of the hon. treasurer, Mr. E. Cooper, who was one of our best and most enthusiastic players. Mr. L. Potter kindly consented to carry on the duties of hon. treasurer until the end of the season.

An American Tournament was arranged in June, which proved to be very successful, the winners being Miss O. Wallis and Mr. E. Cooper. We had hoped to arrange more, but owing to the unsettled weather we were unable to do so.

During the season the Committee, with the President's consent, decided to allow each member of the section to bring a friend to the Woodlands Hard Courts on either Monday, Wednesday, or Friday evenings for the fee of 9d. per evening. We have not seen as many visitors as we should have liked, but hope that next season will see a substantial increase in our membership, as the married men will have the advantage of bringing their wives, many of whom are tennis enthusiasts.



The annual meeting of the Ladies' Hockey Club was held at Lickhill on Tuesday, September 15th, Mr. Swaffield taking the chair.

The Secretary's report was presented and showed that during the past season one match had been won, thirteen lost, and one drawn, whilst two mixed matches were won. The total number of goals scored was 36, as against 86. This result undoubtedly looks very bad, but there are one or two reasons why they are not better. In the first place the season started with such terribly wet weather that many of our members' keenness to turn out regularly each week was damped. This is proved by the fact that sixteen

matches were scratched, due mainly to the weather, and, naturally, there is a great possibility that many of these sixteen matches may have been won. Furthermore, many of our opponents were stronger teams than we have previously included in our fixture-list.

The secretary's report having been proposed and adopted, the statement of account was then read, and this showed a satisfactory result.

The following officers were then elected for the forthcoming season:—Chairman, Mr. Swaffield; hon. secretary and treasurer, Miss Margaret Angell; committee, Miss G. Barton, Miss F. Henley, Miss Molly Angell, Miss P. Rubery, Miss M. Cleverley, Miss M. Giddings, and Miss V. Woodward; captain, Miss K. Angell; representative on Grounds Committee, Mr. Swaffield.

CLUB NOTES.

The outstanding event at the Woodlands during the past month was the whist drive, arranged by the Games Committee, on September 30th. The Committee have arranged several small drives during the summer months in aid of the fund of £25, this being the sum which the President suggested should be provided by October 1st towards the purchase price of a second billiards table, and it was then decided to make one special effort to raise the balance of the amount required by holding a large drive on the last day of the month.

The following attractive prizes were, therefore, offered to the first four winning ladies and gentlemen:—1st prize, 10cwt. coal; 2nd, 5cwt.; 3rd, 3cwt.; 4th, 2cwt. Two special prizes of 2cwt. coal each (one lady, one gentleman) in respect of tickets sold before the Saturday preceding the drive, and a "snowball" prize, value 15s., for the highest score over 183.

This effort resulted in drawing a good company, there being 39 tables, and the prize-winners were as follows:—

Ladies—1st, Mrs. A. Puffett, 179; 2nd, Mrs. E. F. Hopkins, 178; 3rd, Mrs. S. C. Rogers, 178; 4th, Mrs. A. Gegg, 173.

Gentlemen—1st, Mr. E. Angell, 185; 2nd, Mr. B. Cleverley, 180; 3rd, Mr. E. Gingell, 175; 4th, Mr. A. E. Ward, 173.

The "snowball" prize was, of course, won by Mr. E. Angell, and the two special prizes by Mr. R. B. Swaffield and Mrs. E. F. Hopkins.

The company present were pleased to see and appreciated the attendance of Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Redman. At the close of the drive Mrs. Bodinnar presented vouchers in respect of the prizes to the winners.

The Games Committee would like to take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to everyone who supported this drive as it enabled the Committee to provide the balance of the required amount.

A Departmental Billiards League has now been formed and the ten teams comprised in the League should have some thrilling contests during the coming winter months.

This League and the large fixture-list of Inter-departmental Skittles will provide a very full programme for some time to come.

F.H.A.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The annual general meeting of this section was held on October 15th, Mr. T. W. Petherick presiding.

The Hon. Secretaries report mentioned that the membership consisted of 612, and paid tribute to the generous help given during the past year by the President and his family, Mr. R. P. Redman, the Dramatic Society, and the officers and committee. The hon. treasurer's statement of accounts showed a deficit of £23 on the year's activities, a financial position which is deemed satisfactory.

The following officers and committee were elected for the ensuing year:—Chairman, Mr. T. W. Petherick; vice-chairman, Mr. F. Gale; hon. secretaries, Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield; hon. treasurer, Mr. F. I. Nash; committee—Mrs. Sewell, Miss P. Rubery, Messrs. F. B. Blackford, J. F. G. Edwarde, G. Gough, E. H. Kettle, A. J. Mail, W. Prior, S. J. Rymer, and I. J. Taylor.

The Carnival and Flower Shows for 1937 were fixed for January 9th and August 14th respectively.

SKITTLE SECTION.

The annual meeting of the Skittles Section of the H.W.A. was held on September 7th.

The Secretary, in presenting the fifth

annual report, announced that the season had been a successful one, thanks to the new and comfortable alley which the Directors had provided. There had been an increase in membership, which now exceeds 200, and the balance in hand amounted to £7 18s. 10d.

The following officers were elected:—Chairman, Mr. A. J. Boase; secretary and treasurer, Mr. R. H. Stanley.

CALNE AND CHIPPENHAM AT SKITTLES.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the Woodlands on Friday, 25th September, when a team of skittlers from the Chippenham Factory paid us a visit.

The total score of three legs decided the match, and it was not until the last leg that the home team asserted their superiority. The full result is given below:—

CALNE.	CHIPPENHAM.		
A. J. Boase (capt.)	18	J. Baker (capt.)	18
P. Carter	22	B. Pinfield	17
P. Pegler	17	W. Thomas	18
R. Spackman	15	F. Walker	11
H. Miller	20	B. Edwards	18
F. Bowyer	23	L. Turner	17
A. McLean	21	E. Eggleston	23
A. Freeguard	25	W. Weston	17
B. Duck	15	E. Garraway	22
A. Merritt	20	W. Clark	24
A. Green	26	J. Burchell	18
H. Trembling	26	J. Harper	20
R. Noad	18	A. Fortune	22
F. Blackford	19	A. Yeates	20

285

265

Mr. Redman very kindly looked in during the evening, and after a glance at the score board, he challenged the home captain (Mr. A. Boase) and the Chippenham Secretary (Mr. J. Hooper).

Mr. Boase, with sleeves rolled up, scored 13 (spare). Mr. Redman followed with a creditable 7, and the Chippenham Secretary also put 7 on the board.

After refreshments the Calne Captain expressed the delight of all at such a happy gathering, and Mr. Baker cheerily responded. He arranged there and then for a return fixture.

There was one real regret—the absence of our President, owing to illness, and one and all present sincerely wished him a speedy recovery.

A special word of thanks is due to the

Section Secretary (Mr. R. Stanley), for so ably carrying through all the arrangements.

H.W.A. (CRICKET SECTION).

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

A GRAND 'XMAS WHIST DRIVE

Has been arranged for WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16TH To be held at the WOODLANDS.

A very attractive Prize-list is being prepared and we invite you to book the date.

* * *

LOVE AMONG THE PAINT POTS

(By GERTRUDE JENNINGS).

This is a very high-speed comedy, originally produced by Owen Nares with Sydney Fairbrother as Miss Mittens and the late Mary Brough as Mrs. Nobbs, with various complications arising in it which cause a great deal of amusement. Interest is kept right up until the final curtain. As you can guess, love plays a strong part in it, but is ably assisted by the paint pots, and Miss Mittens, who meanders through the play in a delightfully vague manner, but who, nevertheless, manages to unravel the mystery attached to Young Arthur. The domestic troubles of the Nobbs' and Mrs. Plummett will not fail to make you laugh while never has the British workman been shown to better advantage.

LOVE AMONG THE PAINT POTS is being produced by Mr. R. B. Swaffield, and the cast includes Miss Woodward, Miss McFaull, Miss Wheeler, Miss Bouillon, and Messrs. J. Bromham, P. Cainey, J. Wiltshire, P. Holding, R. White, and G. R. Ashman.

Picture Palace, Calne,

ON THE

2nd & 3rd of DECEMBER.

"Love Among the Paint Pots," presented by the Harris Dramatic Section of the H.W.A.

RESERVE THESE DATES.

* * *

Driver of overturned taxi (to Scottish passenger): Are you hurt, sir?

The Scot: Don't be bothering about my being hurt, man! Stop that wee clock of yours!—*Humorist*.

Friends Elsewhere.



VISIT TO OUR CALNE FRIENDS.

On Friday, September 25th, 1936, a representative party of our Welfare Association, including Mr. J. G. Hooper and Mr. B. F. Pinfield, journeyed to Calne at the invitation of the Skittles Section of the H.W.A. to partake in a friendly game of skittles.

This visit also afforded us the first opportunity we have had of visiting The Woodlands. From the many reports we have received we expected to find a delightful Club House, but our imagination of this fell far short of the rooms and fittings which we found placed at our disposal. Our one regret was that there was not more time available for us to indulge in these good things.

Our Calne friends must be proud of their Club House, and it is to be hoped that they show their appreciation of this splendid building by supporting it and taking full advantage of the many amenities offered to every individual of the Firm, whether young or old.

We, at Chippenham, are looking forward to spending more happy hours at this ideal home for recreation. We must also congratulate our friends on their good fortune in possessing such an excellent skittle alley.

SKITTLES MATCH.

We have never in the past been able to prove victorious at Calne, and once again we have had to return home without accomplishing our desire.

The first leg was certainly in our favour and we ran out winners by 20 pins. This appeared to inspire Calne and have an adverse effect on our team, who gradually faded away to finish the second leg with a

deficit of 19 pins. Although we started the third leg with the small advantage of 1 pin, we could not withstand the onslaught of the Calne men, who won this leg by 21 pins and again maintained their unbeaten record against us by 20 pins. Total score :—

Calne	78	109	98	—285
Chippenham ...	98	90	77	—265

This was the most enjoyable evening it has been our privilege to spend at Calne, and our pleasure was greatly increased by the presence of Mr. R. P. Redman.

We wish to thank the H.W.A. for the happy evening we were able to spend as their guests, and hope this is the first of many to be spent at The Woodlands.

MR. BODINNAR.

Everyone at Chippenham heard with a feeling of grief of the illness of our Chief, and through the medium of our Magazine we would like to express our sincere wish that in a very short time complete health and strength will be restored to him.

VISIT TO HIGHBRIDGE.

We are now looking forward to our visit to Highbridge on October 10th, 1936.

From our past experiences we know a good time awaits us, and are sure that on this occasion the good feeling that exists between the two factories will be further strengthened.

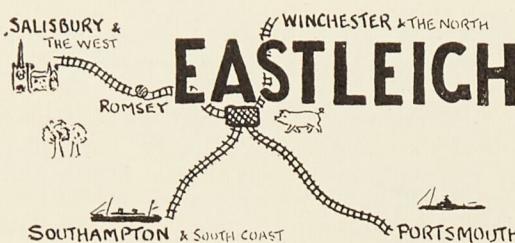
W.H.W.

GROCERS' EXHIBITION.

We were privileged once again to occupy a space on the stand of the Parent Company for the exhibition of our celebrated Bradenham Hams.

These, as usual, proved a source of great interest to the trade and public generally. Large orders were booked for delivery between now and Christmas, and the popularity and reputation of these hams, of which we are the sole curers, increases year by year.

W.V.L.



The Eastleigh Hospital Carnival, held the first week in September, proved to be as popular as ever, and although the final figures are not available, it is hoped that all records have been broken.

The weather was not too kind, but despite this all the principal events, including the carnival processions, which were more attractive than ever, were carried through without interruption, and record entries and attendances are reported.

At the time of writing arrangements are well in hand for the presentation of the Charter of Incorporation creating Eastleigh into a Municipal Borough. A full programme has been arranged for the occasion and excitement will be intense on Charter Days, which have been fixed on Saturday and Sunday, October 3rd and 4th. The presentation of the Charter will be made by Lieut.-Col. the Right Hon. Lord Mount Temple, P.C., and the Charter will be received on behalf of the town by the Charter Mayor, Councillor E. J. Bradshaw.

On September 19th, at South Stoneham Church, Mr. C. King was married to Miss R. V. Smith.

His fellow workers at Eastleigh presented Mr. King with a suitable gift on the occasion and expressed all good wishes to the happy couple.

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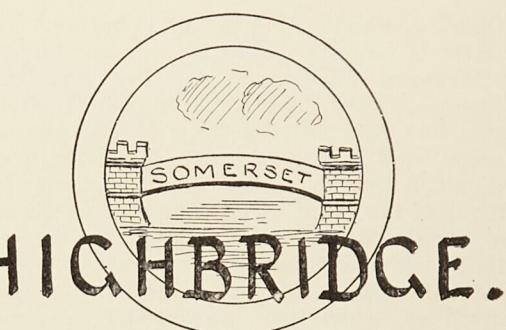
DON JUAN'S VISION OF LONDON.
A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and
shipping,

Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just
skipping

In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping

On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town !

Byron.



It is with very deep regret that all at Highbridge have heard of the illness of our Chief, and it is the sincere hope of everyone that Mr. Bodinnar will very quickly recover his normal health and strength.

We are very pleased to welcome Mr. Pople back and everyone hopes that he will not have a recurrence of his illness.

Mr. William Young, jun., is still on the sick list, and all his workmates give him sympathy in what has been a long and tedious illness. He is at present in hospital again, and it is the hope of everyone that he will soon be discharged fit and well.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Tom Hardwidge is recovering satisfactorily from her operation and we wish her a speedy return to normal health and strength.

Mr. Sydney Frost is again indisposed and unable to follow his work, and to him also we wish quick recovery.

It would not be inappropriate this month to call the members' attention to what may appear to some a small matter, but which to the officials of the Welfare Association is a rather important one. When the Committee decide to undertake any social event or fixture it has recently been the practice to issue a notice to each individual member, giving details and asking him or her to notify their Committee member whether or not they wish to attend. The reason for this is that it is the members' money generally which is being spent, and, to safeguard any unnecessary expenditure, the members are asked to say whether the Committee may expect their support or not. Now it is quite a simple matter—"Yes" or "No" is all that is required—but, unfortunately, either our members often don't know

their own mind or they just don't bother. The latter is more probably the reason, but in all sincerity we would ask the members just what they think would happen if, after, say, for instance, the date of the annual social had been decided the Committee didn't bother any more about it until the night of the event? Of course, it would be a "wash out." And so experience proves that lack of interest and support kills any good intention and endeavour. So we ask members, when they are asked to express their intentions, to give the Committee the support which it is their right to expect. Please remember it is easier for each member to see his Committee member than for the Committee members to go after each member to get their intentions.

We held our first whist drive and dance of the season on Friday, 2nd October, at the West Huntspill Schoolroom. There was a very good attendance of members and their friends, and the evening was spent in a very happy way. We hope next time we shall have an even larger attendance of members, as it is for their entertainment that the Committee arrange these affairs. Mrs. Kidley kindly presented the prize vouchers.

Once again we have to thank Mesdames W. J. Young, R. Gibbs, H. D. Smith, and Holley for their hard work in the refreshment department, and what we should do without the assistance of these very willing helpers we do not know. As time passes we get further in their debt.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Bunston at the end of the month, and Mr. Fred Gale at the beginning of the month.

R.C.L.

VISIT TO CALNE, SATURDAY, 15th AUGUST, 1936.

Some thirty of us had the pleasure of again visiting Calne for their annual Flower Show and Sports. We had a very pleasant journey up by charabanc, making a break at the well-known hostelry at Box for light refreshments, arriving at Calne about 11 a.m.

Our Directors again extended the privilege of looking over the wonderful hygienic Factories of the House of "Harris," and this was much appreciated by all, and we thank our Directors for this kindness.

At the kind invitation of our President all the visitors were entertained to a luncheon, and some 400 sat down to partake of the

good things provided, and here we must extend our grateful thanks to them and also to all those who so kindly gave their services in looking after our inner needs.

We appreciated very much our Managing Director's remarks and sincerely hope that he will soon recover his normal health and that it will be his pleasure to be our guiding star for some years to come. The remarks of the factory representatives were appreciated. We are sorry that our esteemed manager, Mr. A. G. Kidley, was not with us, as he was away on his holidays.

After the lunch we adjourned to the Recreation-ground for the Sports and Flower Show. We were hoping to bring the "Bodinnar" Challenge Cup back in the open factory tug-of-war, but we are sorry to relate we were knocked out in the first round by Chippenham. Still, there's hope yet. We have been very near winning it, but our luck seems to be out in this direction. To our team, "better luck next time."

We are pleased to hear our Creamery Foreman, Walter Young, did well in the Fur and Feather Section, and in this connection we understand that there was a freak on exhibition in the male section, for an egg was found laid by one of these. Is this unique? Perhaps the Committee of this Section can enlighten us.

We started for home about 8 p.m., making a break at Blagdon to join with them in the Flower Show and Fair, arriving back about midnight, after a very pleasant day's outing, and we wish to thank our friends at Calne for all that they did to make our visit a pleasant and happy one.

C.B.S.

SPORTS.

Skittles.

Our team entered in the Highbridge and District League and have started their season by losing two matches. This is unfortunate, but we do not take these games seriously, but more as a relaxation from the daily round and the common task, and so make these meetings with our teams a pleasure and a night out.

In a week or so we shall be thinking of playing our first match in the "Anne Kidley" Competition. Who will be the winner this season? Another dark horse, perhaps.

Football and Skittles.

We are all looking forward to meeting our friends from Chippenham on Saturday, October 10th, 1936, in the combined games, and we hope the contests will be keen and sporty in view of the fact that we have the "Bodinnar" Challenge Cup to play for, and we appreciate the kindness of the donor.

C.B.S.

The employees of the Chippenham and Highbridge factories met in the first of the season's contests on Saturday, 10th October, at Highbridge. This year the contests are invested with greater interest thanks to the Challenge Cup kindly presented early this year by Mr. Bodinnar.

Our Chippenham friends, headed by Mr. Long, Mr. Hooper and Mr. Stanley, had a beautiful day for their run down, and arrived just before 3 o'clock. We all proceeded to a field (kindly lent by Mr. G. J. Pearse for the occasion) for the football match. After a very sporting encounter Highbridge emerged victorious by five goals to three. The game was ably controlled by Mr. Ernest Lewis, to whom our thanks are due for taking the game.

Following the match, we adjourned to the factory, where the Welfare Committee had provided tea. Here we must pay tribute to Mrs. Walter Young and her band of willing helpers, Mesdames R. Gibbs, J. Norris, and H. D. Smith, and Miss Eva Wood. They worked hard to make the tea a success, and they accomplished their object. Praise is due to them all for the way in which they "fed" us, and we are indebted to them for all they did. "Chef" Burland and Mr. W. H. G. Young also rendered assistance in the catering department.

Following tea, Mr. Kidley welcomed our visitors, and in the course of his remarks said how pleased we were to have them here again. He said that entertaining our friends at tea in the factory seemed more intimate and was really like being "at home" to them ourselves. He referred, with appreciation, to the work of Mrs. Walter Young and her helpers for all their hard work. Mr. Kidley said he had received a letter of regret at his inability to attend from Captain C. Herbert Smith, but unfortunately he and Mrs. Smith had a previous engagement which could not be cancelled. Reference was also made to Mr. Curgenven, who had written to say he could not get down for the occasion,

but Mr. Kidley made mention of the keenness and interest Mr. Curgenven took in the visits that he had asked him to wire the result immediately the match was over.

Mr. Kidley referred to the illness of our Chief, and said all would be pleased to hear that Mr. Bodinnar was now on the road to recovery.

Mr. Long, in reply, said that on previous occasions it had been his privilege to express appreciation of the hearty welcome they got at Highbridge, and he could only re-echo his previous expressions of how much they appreciated their visits to Highbridge. He congratulated the football team on their victory, which would give added interest to the meetings between the factories in the spring, a visit to which they at Chippenham would look forward.

The skittle match was played at the Railway Hotel, and in this also Highbridge were the winners. After the match a smoker was held at which a snack was partaken, and Highbridge employees and their visitors spent a pleasant hour. Owing to the late start the proceedings were rather brief. Mr. A. Holley proposed the toast of "The President" and said it was a very great pleasure to him to propose it, and he was sure everyone would be delighted to hear Mr. Bodinnar was progressing after his illness. Mr. J. B. Stanley supported and said they all knew what a friend Mr. Bodinnar was and how much we owed him for the conditions under which we worked. It was a great pleasure to him to support the toast, which was then accorded musical honours and three hearty cheers.

Mr. R. C. Lynham gave the toast of "The Visitors," and was supported by Mr. F. Pople, and said how pleased everyone at Highbridge was to see them all again, and hoped they had all had a good time.

Mr. J. G. Hooper replied, expressing appreciation of all that had been done to make their visit pleasant, and he congratulated Highbridge on their achievement in winning the football and skittles matches, and he looked forward to the return visit in the spring. Mr. J. Baker supported the reply, and congratulated Highbridge on winning four points. He mentioned that Mr. Wright, who had never missed one of these meetings until that day, was at present in the Chippenham Cottage Hospital, and he suggested a word from the gathering should be sent him wishing him a speedy recovery.

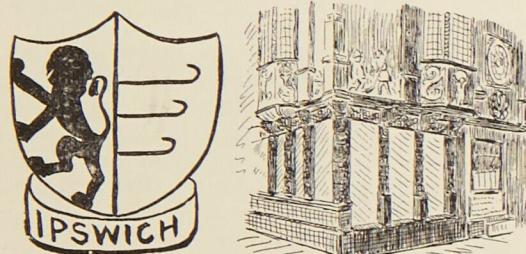
Mr. R. Cobb proposed the toast of "The Chairman," which was received with musical honours, and to which Mr. Kidley briefly replied.

The proceedings terminated at 10 p.m. with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King," after what we hope was for all a pleasant afternoon and evening, and which, undoubtedly, is a means of making contact between employees in the various branches of the Harris group.

During the evening songs were rendered by Messrs. T. Hardwidge, W. J. Young, and R. C. Lynham, whilst we are indebted to Mr. G. Derham for his efforts at the piano.

R.C.L.

* * *



"Your monthly report for the Magazine, please."

Well, well. What on earth can I fudge up *this* month? Of news there is a scarcity. We do our job of work, we eat, sleep, and enjoy such leisure as is ours, and the months pass by. Summer time has gone, the clocks have regained their hour, and night and morning mists and frosts warn us that another winter is at hand.

October, however, has started well, with blue skies and bright sunshine to cheer us, after an extremely wet September.

We were all very sorry to hear that Mr. Bodinnar was in ill-health, and hope that he will soon be fit and well again.

One member of our staff, Mr. H. Scott, Bacon Department, has the honour of being a member of the 166th Battery of the Suffolk Heavy Brigade, which has recently won the coveted Prince of Wales' Cup. This cup is awarded for six-inch gun competition amongst Territorial coast defence batteries, and is most keenly contested. The competition took place at Plymouth, and the victorious Battery had a great welcome on their return to Ipswich. Congratulations!

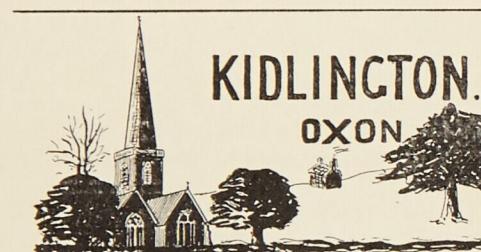
Congratulations, too, of a different nature, but equally sincere, to Mr. A. Garrod (Curing Department), who has become the father of a bonny boy.

It seems that the party who went from Ipswich to the Calne Flower Show had such a good time, and fraternised so well with their hosts (and hostesses), that a meeting has been arranged to take place in London shortly, when members of Calne, London, and Ipswich will foregather, and I'll bet that they will have a high old time.

We were sorry to hear from Mr. S. Trew (watchman) that his married daughter was taken seriously ill shortly after giving birth to a little daughter, and hope to hear better news of her very soon.

A.H.M.

* * *



As we write these lines the first nip of frost is in the air, reminding us that winter will soon be with us, and already that king of sports, football, is claiming its followers. Emboldened by our successes at tug-of-war, we have decided to launch a team for this coming season. Wood for the goal-posts was bought, and our ever-willing Mr. Teal and his "bag of tricks" soon had them prepared. Mr. Farmer Tompkins was very willing to lend us his field, which adjoins the factory meadow, and Saturday, 26th September, saw us in action, complete with blue and white jerseys—the club colours. After a very enjoyable game we lost to Freeland, 6—1. A return match was played on Saturday, October 3rd, at Freeland, and here we did much better, drawing 4—4. If we can venture a criticism so early it is that the wing men and centre forward would do better to keep a little further up the field, for it was often seen when the ball was cleared that we had no man to take it, and the opposing defence had many clear kicks. However, the making of quite a fair team is there, and by the time we have played

together for a few matches we should be able to give a good account of ourselves.

Another St. Giles' Fair has come and gone, and after two days of revelry Oxford's historic thoroughfare has been left once again to rest undisturbed in its customary dignity for another twelve months. Every year certain persons advocate its removal to the outskirts of the city, but again they went unheeded, and St. Giles was closed to traffic and given over to carnival.

A quarter of a century ago it was usual for the showmen to rush to St. Giles' as soon as it was open—the main idea being to take up the most lucrative positions. This led to many a fight and many a tense scene. But now the entry is much more orderly, for sites are allotted by the police days beforehand.

For two days money flowed into the coffers of the showmen, cheapjacks, and vendors of everything from balloons to fluffy dolls.

Immediately eleven o'clock had struck on Tuesday night the work of dismantling the fair began, and when dawn broke all traces of it, apart from the rubbish, had almost vanished. The Corporation Cleansing Department then set to work, and to such purpose that in less than two hours a small army of 53 men had removed eleven loads of refuse and cleaned the streets with disinfectant. The total amount of rubbish carted away, we are told, amounted to 120 cubic yards.

In the belief that some readers will be interested in the photograph of our tug-of-war team, we send it along.

We are glad to have J. Cross back with us after his illness.

We are pleased to have Mr. Kenneth Haines, from Calne, with us for a while. We hope his stay will prove both profitable and happy.





LEEDS

The mellow autumn days have come and gone. We came across a lovely verse the other day which epitomises the feeling :—

AUTUMN.

There is a nip of frost in the morning air,
With a web of the spider's spinning ;
And the floor of the fields grows brown and
bare

As the leaves on the trees are thinning.
The birds sing low with the short'ning day,
And its spreading shroud of dead decay !

As the years roll on and our little lives wend their appointed courses, it is good just to pause—and sigh, perhaps—and do some thinking. Autumn woods, like the ethereal beauty of a cathedral, take us out of the realm of fear and doubt into a great peace. It is appropriate to ask ourselves in these autumn days what more than merely peace—in our own hearts and lives, and towards our neighbour in our own land and in all lands—can our humanity desire, or need so much ? Therefore, cultivate the peace outlook, and commence in the serenity of autumn.

We, in Leeds, are presently keeping busy. The approaching Coronation of our King has set the looms and the fingers going full time, and we are happier in the thought that unemployment is less. If we are to be guided by Sir William Beveridge we must not expect too much, but we can look forward to a happier Christmas, unless a grave international upheaval supervenes. The huge new buildings and roadworks which are being built in this area seem to be a good sign.

A gigantic municipal waterworks scheme, having its genesis in pre-War days, was brought to completion in September, when the Chairman of the Bradford Waterworks Committee laid the cope stone on one of the buttresses, and declared open Scar House reservoir, in Upper Nidderdale. This huge dam will give Bradford an ample

supply of water, and it is truly a great feat of engineering which is well worth a visit. Now that the work is finished the straggling village of workmen's huts is a scene of desolation, and as one walks along the deserted streets, not a sound is heard. The post office, club houses, tennis courts, are all there, with not a soul to disturb them. When we had the privilege of looking over this vast scheme the water in the reservoir was very low, owing to the shortage of rain, and we saw jutting above the water quite another kind of village. It was the submerged cottages which, at one time, had been a sleepy little hamlet nestling in the bottom of the valley.

The church spire now raised its head above the placid waters, while stone walls radiated from it like spokes of a cart wheel, with here and there the ruins of a one-time cosy cottage. The stones were white and bleached, and with the coming of winter the village will be once more covered, perhaps never to be seen again. As we gazed at the spectacle we could not help but think of the steady march of time, and of the wonders which man can perform by harnessing nature.

And now what about that new overcoat ? When you are packing Harris bacon and sausages for Yorkshire, please remember Yorkshire is packing off your new winter clothing, as well as exporting to the ends of the earth, or wherever English clothes are considered "the last word."

* * *

Don't brood over your troubles ; you will only hatch out more.

* * *

Father : Who is the laziest boy in your class, Jack ?

Jack : I dunno.

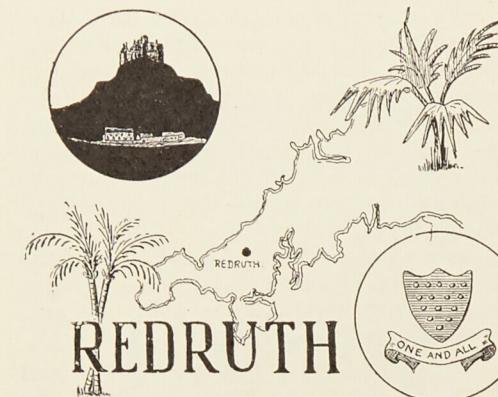
Father : I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself ?

Jack : Teacher !

* * *

Two old ladies had decided to take a short trip in an aeroplane. They were about to get into the machine, when one of them said to the pilot : " You will bring us back safely, won't you ? "

" Oh, yes, madam," was the reply. " I've never left anybody up there yet."



The last of the summer visitors have returned to their homes and the population of Cornwall has very considerably decreased. Only a few more days and the clock will be altered to record the correct time, and winter will be really with us. Winter, however, brings with it various redeeming features, not least of which in Redruth is that the Rugby football season commences, and is, in fact, already in full swing. Another very successful season is anticipated, but a repetition of last year's record can hardly be expected, especially as two more players have been persuaded to go North to play Rugby League football at Halifax and Wigan.

We congratulate Walter Wood on reaching the final in the rinks and semi-final in the singles of the Club Championship of Redruth Bowling Club.

We are particularly pleased to report that A. Veasey is again back to work after being laid aside for many weeks with a very serious illness. " Affie " appears to have completely recovered, and we hope his present good health will remain for many years to come.

We all deeply sympathise with Miss Molly Stephens, a member of our Office staff, in the death of her father.

A letter has been received at this Factory addressed as follows :—
The West of England Bacon Co.,
Calne,

Wilts.,

REDRUTH.

W.B.F.

Doctor : " How long have you been going about like this ? "

Baggs : " Two weeks."

Doctor : Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around is a marvel. Why didn't you come to me at first ? "

Baggs : " Well, doctor, every time I say something is wrong with me, my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking."

* * *

Overheard at village cricket match " Doctor be bowling well to-day, Garge Four wickets and three new patients."

* * *

Scotsman (exiled in England) : " Man, but I had an awful dream last night. . . . I dreamt I was back home."

* * *

Fish are so fascinated by the osprey (long-winged eagle) that when they see it they " swoon," surrendering before attacked.

* * *

Niece : " My husband's so careless ; he's always losing his buttons."

Aunt : " Perhaps they are not sewn on carefully, dear."

Niece : " That's just it ; he's awfully slipshod with his sewing."

* * *

The man who thinks before he acts can make one step do the work of five.

* * *

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many ; not upon your misfortunes, of which all men have some.

* * *

When a cave man was angry with his wife he took up his club. In similar circumstances the modern man takes up a bag of clubs and goes to the links.

* * *

Telephone wires now stretch across the Sinai desert over which Moses and Aaron led the Children of Israel.

* * *

Tones of the human voice are echoed sixteen times in what is known as the Joseph Gallery, a cavern in one of the salt mines in Roumania.

* * *

We cannot always choose our road in life, but we can choose whether we walk along the shady or the sunny side of it.

Hullo! Kiddies.

A VISIT TO LONDON.

Here is a letter from one of the Guides who were privileged to join their friends from the world over at the Albert Hall on the 3rd October. We all have a very strong admiration for the Guide movement and its great work and message, and I am sure all our readers will be interested in Cynthia's letter :—

DEAR AUNT SUSIE,

I will now proceed to tell you about our day in London with the Girl Guides. We left Calne at about 7 a.m. on the 3rd October, and it was a lovely journey there. We were able to watch the sun rise over the Cherhill Downs, which was a lovely sight.

We arrived in London at about eleven o'clock. We drove straight away to the Girl Guide Headquarters, where we had a Guide to take us over the building. We all bought a souvenir at the Guide shop.

After dinner in the Guide restaurant we went to see Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, the Serpentine, Peter Pan's statue, and lots of interesting places. We also saw thousands of pigeons in the city, strutting about just as if they were in a country village.

Then we took a bus to the Albert Hall, where we were put in order with nearly 7,000 other Guides from all over the world. Particularly I noticed an Indian Guide. I was fortunate to be sitting in the arena, where I had a good view of the Chief Guide.

There was a rehearsal of the songs and the Guide Yell, with the Editor of the "Guide," who is called Captain by all of us, before the Chief Guide arrived. We gave a hearty Yell at her arrival. We listened to her brief speech, which was broadcast with some of the songs, and we spent an instructive afternoon.

Then we went to see the The Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, and we prepared for our journey home, after an enjoyable day's outing. We arrived home at 11 p.m.

Hoping this will interest the children who read the Kiddies' Page,

I remain,

Your affectionate Niece,
CYNTHIA HART.

We all remember the great thrill which we experienced when we visited our famous Capital for the first time and saw the enormous buildings and the brilliant lights, and felt the great throb of what we sometimes call "Life"—the hustle and the "busyness" which is so apparent from the moment one steps from the train—the escalators, the lifts, the tubes, and then the constant stream of traffic of the 'buses and taxis and other vehicles—and pedestrians as well—all hurrying and scurrying that one feels one must hurry and scurry, too.

We remember very vividly our first glimpse of those important buildings and places of interest that we had read about so often and wanted to see for ourselves—the Houses of Parliament and the world-famous Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, and St. Margaret's adjoining; Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guard, Trafalgar Square and St. Martins-in-the-Fields, the magnificent Parks, and especially Kensington Gardens and "Peter Pan."

"Here is life," we say, and "here there is something always fresh to see and to do; how we *should* like to live in London!"

And yet how many London children would be glad to live in Calne, where there is a bluer sky than the London children have ever seen; where there is clean, pure air to breathe, and where there is plenty to see and plenty to do if we are ready to see and to do it.

London is a wonderful City, and for some of us it seems to hold a special charm. But let us not be blind to the wonder of the place in which we live and which must mean "Life" in its truest sense to those of us whose little sphere is set "in the small places."

Cynthia's visit to London will, I am sure, be a very happy memory for a long time to come and will give her even more zeal to live her life here in the country to its very full.

* * *

St. Paul's Cathedral covers an area of $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres.

* * *

There are eighteen Universities in Great Britain and Ireland.

* * *

In the interior of an ordinary piano there is about a mile of wire.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 10. — DECEMBER, 1936. — No. 12.



SINCE the first issue of our Magazine was published in January, 1927, our pages have revealed the constant change which has been progressing around us. New factories have been erected, fresh helpers have come to serve the House of Harris, and many valued servants have passed to the great beyond.

Industry has developed beyond belief in the southern half of the country, throwing into tragic prominence the depressed areas of the North of England and South Wales.

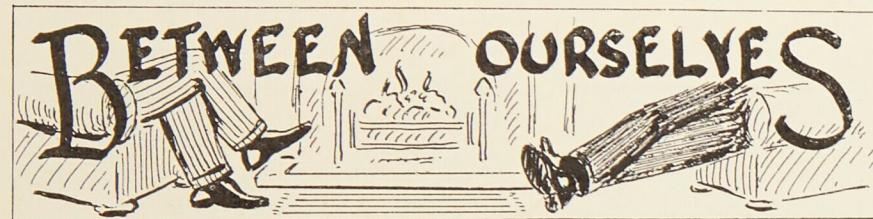
The following extract, taken from our issue of November, 1928, emphasises the change which has come over the international outlook :—

“ In contrast to the tense atmosphere which pervaded meetings to inaugurate Voluntary Aid Detachments some twenty years ago, there was a feeling of freedom for happy service at the meeting on October 30th. Twenty years ago, many who were

interested in this movement hoped for the best, but feared the worst—a fear which time eventually proved correct. The meetings of those days were held under the shadow of the Agadir and Panther episode, and it was only natural that the service of the V.A.D. then stood forth primarily as one of succour in war.”

Since these lines were written, fresh and powerful factors have developed a situation at once perplexing and menacing. Depressing though the outlook may be, yet Christmas has its annual message to the individual—not a complicated message, but a simple one, typified by the birth of a child in a manger.

Material change and decay are ever present with man, and, to counteract what would be an otherwise bleak and forbidding outlook, we have the message of personal peace if goodwill is practised, which Christmas brings.



WHEN the maroon sounded at eleven o'clock on November 11th, 1936, I was alone in a Board-room, in London. It was as though a mighty curtain of silence had dropped upon the noisy stage of the great capital. For two minutes there was no movement and no sound, and for those two minutes the souls of London's millions were turned in upon themselves in remembrance and reflection.

As the siren sounded again and one awoke from reverie, it seemed as though a couple of lines of the old Christmas carol had been dominating the world:—

"O, hush your noise ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing."

It has been well and truly said and written that if the individuals that make up a world could have periods of silence and meditation in their lives the solutions of our minor and major problems would be much more evident.

Think, for example, of a time of quiet thought when the quarrelsome and litigious folk would gather round the cradle of a small child. Would not that, except to the case-hardened, speak volumes about the things that really matter to those whose push and go and strife, with their ill-conceived imperialism in international affairs, make for strife and misunderstanding?

Has the world ever visualised the slaughter and destruction of civilisation and hope to which it is going by calculated steps in all its preparations for war? Has it ever had a conception of a torn, battered, and maimed humanity, laid low by bombing planes and poison gas? Has there never

appeared amidst the welter of international wranglings and selfish nationalism a vision of the utter simplicity of the first Christmas and the meaning of a cradle, in world hopes and world reconstruction?

We must be prepared against attack, but how mad a race of armaments is, putting off as it does the opportunity of meeting the greater need for social service and wider life. If only we, the peoples in our Dominions, and the countries in Eastern and Western Europe would stop to think, there might yet be hope of putting off that calamity which, if it comes, will test the remnants of our civilisation to the full.

The years roll by all too quickly and the Christmas of 1936 is almost upon us. Is it too much to hope that all our English homes, centring as they will once more the joys, the understandings, and the intimacies of English family life, will send out unitedly such a wave of influence over all people that the Christmas of 1936 may see the beginning of larger and more charitable days the world over?

Now to everyone of our readers, to the whole family of the House of Harris, and to all those whom every member of that House counts dear in his or her life, we send our heartiest greetings and the wish for a right good Christmas.



New Year Day Customs in Scotland.

AT this season of the year the thoughts of all people inevitably turn to Christmas, and in their minds arise visions of the festivities that lie in store. Scotland provides no exception to this rule, as the spirit of Christmas is equally prevalent there, but in addition to observing Christmas Day the Scots people have an institution which seems to be peculiarly their own—"Ne'er Day."

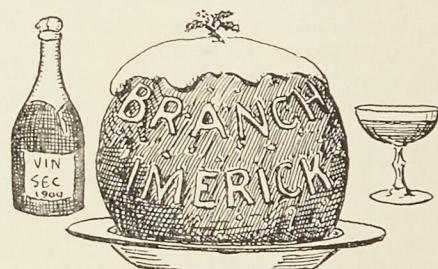
While Christmas Day is recognised as a general holiday, Boxing Day means little or nothing in Scotland, and with the passing of Christmas anticipations are centred upon Hogmanay and New Year. Hogmanay to the Scot is the equivalent of Christmas Eve to the Englishman, and as practically all work ceases on that evening, everyone feels free to look forward to the New Year celebrations. In accordance with the general custom, very few of the grown-ups retire to bed on the evening of Hogmanay, but sit up to welcome the coming of the New Year, and if one happens to be in a Scottish town of any importance whatever when this moment arrives it is impossible to remain unconscious of the event. The church bells are rung, and steam whistles and hooters are sounded from the factories, works, or collieries, while in addition to this some of the young lads usually contrive to obtain explosives of one kind or another which they let off with great enthusiasm.

The New Year season in Scotland is one of hospitality, and for some time beforehand housewives have been busy baking cakes and shortbread. A supply of wine has been obtained, too, and it is the custom for the glasses to be set out in readiness so that, immediately the Old Year has departed and the New Year has arrived, the members of the family may drink a toast and wish one another "A Happy New Year."

When this has been done most of the old people retire to bed, but youthful spirits are not so easily appeased, and many of the young people prepare to go "first-footing." As to the origin of this custom it is difficult to say, but each family looks forward with interest to see who is going to be the first to cross their threshold. Superstition makes it

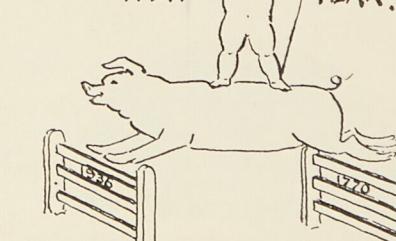
undesirable that anyone residing in the house should be the "first-foot," and consequently, if any strangers happen to be present, one of them goes outside just prior to the arrival of the New Year and enters again after the stroke of twelve, thus becoming the first person to enter the house in that year. To carry the superstition still further, it is regarded as a luckier omen if a dark person—not necessarily "tall and handsome"—is the family's first visitor.

On their first-footing expedition the



TO THE BRANCHES WE NOW SEND
GOOD CHEER,
AND ALL FRIENDS EVERYWHERE
WE HOLD DEAR,

WE JUST WANT TO SAY
IN THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
A JOLLY XMAS AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR.



young people—and among them will be found some who are not so very young—do not go empty handed. Most of them carry a bottle of wine, or, if the call is made on a nearby neighbour, some may carry a plate of cake or shortbread. Very often this is done without any prior arrangement, for at this time anyone who calls may be sure of a welcome; but in the majority of cases the first-footers are expected and a party is held by invitation at a particular house. When the guests are assembled the time is spent in song and music. The wine flows freely, and this, together with the prevailing spirit of goodwill and happiness—coupled with the fact that the familiar spectre of work is not looming on the horizon for the coming day—lends an air of conviviality to the proceedings. However, such parties are, of necessity, comparatively short in duration, and in the "wee sma' oors" the stragglers may be observed making their way homewards through the darkened streets to snatch a few hours rest.

Few places of business are open in Scotland on New Year's Day, which is the day of all days that is observed as a general holiday, and the majority of the people spend it in recreation or amusement of some sort. Large numbers of people travel in from the country places to the towns to attend the theatres, where special shows or pantomimes are given. Usually seats have been booked weeks ahead, and crowded houses witness the performances both at the afternoon matinee and in the evening. For the football enthusiast a full programme of matches is available, and as these are of the "local Derby" character, a keen tussle is always assured. The prevailing spirit of goodwill and friendliness, however, generally ensures that they are fought out in a clean and sporting manner.

After having been accustomed to all this it can readily be understood that when a Scotsman comes to live in England he



finds it rather a strange experience to turn out to work as usual on January 1st and to see his associates working away as if the day were nothing out of the ordinary. No doubt the Englishman would feel equally at sea if he were called upon to work on Christmas Day.

It may seem strange that such a wide difference should exist in the customs of two peoples so closely related in many other respects, with regard to the observance of New Year's Day. There are, however, certain national characteristics which change but slowly, and so far as the Scottish people are concerned this would appear to be one of these characteristics. With the introduction of improved methods of communication and the advent of the wireless, however, there are indications that the Christmas season is coming to be looked upon as of relatively greater importance in Scotland, one factor which has greatly influenced this being the custom inaugurated by our late King George of giving a homely message to his people on that day, a gracious gesture which met with warm appreciation from all the peoples within his Empire. Nevertheless, the traditions of New Year observance in Scotland are so deeply rooted that it will be many a long day before they cease to look forward with zest and enthusiasm to Hogmanay and Ne'er Day, and the pleasures that are associated with the ceremony of first-footing.

J.S.

* * *

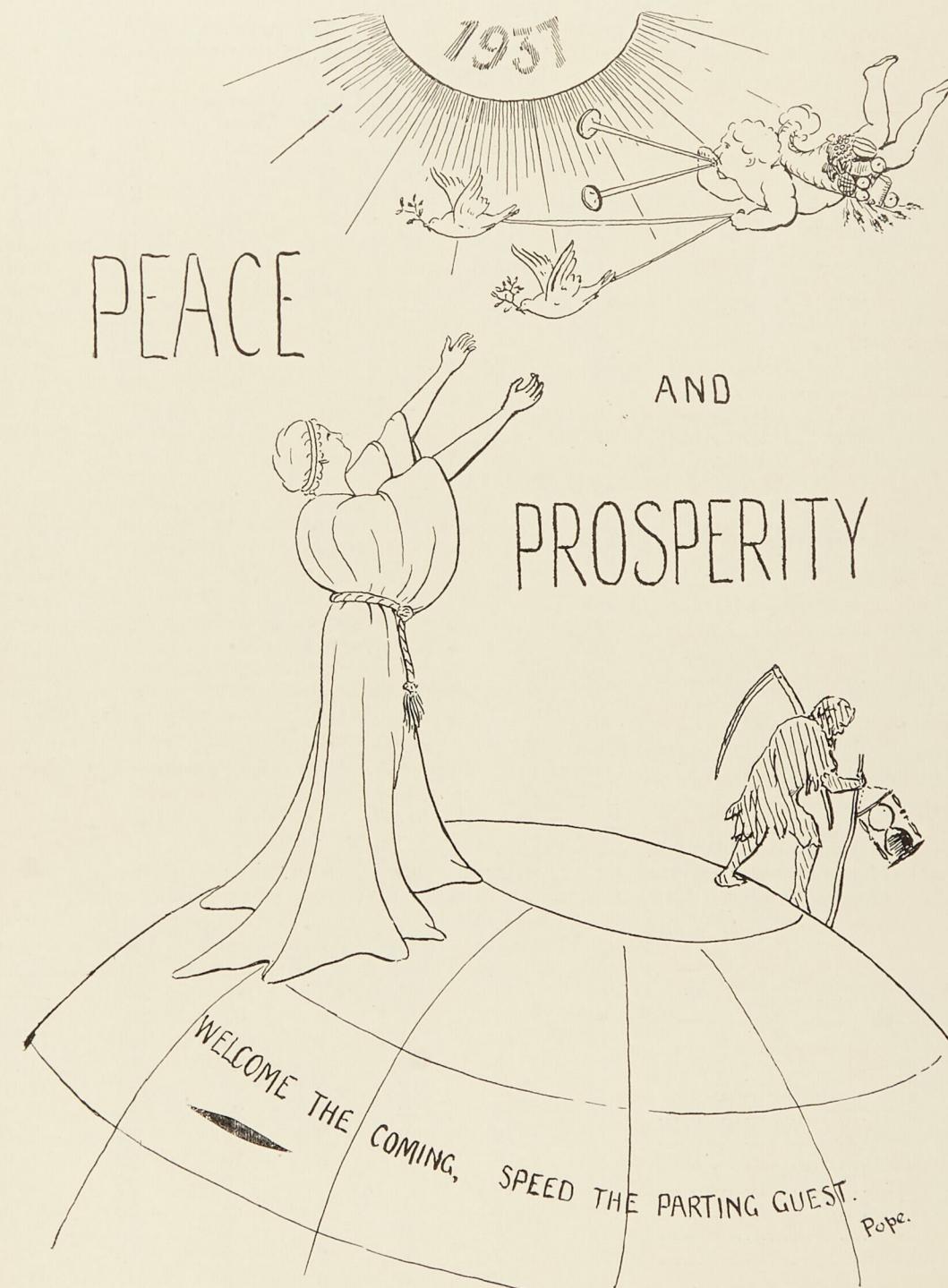
Our French Feature.

DECEMBRE—DECEMBER.

Heureux Noël à tous—Happy Christmas to all.

- La veille de Noël—Christmas Eve.
- Le Père Noël—Father Christmas.
- La messe de minuit—The midnight mass.
- Cadeaux de Noël—Christmas presents.
- Jouets—Toys.
- Bonbons—Sweets.
- Chocolats—Chocolates.
- Oranges—Oranges.
- Cadeaux utiles—Useful presents.
- Houx—Holly.
- Gui—Mistletoe.
- Un arbre de Noël—A Christmas tree.
- Cartes de Noël—Christmas cards

D.G.T.B.



CRICKET SECTION BATTING AND BOWLING AVERAGES FOR 1936.

1st XI.

Matches played, 20; won, 5; drawn, 5; lost, 10.

Harris scored 1,836 runs for 187 wickets. Average, 9.82 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 2,321 runs for 176 wickets. Average, 13.18 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

	Matches Possible.	Matches Played.	Ings.	Times Played.	Most in Not out.	Total Ings.	Runs.	Average.
R. Stevens	20	11	10	0	83	216	21.60	
F. Cleverley	20	8	8	2	24	87	14.50	
K. Haines	20	9	9	0	41	127	14.11	
P. Carter	20	17	17	0	41	231	13.59	
R. Swaffield	20	17	17	0	51	218	12.82	
S. DREWELL	20	5	5	1	18	41	10.25	
F. Nash	20	11	11	0	35	104	9.45	
B. Gough	20	12	12	1	36	89	8.09	
J. Bromham	20	11	11	3	20	61	7.62	
I. J. Taylor	20	13	11	2	41	66	7.33	
J. Archard	20	17	17	0	20	106	6.23	
A. Sutton	20	9	8	1	11	37	5.28	
J. Garraway	20	3	4	0	11	18	4.50	

Qualification for President's Cup Competition, 12 matches. Winner of trophy:—P. Carter.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
P. Carter	159	41	436	52	8.38
I. J. Taylor	73	18	182	18	10.11
R. B. Swaffield	17	1	84	8	10.50
F. Nash	96	17	255	21	12.14
B. Gough	59	9	219	14	15.64
S. DREWELL	18	0	103	6	17.16
A. Sutton	35	8	91	5	18.20
R. Stevens	47	7	147	7	21.00
R. Swaffield	48	4	175	7	25.00

Total number of overs bowled, 658.

Qualification for President's Cup Competition, 65.80 overs. Winner of trophy, P. Carter.

2nd XI.

Matches played, 14; won, 7; lost, 7.

Harris scored 1,157 runs for 122 wickets. Average, 9.48 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 1,150 runs for 135 wickets. Average, 8.51 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

	Matches Possible.	Matches Played.	Ings.	Times Played.	Most in Not out.	Total Ings.	Runs.	Average.
A. Bennett	14	12	12	2	111	236	23.60	
G. Witchell	14	14	14	0	37	200	14.28	
J. Wiltshire	14	13	13	1	36	141	11.75	
G. Dean	14	9	8	2	26	69	11.50	
W. Arkell	14	12	12	0	41	134	11.16	
P. Cainey	14	13	13	0	29	99	7.54	
E. Witchell	14	12	12	3	14	57	6.33	
R. Bewley	14	8	7	3	10	22	5.50	
A. Butler	14	10	7	0	7	28	4.00	
B. Webb	14	8	8	1	9	28	4.00	
J. Lewis	14	5	3	1	5	5	2.50	
D. Culliford	14	7	6	2	5	8	2.00	
D. Saye	14	8	6	0	6	11	1.83	

	BOWLING.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
J. Wiltshire		116	27	288	39	7.38
E. Witchell		127	37	270	34	7.94
G. Witchell		62	15	167	17	9.82
B. Webb		40	8	149	12	12.41
W. Arkell		23	3	80	6	13.33
G. Dean		12	1	47	3	15.66
J. Lewis		7	1	21	1	21.00

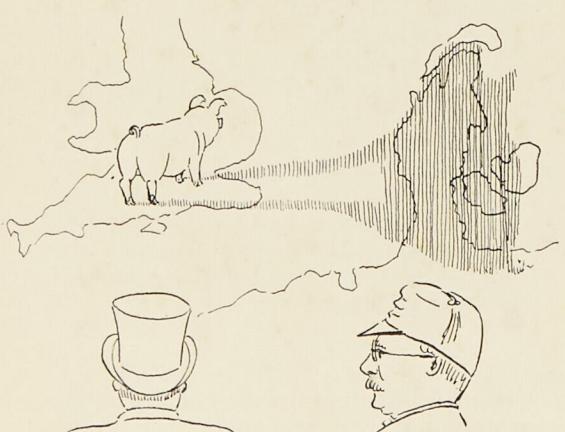
LADIES SKITTLE LEAGUE.

Results to November 28th, 1936.

	Played	Won	Pts. Poss.	Pts. Obtd.
Retort etc.	6	5	12	10
Slaughter Dept.	6	3	12	6
Kitchen	6	3	12	6
Office	3	1	6	2
Pie	3	0	6	0

* * *

Far from being a festive occasion, Christmas Day is the quietest and leanest day in the whole year for the inmates of the Zoo, because it is the one day when the Gardens are closed to all visitors. However, if the weather is favourable on Boxing-day, they will then get a taste of Christmas fare, for the Zoo is never neglected on Bank-holidays, and its visitors always remember that the animals appreciate all kinds of fresh and dried fruits and all nuts, except peanuts.



DANE. HE'S NOT VERY BIG JOHN.
JOHN B. NO, BUT HE CASTS A LONG SHADOW.

New Year's Eve 1936

WHIST DRIVE, SOCIAL
and DANCE at the
WOODLANDS.

Organised by the Skittle Section.

OVER £4 IN PRIZES.

WHEN DECORATING.

Tips to bear in mind when you are decorating for Christmas:—

When the Christmas tree is being illuminated see that nothing hangs immediately above the fairy lamps or candles.

When actually hanging the decorations it is best not to drive nails into the wall. Drive small tacks into the woodwork, doors, or picture rail.

When you have to use a pair of steps take precautions not to scratch the walls, and be sure that the rope between the supports of the steps is taut.

There have been comparatively few battles in Christmas week, but Washington surprised Trenton on Christmas Day, 1776, and in 1845 the Battle of Ferozeshah was fought on the 21st and 22nd. Eminent persons, too, as a rule, have not chosen the season to be born or to die. The exceptions are Sir Isaac Newton, who was born on Christmas Day, 1642; Queen Mary, the wife of William III., who died on the 28th in 1694, and John Wycliff, who died in 1384 on the last day of the year.

"The Better Way."

ARISING from the two articles on "Leisure," a question has come to us from Leeds about Nazi Germany. We have been told by our health experts that our national standard of health is unsatisfactory. Some people point to Germany and tell us that the standard of health in that country is better than ours; and we hear quite a lot about the Youth Movement in Germany. We have seen pictures showing a great mass movement in camp life and drill. This is a national movement. The leisure time of German youth is being brought under control in that way.

But England. We in England stand for liberty, tolerance, and individualism within the established framework of British traditions and democratic institutions. By reason of this liberty and individualism the British Empire has extended. We are unlikely to abandon our methods. We still think ours the better way.

For all that it is evident that something must be done to tone up the physical side of our English life. It is not good to hear that the average German is fitter than the average Englishman. Our Government, under the lead of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, have expressed their intention of making some sort of a drive to improve our physical standards of health. Perhaps our present condition has come about from misuse of leisure time.

I have just seen a report of a speech made in America to the New York Nurses' Association. The speaker is reported as saying:—

"It is a false assumption that all man wants is leisure, sleep, rest, freedom from work. What man really wants is creative challenge with sufficient skill to bring him within the reach of success so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement. Few people over-work. Plenty, however, over-eat, over-worry, over-drink, and under-exercise, and plenty reach out for amusement by listening to and watching others. Few realise the real joy and happiness of conquest."

I think all of that is right. I think here our times of freedom from wage earning and work are too much occupied by watching others play games. It seems that 60,000 people will really prefer to watch 22 people play games. Watching is not exercise.

The difficulty to start with is, however,

only too obvious. With our population largely massed in huge cities, how and where can our people exercise? The movement to provide more, larger, and better playing fields will do something to help. Sweden would, however, tell us that mass movements and games are only a small factor in building up healthy bodies. The Swedish athlete is a man who gives time to physical drill, carried out on his own as it were.

Allied to the uncomfortable news that we carry a big number of C3 people is the news that our defence services lack men. Perhaps the Army standard is very high; but evidently so high that it shuts out quite a number of our average town population.

A few years ago we withdrew old facilities we used to give to Brigades, Scouts, and Guides, &c. At the time I thought this to be a huge mistake, and now the results are with us.

Really, things are like this:—

GERMANY.—The Nazi Youth Movement. Drill, exercise, camp life, all obvious by leading to high physical standards of health.

ENGLAND.—Holding back from all that sort of thing, and with the result of an increasing C3 population.

But seeing we are unlikely to adopt German methods here we must, so it seems to me, yet do something to level up our health standard. What we can do and still retain our freedom of action is to:—

- 1.—Encourage the movements for playing fields.
- 2.—Seriously set to work to encourage all these movements which group themselves between O.T.C. Camps and the Guide movement. It is absolute bunkum to say that all such movements must lead to notions of war. Nothing of the sort. The O.T.C. Camps and drills provide opportunities for building up physical standards, and for the rest, well, if you want peace prepare "not for war but defence," and that is entirely different to a policy of aggression.

R.E.H.

* * *

Human creatures will not go quite accurately together, any more than clocks will.—*Carlyle*.

* * *

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT!"

I was reading an article a few weeks ago written by a retired barrister and among other things he strongly advised anyone not to go to law, if you do you go in the court with your coat on, but you come out without it and the vest. In other words you are worse off than when you entered. The following illustrations will set the matter out more clearly.

An old barrister was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is plainly on your side, but justice seems to be clearly against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," replied the old man, "talk round it."

To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others and singe themselves to cinders; and because they cannot agree as to what is truth and equity they will both agree to unplug themselves that others may be decorated with their feathers.

Wisely has it been said that he who would go to law must have a good cause, a good purse, a good attorney, a good advocate, good evidence, and a good judge and jury; and having all these goods, unless he has also good luck, he will stand but a bad chance of success.

P. ANDREWS (Dunmow).

* * *

If ducks do slide at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will swim;
If ducks do swim at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will slide.

* * *

Cape Town has a reputation for celebrating Christmas Eve more joyously than any other place in the world. It is carnival time, and revellers throng the streets in bizarre masks and crazily-perched caps amid clouds of confetti. Carol singers are to be heard everywhere.

COTTON WOOL DANGERS.

All paper and similar lanterns should be hung by wire, and during the period they are lighted should be watched to see they do not swing. A swinging "Chinese lantern" easily catches fire.

Tissue paper (unless treated with flame-proofing solution) should not be used as a decoration or covering for illuminated globes.

Cotton wool (unless treated with flame-proofing solution) should not be used to represent snow, as it is highly inflammable. Asbestos fibre and slag wool are good substitutes.

Celluloid should not be used on Christmas trees or on decorative schemes.

Children should not be allowed to light Christmas tree or other candles, unless adults are present. Children frequently set fire to their clothing instead.

Do not make the slightest change in electric wiring except under the direction of an electrician or some competent person.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE BY MONTHLY PREMIUMS.

Arrangements have been made whereby the Sun Life Assurance Society is prepared to grant Life and/or Endowment Assurances to Members of the Staff (Office and Factory) of the Company on a Monthly Premium basis.

No extra charge is made for this concession, the premium being calculated at one-twelfth of the Annual Premium, to the nearest penny.

The Premiums quoted by the above Society are very competitive and a Medical Examination is not required unless the Assured is over fifty years of age or, in the opinion of the Society, the circumstances render it necessary.

Further particulars and quotations may be obtained on application to:—

MR. H. W. BODMAN,
23/25, ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARADE,
TRAMWAYS' CENTRE,
BRISTOL 1.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. H. G. BAKER.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. H. G. Baker, our representative in Notts and Derby.

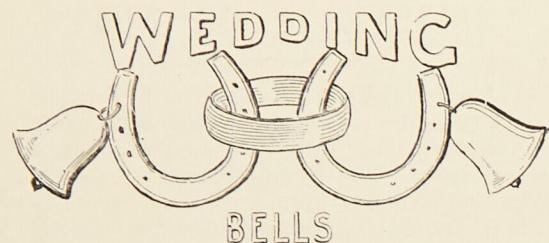
Mr. Baker joined the Company in October, 1919, and was one of the first members of the newly-formed Costs Department.

While in Calne Mr. Baker's great abilities as a singer and entertainer (with the able assistance of Mrs. Baker) were in great demand in connection with the Firm's social activities, and his fame has followed him to the Midlands. He is very proud of his charming daughter, who had inherited her parent's talents.

In July, 1921, Mr. Baker joined the Sales Staff, and first of all went to North Wales. After a short time on that territory Mr. Baker spent a number of years in London before moving to the Midlands in 1926.

* * *

Luther was so struck by the beauty of the trees and stars that he cut down a small tree and carried it home to his family. Then, having planted the fir tree, he fastened lighted candles to the branches to represent the bright stars in the wintry skies.



At Spirihill Methodist Chapel, on October 24th, Mr. Albert E. Gunning, of the Stores Department, was married to Miss Daisy Salter, of Spirihill. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of cream crushed-velvet, with wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

Three bridesmaids attended the bride, one dressed in pale blue crepe de chine, carrying a bouquet of pink and white chrysanthemums; the other two wore pink velvet dresses and carried muffs of the same material. The page boy wore brown velvet trousers and cream silk blouse.

Mr. Gunning was presented with an eight-day Westminster chiming clock from the Maintenance Department. The honeymoon was spent in Bournemouth.

On October 26th, at All Saints' Church, Penarth, Mr. E. Clifford was married to Miss Gertrude A. Matthews, of Penarth. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, wore a blue crepe de chine dress, with hat to match, and shoes and stockings to tone, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. Clifford was presented with a mirror from the Maintenance Staff.

At Calne Parish Church, on November 7th, Miss Margaret Strange was married to Mr. Douglas Hext, of Calne. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a gown of white satin, wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in dresses of pink crepe de chine, silver shoes, and wore wreaths of silver leaves. Their bouquets were of pink and white chrysanthemums.

Miss Strange was over nine years in the Tin Department, and was Works Council representative. A tea service was presented to Miss Strange from the staff.

Once again the time has come to send our good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all our Representatives and Van Salesmen in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland, and also to our Agents in distant lands.

We are nearly at the end of another year and it may, perhaps, be interesting to review in retrospect what has taken place.

1936 has been a time of gradual return to better conditions, although there are still some areas where the depression has not entirely lifted.

Now that the staple industries are getting busy there should be a gradual increase in the amount of money in circulation. Many firms have been unable to declare dividends for some time, and there will be deficits to wipe off before they can make an immediate start to pay them again. However, we are certainly a step nearer than we were at the end of 1935.

The bacon trade during the year has not been easy. We have had our ups and downs, as is usually the case. Now that there are more rosy prospects of a link-up between the Producers and the Curers on one side and the Trade on the other, it is to be hoped that the Government will be induced to find a means of smoothing out the difficulties which will be agreeable to all parties. In the meanwhile the 1937 Contract will present many problems of loss for the Curer, unless bacon prices reach a much higher level.

In connection with Small Goods, we have seen the commencement of another big advertising campaign, which has the added pull of Harris Bacon to awaken public interest.

We have already received many favourable comments from the Trade and public, and amongst the latter there are the usual original letters giving advice as to the method of presentation.

It is, perhaps, interesting to mention



that one of the models who posed for the photographs is a celebrated actress who is at present taking a leading part in a London production which has already passed its three-hundredth performance.

One correspondent wrote us a long letter with regard to the advertisement depicting an elderly lady frying sausages over a gas-stove, pointing out that it was a pity that she had not been provided with an overall as the jabot could not help but be spoilt by spots of grease. We put this in the capable hands of our Agents, who put the lady's mind at rest by reminding her that it was only an old jabot after all.

Another lady from Derbyshire pointed out that none of her friends would think of wearing top hats in a restaurant, but here again our Agents were up to the mark, as they were able to point out that it was not a restaurant which was depicted in any case, but merely a snack-bar, where manners are considerably more free and easy.

Talking of advertising, we were vividly reminded this summer of the widespread fame of the Harris name. The writer was in the famous sausage-kitchen, or "Bratwurst Haus," at Nuremberg, where the staple dish is Sausages and Sauerkraut, and in course of conversation with a friendly Bavarian, it turned out that he knew England before the war, and was a master-butcher in a Chicago packing-house before returning to his native city. We told him that we were connected with a firm who manufactured sausages, and he enquired the name. On being told C. & T. Harris, he immediately exclaimed, "Oh! Harris Wiltshire Bacon—known all over the world!"

Once again a very Happy Christmas to all our friends on the road and the very best of good wishes for a happy time with their families.

On behalf of all our Representatives and Van Salesmen we pass on their good wishes

to everybody at Headquarters, and also at the Branch Factories.

Van Salesman A. Halbaum has taken over Slough Van 57.

We are sorry to record that Van Salesman R. H. Coward, of Bristol, experienced a rather serious accident in October, but we are glad to say that he is now well on the road to complete recovery.

We welcome Van Salesman Glyn Owen, who has taken over the new Van at Llandudno, No. 61.

We welcome Van Boy West from London, who has made a start as Relief Salesman at Calne.

J.H.G.

* * *

The number of Christmas cards printed every year has been guessed at several times, but never accurately computed. The City of London is the centre of the trade in this country.

"HERE'S HEALTH!"



Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. T. R. Driffield, Photographer, 33, Bilton Grove Avenue, Harrogate.

Cricket Section.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WE HOPE to see you at the Grand Carnival Whist Drive and Dance, to be held at the Woodlands, on Wednesday, December 16th.

The Whist Drive commences at 7.30 p.m. Dancing to follow immediately after the Drive.

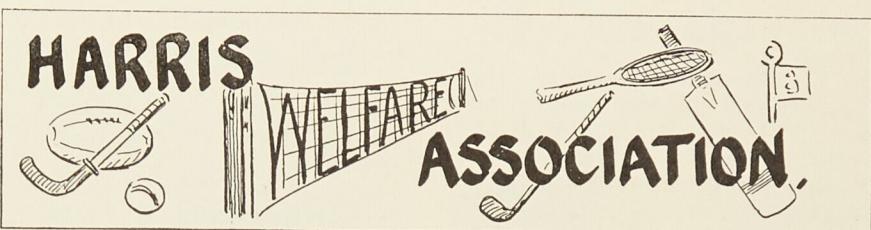
A very attractive Prize-list has been arranged, which includes a special prize—Turkey—for a score of 184 or over. Other Prizes include Gammons, Chickens, Coal, Joints of Beef, Cigarettes, &c. Vouchers will be issued in respect of any of these prizes if so desired.

We invite you and your friends to come along and spend a jolly evening. Don't forget the date—Wednesday, December 16th, at the Woodlands.

Whist Drive Tickets 1/6.

Dance Tickets 1/-.

These can be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. B. Gough and I. J. Taylor; or from any member of the Committee.



CLUB NOTES.

On the 16th October, a party from Chippenham factory visited the Club House. The adult members played billiards and skittles and the younger members table skittles. A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent and we look forward to future visits from our friends at Chippenham. It is hoped that on such future occasions we shall see more of our own Calne people present to welcome the visitors.

The Games Committee held a whist drive on the 23rd inst. There were 12 tables. On the following Friday, October 30th, the Hockey Club organised a whist drive and dance. There were 19 tables at this drive and about 80 at the dance.

We should like to draw the attention of employees to the facilities now offered in the two Billiard-rooms. Non-players will find that the Inter-Departmental League provides plenty of interesting billiards and we hope the various departments will support and encourage their respective teams. This can best be done by attending the Billiard-rooms and thus show an interest in the competition.

Knock-out Billiards and Snooker Handicaps have been arranged, the entries for Billiards being 66 and for Snooker 45. The first prizes for 4 of these handicaps, which will be completed during the winter months, consist of 4 billiard cues, which have been presented by the President, Mr. R. P. Redman, Mr. T. W. Petherick, and Mr. G. C. Brown. Second prizes are to the values of 10s. 6d. each, and the semi-finalists 5s. each.

Immediately the present competitions are completed entries will be taken for further similar competitions, and it is hoped that those employees who failed to enter this time will do so when the opportunity arises again very shortly.

It is to be regretted that the Girls' Room still continues to receive so little support, and it

is considered this is somewhat due to lack of organisation. The matter is receiving the very serious consideration of the President and the Games Committee. Suggestions are invited from employees, which would be a guide towards creating interest in this splendid room.

The Canteen shows some slight improvement recently, but employees living out of the town seem backward in taking full advantage of the excellent meals which are provided there at less than the cost of the materials used. Weekly menus are exhibited on the factory notice boards, and attention is particularly drawn to these, as it is felt that employees are missing something which is really worth their serious consideration and support. The Kitchen is installed with plant and equipment sufficient to provide 150 meals daily and it must be remembered that it costs practically as much to cater for 30 or 40 per day as if the plant for these meals were used to its full capacity.

The nominal subscription of 1s. became due on October 1st. At the time of writing we have 280 paid-up members. We want this year to beat all previous records and are aiming to enrol at least 1,000 members. Better still, we would like to boast of every employee being a member of the H.W.A. We therefore appeal strongly to every individual employee to "join up." It will give so much more encouragement to everyone concerned, and we know it will be the greatest compliment which could be paid to our Directors for their generosity in providing a Club House and for the interest they have shown in the Association.

F.A.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Annual General Meeting of the Dramatic Society was held at the Woodlands, on the 7th October, 1936, a large percentage

of the Members attending. Mr. H. A. Olsen was in the chair.

Mr. J. E. Bromham presented the secretaries' report, and this was adopted on the proposition of Mr. R. B. Swaffield, seconded by Mr. A. Flay.

Mr. G. R. Ashman then presented a Statement of Accounts showing a balance of £8 11s. 8d.

Election of officers:—Chairman, Mr. H. A. Olsen; hon. secretaries, Miss V. Woodward and Miss G. E. Fellows, in the place of Mr. J. E. Bromham (resigned); hon. treasurer, Mr. G. R. Ashman; auditor, Mr. A. McLean; producer, Mr. R. B. Swaffield; stage managers, Mr. R. Caswell and Mr. F. Stockdale in the place of Messrs. F. Rubery and F. Skuse (resigned). Committee:—The following were elected for the Committee:—Misses K. Angell, T. McFaull, S. McLean, D. Bouillon, M. Wheeler, Messrs. A. Flay, J. E. Bromham, and R. Swaffield, Junr.

The meeting expressed the wish that a letter of appreciation should be sent to Mr. J. F. Bodinar with regard to the Dramatic Room; and also a letter of appreciation to Messrs. F. Rubery and R. A. Skuse for past services.

HOCKEY.

A feature of this season's programme is the inclusion of mixed matches, and to date three games have been played. On September 23rd we journeyed to Trowbridge and effected a draw of two goals each. Our scorers were P. Cainey and R. Swaffield. On October 17th we entertained Holt, playing five men to their six, and won by four goals to nil, the goals being shared by R. Swaffield and W. Smith. On November 7th the return match was played at Holt, and while we only provided four men to the team, our opponents exploited seven men. Against this handicap we did well to make a draw of 4—4. R. Swaffield was responsible for three and P. Cainey obtained the fourth.

The girls' matches have not been too successful, as the following results indicate. September 26th, v. Purton at home, they lost 2—1 (K. Angell scorer). Versus Marlborough, on October 10th, against an admittedly strong side, the score of 3—6 was not a discreditable one; K. Angell, L. Holley, and C. McCrae each scored a goal. October 24th, a visit to Bath to play the

Terriers saw a reverse to the tune of 1—2, K. Angell again being the scorer.

On October 31st the Club organised a whist drive and dance at the Woodlands, and a very successful result, both socially and financially, was secured. At the whist drive 18 tables were occupied, and the prize-winners were:—Ladies—Miss S. McLean, Mrs. F. Blackford, Mrs. G. H. Hudson. Gentlemen—Mr. Giddings, Mr. P. Davis, Mr. Spink. Mr. Giddings also obtained the snowball prize, kindly awarded by the Club Games Committee, his score being the rather exceptional one of 189. The dance was also well supported, and F. Stockdale's Futurist Band was in pleasing form. Miss Margaret Angell and her committee are to be congratulated on the excellence of the arrangements made, and the catering by the Steward and Stewardess at the Club House left nothing to be desired. Mr. R. Swaffield was in charge of both functions. It is hoped that another such function by the Hockey Club will be arranged in the near future.



The annual general meeting of the section was held at the Woodlands on Thursday, October 29th, and presided over by Mr. Osman Jones. The Secretaries' Report showed that the first eleven had not enjoyed such a successful season as last year, due chiefly to a deterioration in the batting strength of the side, coupled with adverse weather conditions.

The 2nd XI. had experienced a reasonably successful season, despite the fact that it had been rarely possible to field a full side.

Mr. Percy Carter, of the 1st XI., had accomplished the somewhat rare feat of winning both of the President's trophies for batting and bowling.

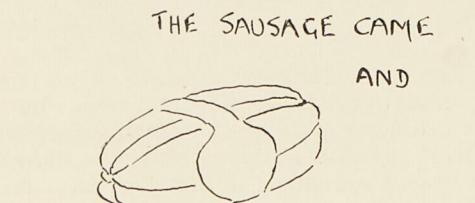
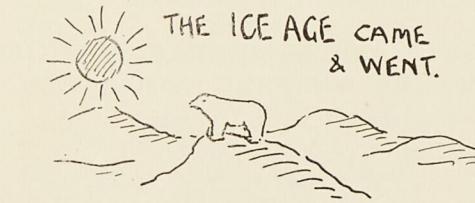
Mr. A. Bennett, who during the season had established a record for the 2nd XI. by scoring a century, had been successful in winning the President's bat for the best batting average in the 2nd XI. Mr. J. Wiltshire was at the top of the 2nd XI. bowling averages, and thus qualified to receive the bat offered by R. P. Redman, Esq. The Treasurer's report showed a

balance in hand of £5 3s. 11d., which was considered satisfactory.

Mr. J. Bromham was elected captain of the 1st XI., with Mr. I. J. Taylor vice-captain. Similarly Mr. A. Bennett and Mr. G. Witchell were elected captain and vice-captain respectively of the 2nd XI.

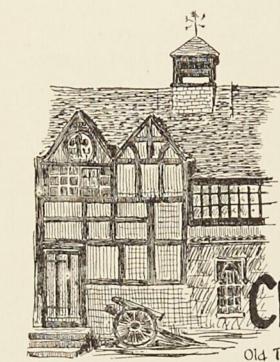
The hon. secretaries, Messrs. Gough and Taylor, were re-elected, as also were the hon. treasurer, Mr. A. Maclean, and the hon. auditor, Mr. J. Archard.

Mr. Osman Jones was re-elected chairman of the committee, which was composed of as follows:—Messrs. Osman Jones, P. Cainey, S. DREWELL, F. Nash, R. Swaffield, sen., R. Swaffield, jun., B. Webb, and J. Wiltshire, the captains and vice-captains of the two elevens being ex-officio members.



IS HERE FOR ALL TIME.

Friends Elsewhere.



VISIT TO HIGHBRIDGE.

On Saturday, October 10th, 1936, a party from the Chippenham factory, including our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, Mr. J. G. Hooper, and Mr. J. B. Stanley, visited Highbridge, the occasion being the first series of matches to decide who shall hold the President's Cup for the second season. We leave it to our Somerset friends to give a detailed account of these events, but we use the medium of our Magazine to again express our thanks to Mr. A. G. Kidley and the members of the Highbridge Welfare Association for the enjoyable and happy time we spent as their guests. We also hasten to congratulate our opponents on the decisive victory which they undoubtedly deserved, and we feel certain that if they maintain the team spirit exhibited during these matches the concluding two contests to be played at Chippenham next spring will be a very keen fight.

Highbridge, by defeating us at football by 5 goals to 3 and walking away with skittles to the tune of 71 pins, have four points in hand, and we wish them every luck in what we know must be their cherished desire to have the honour of winning the President's Cup.

In conclusion we feel we must comment on the friendly spirit that exists between the respective teams. During the matches there is quite an antagonistic atmosphere existing, no quarter being given to either side, but immediately afterwards both teams are together enjoying each other's company.

It is hoped that it will be possible for our Chief to hand the cup to the captain of

the successful team at the end of the competition next spring.

We should like to say:—

The best news of the day was Mr. Kidley's announcement at tea that our Chief was improved in health. This was received with applause.

What a disappointment to Wright not being able to play football. Surely his presence in the team would have checked the Highbridge forwards.

Why did our team wear all blue jerseys? They have not won a match in these yet.

If Timberlake had not hurt his back would he have let the first Highbridge goal through, which so inspired the Highbridge forwards?

We shall certainly consider the suggestion put forward by a very small Highbridge supporter that our trainer (Mr. E. Taylor) should have a taxi to take him across the field when the cold sponge is called for.

JUNIOR DARTS COMPETITION.

The Welfare Committee appreciate the keenness displayed by the junior members of the association. As a result of their efforts they have obtained a silver cup, which is to be held by the member winning the most legs in the series of dart matches that is being arranged between the different social clubs in Chippenham. For this season both home and away matches have to be played at the institution. The first match was played on October 9th, 1936, against the Y.M.C.A., and our juniors won by one leg. The return match took place on October 23rd, 1936, when the Y.M.C.A. were able to avenge their defeat by two legs.

We are indebted to the Committee of the Y.M.C.A. for their kindness in allowing our boys the facilities of their excellent Club.

VISIT TO CALNE.

Our members enjoyed themselves so much during their visit to the Woodlands on September 25th, 1936, that they readily agreed to the suggestion put forward by the H.W.A. that a return visit be made on Friday, October 16th, 1936.

A party of over thirty members travelled to Calne on this occasion, and this is the largest assembly so far to take part in the games (excluding the annual Flower Shows) between the two factories, and shows that

the friendly relations between the employees of the respective factories are well maintained.

The evening was devoted to games, and we must congratulate our opponents on their splendid victory over us at skittles and billiards. We did better at darts, the senior members drawing five legs each, and our juniors certainly justified their inclusion in the team by winning their match by 12 legs to 3.

Once again we must ask our Calne friends to accept our warmest thanks for their hospitality, and we hope in the near future to be able to reciprocate their kindness when they pay us a visit to Chippenham. Scores:

	Darts.		
	Sktls.	Bilrds.	Sen. Jnr.
Calne	467	517	5 3
Chippenham	405	322	5 12

SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The second annual general meeting of the Welfare Association was held at the close of business on Friday, October 23rd, 1936. In the absence of our President Captain C. Herbert Smith took the chair, supported by Mr. W. V. Long, who conveyed to the meeting a message from Mr. Bodinnar expressing his disappointment that through pressure of business he was unable to be present.

The report and accounts for the past year shows that the Association is still making progress, and there is no doubt that this is largely due to the many kindnesses and personal interests displayed by our life President and our Chairman.

The balance-sheet shows an increase of £7 12s. 8d., making a total credit balance of £22 8s. 1d., and this is encouraging in view of the reduced membership fee. With the continued support of our interested and loyal members the Association should still continue to make good progress during the coming year.

On Friday, October 30th, 1936, we paid our annual visit to the Corsham Club where, once again, we were most cordially received. Most of the evening was devoted to games. Our friends were most certainly on form, and we congratulate them on their superiority over us. In former years there has only been a very small margin between the two teams at skittles, but on this occasion we

were more heavily defeated, only winning one leg out of three, and losing to the extent of 22 pins.

At darts we also had to give away the honours, our team winning one match out of six.

Our billiards team suffered the biggest thrashing, losing all six matches. Only two of our players were able to pass the 50 mark before their opponents had made 100.

We also express to the Corsham Club our appreciation for the happy evening we were able to spend, and are now looking forward to receiving them in Chippenham very shortly.

We are pleased to report that Mr. L. Wright, who broke his ankle while playing football on October 17th, 1936, is now out of hospital and that the fractured bone is making satisfactory progress.

To Mr. A. Day, who has been absent from work this month, we extend our sincere hope he will soon be well enough to resume his usual place in the factory.

We regret that Mr. J. Bullock is again suffering from his old complaint. It is the wish of his fellow workers that he will be restored to permanent health as a result of the treatment he is now receiving, and that another operation will not be necessary.

We feel we must express to Mr. J. Rowe of the factory staff, the sympathy we have for his sister (who until a few weeks ago was employed in our Sausage Department) in her illness.

We congratulate Mr. W. Harper, of the Lard Department, on the birth of a daughter.

W.H.W.

The years roll on apace and the time has again arrived when we have to send out our Christmas and New Year greetings.

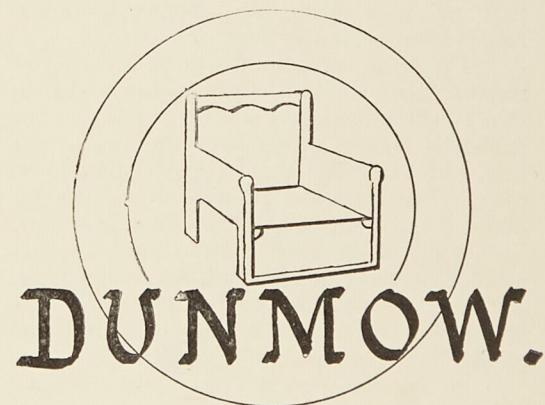
To our Board of Directors we wish every happiness for Christmas, and also that 1937 will be a prosperous year for them. The health of our Chief during 1936 has been such as has caused much anxiety, not only to everyone at Chippenham, but to all those associated in any way with the House of Harris throughout the length and breadth of the country. It is said that much can be accomplished by the power and concentra-

tion of thought and by earnest and sustained prayer, and we can, therefore, anticipate with every confidence better health for Mr. Bodinnar, because we know that every individual member of the indoor and outdoor staffs of our many home-produced bacon factories will be unceasingly hoping and praying for this.

To all our friends at Calne and at the branches known to us personally and by correspondence, and to the many others whom we have not met, we at Chippenham convey our heartiest greetings and best wishes, and we hope that, notwithstanding the black clouds at present on the horizon, the schemes for which our Chief has worked so hard and untiringly practically day in and day out for several years past, may be crowned with success, so that those of us who are engaged in the English bacon industry may know that our factories will have regular and plentiful supplies of pigs, and everyone can be kept busy and fully occupied. If this can be accomplished and we can obtain for our finished article a price commensurate with that which we shall be called upon to pay for our raw material, then we can look forward to a happy and, we hope, a prosperous 1937.

W.V.L.

* * *



At the time of writing I suppose everyone the country over are busy getting their bonfires and guys ready for November 5th—at least, those of us who have children will be. Immediately that has gone by all our thoughts turn towards the festive season, and by the time these lines appear in print no doubt Christmas will be almost here.

We would like to take the opportunity of wishing all our friends elsewhere the very

best of everything for Christmas and the New Year.

M.G.

No doubt all our friends elsewhere have heard that in the county of Essex we have a big sugar beet factory, and just about now we see nothing but trains and lorries wending their way to Felstead, where the factory is situated. It is a veritable hive of industry from the end of September to the end of December, whilst the campaign is on, and then, of course, things at Felstead get back to normal.

Another very interesting industry that has been started in Essex, and perhaps elsewhere, is that of mushroom growing, and one farm, which the writer had the opportunity of visiting, is situated at Weathersfield. It may be interesting to some, if not all of our readers, just to have a few details as to how these mushrooms are grown.

They have a series of long huts which are heated to a certain temperature. The mushroom beds are made roughly about 2ft. high all down the shed, in rows four abreast. In some of the more up-to-date sheds they have galvanised stands all down each side in tiers, and the beds are made on the stands. Consequently each shed can grow three and perhaps four times the amount of mushroom rooms than the older type of shed.

The beds consist of a good layering of manure, then the mushroom spawn, and then two to three inches of soil on the top. The spawn is laid in strips over the top of the bed, but in a very short time it spreads all over. The beds are allowed to mature for about three months, and then picking begins.

While walking around it almost appears as though you can see the mushrooms grow. You see them in various sizes from some almost no bigger than a pin's head to those almost ready to pull.

All the soil used is thoroughly sterilised

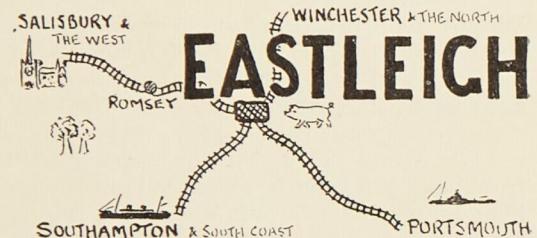


to kill any foreign matter before being taken into the sheds, and all manure has to be turned a number of times to get it into a thoroughly rotten condition suitable for making the beds. All mushrooms fit to pick are collected early in the morning, weighed, and sent to the markets in London.

It is really a very interesting place to visit, and if any of our friends in Wiltshire are in Essex it would be well worth their while to have a look at one of these places. Perhaps there may be some in other parts of the country, as it seems to be a very growing industry.

M.G.

* * *



We are reminded that these notes will appear in the December issue of the Magazine, and it is the desire of the whole staff here to convey special Christmas greetings to our Chief. To all friends at Calne and elsewhere we wish a Happy Festive Season.

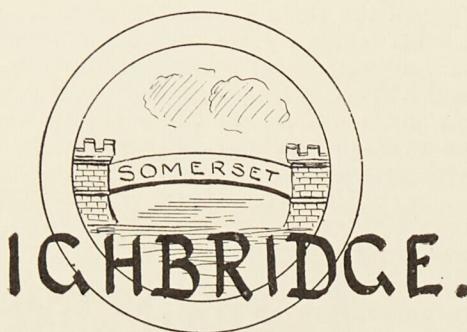
We congratulate the Editor on another successful year in the publication of the Harris Magazine, and we trust that this useful medium of conveying news of the many activities in connection with the House of Harris will continue to grow and receive the support it so richly deserves during the coming year.

We are very pleased indeed to welcome Paddy Flynn back to work after an illness lasting over six months.

The historic ceremony of creating Eastleigh into a Municipal Borough was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd on the first Saturday in October. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see the presentation of the Royal Charter of Incorporation will not easily forget this impressive ceremony. The many events arranged to celebrate this unique occasion demonstrated the pride with which the Charter was received.

month away just the same, so in spite of the lack of "atmosphere" we, at Highbridge, do wish one and all connected with the House of Harris, wherever they may be, a very Bright and Merry Christmas, and we hope they will all have a jolly good time.

R.C.L.



The Editor of the Magazine has particularly requested that we should associate ourselves with other branches by sending in something of a seasonable nature for this number, but as his requests are issued in October and the copy has to be in his hands by November 1st, it is rather difficult to create the atmosphere so far beforehand for a full-flavoured Christmas greeting to everyone we, at Highbridge, would desire to send.

Professional writers, no doubt, can light-heartedly rip off verse upon verse of beautifully-sounding Christmas thoughts and expressions, but to those of us whose journalistic endeavours are a weighty responsibility each month, and cause much thought as to whether or not we have used the right words or phrase, it is not so easy.

We require the "atmosphere" of the season to do our page justice, especially as when the Magazine comes along everyone will be receiving their calendars with the daily quotations, and Christmas greeting cards with verses of lovely thoughts written in inspired moments by all the great minds of the centuries—our contribution to the Christmas writings we are afraid will not favourably compare.

At the moment these words are being written we, at Highbridge, are being blessed, or otherwise, with half a gale of wind, rain, and a temperature which makes everything damp, so that our thoughts are most definitely not "Christmassy." Now, if there was deep snow outside the window, a large log fire in front of us, and we had just retired from fighting through a first-class Christmas dinner of turkey, plum pudding, mincepies, and "a little of something" to wash it all down, we have no doubt we should be able to write something, which, if not altogether coherent, would be the sort of thing we all connect with Christmas, merry and bright.

Still, it's no use wishing, Christmas is a

WINTER SPORT.

LEAGUE SKITTLES.

Our team has played six matches in the Highbridge and District League so far this season, and have just managed to maintain their usual position in the table. It is to be hoped that they will soon get a move up, or is it a case of being over-trained?

"ANNE KIDLEY" CUP COMPETITION.

The first round of this competition was played on Friday evening, 30th October, 21 employees participating with the following result:

	PINS.
1.—A. Holley	62
2.—R. C. Lynham	61
3.—H. Beasley	59
H. Hardwidge	59
4.—W. H. G. Young, sen.	58
E. Cann	58
5.—H. C. Marsh	55
6.—C. B. Shier	54
7.—A. H. Hill	53
8.—W. J. Pople	52
D. Smith	52
9.—G. Pearse	51
10.—H. Ham	50
11.—F. Pople	49
H. Neath	49
12.—H. B. Blackmore ..	48
13.—J. Young	47
14.—A. Chedzoy	46
15.—W. J. Young	45
A. Solomon	45
16.—C. Morrissey	43
	C.B.S.

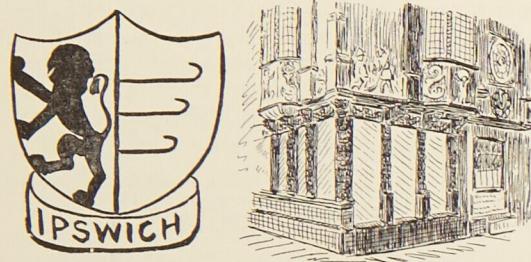
* * *

Christmas comes but once a year,
But Boxing Day . . . oh ! dear.

* * *

Homely Christmas Pudding (without eggs).

Half a pound each of currants, raisins, flour, sugar, finely-chopped suet; a quarter of a pound each of breadcrumbs, chopped candied peel, grated carrot, spice, and salt to taste. Mix with water, and steam in the usual way for about eight hours.



It is a little difficult to realise that when these lines appear in the "Mag." Christmas will be at hand. Just now we are having a taste of dreary November weather, doubly hard to bear since October gave us many bright and sunny days.

Of all the thoughts which the coming Christmas will bring to us perhaps the happiest will be that, to many thousands, this will be the first Christmas for years when work has been so plentiful. To us, in regular work (sometimes, indeed, we are inclined to think perhaps a little too much of it), Christmas comes as a season of jollity, of happy family re-union, of a larder filled with good things, of excited children with their many Christmas presents, and, withal, a shilling or two in our pockets.

What, then, of those to whom fate has not been so kind; to whom work has been denied; who have seen the shops filled at Christmas time with good things which they could not afford; whose little children have looked with wistful eyes at the glittering toys which were destined for other homes than theirs? Let us, in our own happiness, find cause for thanksgiving that the national prosperity has this year brought renewed hope and happiness to so many of these.

We, at Ipswich, wish to all our fellow workers at Calne, and all the Branches, a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Our bill of health this month is fairly good, the most notable exception being Mr. F. T. Smart, and he, happily, is rapidly recovering from his illness, and will soon be with us again.

We are hoping, too, that Miss D. Teager (Slaughter Department) and Mrs. C. Page (Bacon Department) will soon be well again.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. G. Staff (Maintenance Department), who

"joined the ranks" recently, when he was married to Miss Joyce Suffolk, of Ipswich. Mr. Ludgate, on our behalf, presented to Mr. Staff a clock, a tray, a smoker's companion set, and a hall set, and in a happy speech conveyed to him and his bride to be our good wishes.

A.H.M.



All at Kidlington send best wishes to all employed everywhere in connection with our "family" for a Happy and Enjoyable Christmas.

Our first winter social was held in the Recreation Hut on Saturday, September 10th. It was a matter of regret to the committee that more of our men did not turn up. We know that several live some miles away, but in selecting a Saturday we had hoped to make it easy for them to come. Perhaps future social evenings will have the same support as given last winter, when several enjoyable evenings were spent. Those who came, however, had a thoroughly good time. Thanks must be given to the ladies who so willingly gave up their time and energy in preparing the necessities to satisfy the inner man.

As we write the terms of the 1937 Pig Contracts have been made known. That all our factories may receive good support from feeders, and that bacon prices will allow us to pay the bills, is our wish for the coming year.

We are, on occasions, not allowed to forget that the home of the rose is to be found in Essex. That this "Queen of Flowers" can be grown par excellence in that county is well known, and we who live on the light Oxfordshire land cannot hope to compete with those whose heavier soil is so suitable for rose growing. I was particularly pleased, however, to be able to pick quite a

large bunch of that hardy rose, Ophelia, to-day. Some sprays had as many as seven flowers just opening. This particular bed has been flowering continuously since May.

Saturday, October 31st, will be remembered as the day on which our foreman, Mr. "Jack" Hillier and Miss Cox, of Kidlington, took the plunge. That both he and his wife will be swimming in a sea of happiness for the rest of their lives is the wish of us all. The service took place in the Kidlington Parish Church, and was attended by a large number of the staff. The fun began when the newly-married couple entered the waiting car. A large letter "L" painted in red, with the words, "Newly Married," underneath, was fixed to the back of the car, and several pairs of old clogs hung on the luggage rack. The tug-of-war rope was then hitched to the front of the car. Although a mile separated the reception-room and the church, the happy pair were pulled all the way by Jack's workmates, cheering as they went. Mr. and Mrs. Hillier were the recipients of about sixty presents, which included stair carpet and fittings and two rugs from the staff. Why was one bridesmaid out in the cold all the evening? Was it "Fair-brother?"

An interesting game of football was played on Saturday, October 17th, between Mr. Foster's XI. and ourselves. The score at the end of ninety minutes was one all. The shooting was not too good on either side, due to a great extent to the high wind which blew across the pitch.

Entered in stocktaking book:—"One electrofailure set, £10."

* * *



We are glad to report rapid progress of Mr. R. C. Foot after his operation, and hope

that the week or so that he is now spending at a convalescent home will see him fit. And we trust that he will again soon be able to resume his duties.

GREETINGS

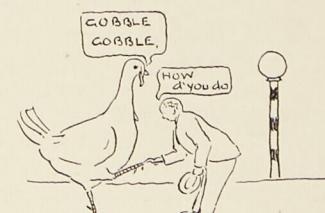
Once again Cowcross Street unites in sending sincere Christmas Greetings and good wishes to our Chief, hoping that he will be blessed with health and happiness during the coming year, and that the difficulties that lie ahead may be lessened by the knowledge of our loyalty and co-operation.

A Merry Christmas to everybody, and may each one of us re-echo the lines of Noel Coward:—"Let us drink to the hope that this country of ours that we love so much may find happiness, dignity, and peace."

GOBBLE! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

If I were asked what is Christmas, I think before I could answer and give what I considered a full definition I should think of a stage coach, carols, some snow, a couple of robins, church bells, Santa Claus, and a turkey. I think this may possibly be because, as a boy, I lived in the country, and there Christmas seems to be the real thing; and the snow at that time of the year seemed to visit us more frequently than nowadays, completing the picture impressed upon my mind by the Christmas cards I received.

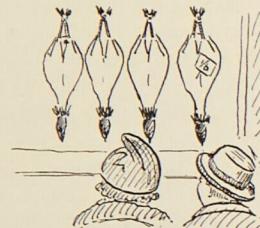
I wonder, however, what may be the thoughts of the man who, as a boy, had been brought up in one of our big, crowded cities, where, seated in a semi-detached house or a modern flat, he might look out to see if it is still raining. The bells he might hear would be the front door bell, being rung by the boys who sing, "Good King _____. The last word you don't recognise, and you think they must have been round every night since October.



It doesn't matter whether you have rain or snow, a stage coach or robins, there is one thing that always stays put, and that

is the Christmas turkey. We are usually delighted to make its first acquaintance, and we are very glad to see the last of it.

I am told that the turkey belongs to the Gallinaceous family, and with an aristocratic connection like that, you can well understand why it costs 1s. 6d. or more a pound, whereas a common chicken can only make 1s. a pound. It seems curious that turkeys are imported from almost every country except the one bearing their name.



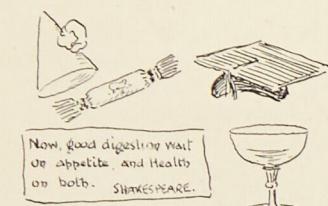
It's a big job buying the turkey. That's the night when mother and father do the shopping together. Just watch them standing outside the poulters' shop, keenly eyeing that row of turkeys they see strap-hanging. All in the nude, so to speak. Yes, it's a big job buying a turkey. It should have a good chest expansion, its legs must be plump and firm. And when you have completed your purchase you are quite certain that you have secured the best bird they had in the shop.

Of course, the man who sold it to you has extracted its appendix and so forth, and all that you have to do is to cook it. I don't think I dare make any suggestions here, but I understand it can be boiled or roasted. I have even heard of it being burnt. But the best thing to do is to let somebody else do it.



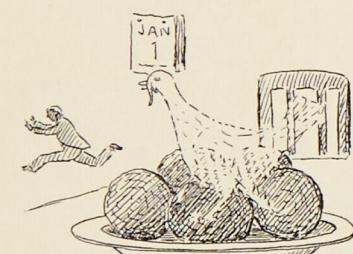
The trouble really begins when you have to carve it. That is, of course, the privilege of the father of the family. There might possibly be about 20lbs. of that confounded bird; most of it seems to be made of rubber. If you are wise you will go into the kitchen and make a chart of the thing, so that you can cut from A to B,

and then from X to Y, and your guests will marvel at your wonderful dexterity. But, as a rule, it usually results in something that looks like an all-in wrestling match.



Nevertheless, the happy hour that follows with its crackers and paper caps is worth every scrap of effort that has been put into it, and that fellow round the corner, whom you naturally detest, appears to you quite a decent fellow, that is for five minutes or so; and there are certainly some unusual happenings under the mistletoe. Whether the turkey is responsible for this is questionable.

The trouble generally commences again on Boxing Day. That turkey will re-appear—cold. On the day after he will appear colder.



If on New Year's Day should you hear the story of "The Ghost of the Christmas Turkey," and the same evening be served with some rissoles for dinner, don't be unkind—just eat them without asking what they are.



FINALE.

G.C.

"That's all right, sir," returned the boy cheerfully and confidently, "I'm the boy what borrows your barrow!"

* * *

We hear that a newspaper is asking for suggestions for the improvement of £1 notes. What about crossing them with homing pigeons?

* * *

Here is an amusing extract from a country Parish Magazine:—

"A jumble sale will be held in the Parochial Hall on the Second Saturday of the month. This is a chance for the ladies of the parish to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands!"

* * *

As we go to press the following is noted from a Yorkshire factory.

"She's done it, Bill!"

"Who?"

"T' lass. I'm reight proud of her."

"Ahe? What's she done?"

"Gotten t' scholarship. She's to go to a good school wi' out paying. She's a good 'un wi' a pen, though nowt much wi' a duster."

"That lass o' thine, Alf! Her that's won t' scholarship!"

"Wot about her?"

"I bin thinking it over. It wouldn't be a bad idea to buy her one o' these 'ere cyclopaedias. So much down and so much a week. It'd be useful now she's to go to that high-class school."

"I'll do nowt o' t' sort. I don't hold wi' these new-fangled things. She mun walk to school, same as she's all'us done. Do her good!"

* * *

The following came down to us from Scotland:—

"In Scotland we dinna ca' them Mayors, we ca' them Provosts."

"And do they wear chains?"

"Na, na. They jist gang aboot loose."

* * *

And here is one about a Frenchman.

A Frenchman on a visit to Britain decided to learn the English language. Accordingly he went to classes. The words, rough, dough, and through, caused him endless difficulty. For hours he wrestled



LEEDS

BLACK PRINCE, City Square

We are in the midst of the municipal elections as these notes go to press, and there are many heated debates over the vast muddle of the Leeds housing contracts. Tenders for hundreds of houses will only be signed if higher prices are paid to the contractors. To investors, a hint is given that *building costs are rising*.

But let us get down to more genial topics. Christmas comes but once a year, and it would be interesting if someone could say why the merry Christmas season comes round apparently sooner as each year passes. Can it be that as childhood days fade usage causes us to lose grasp of the childlike spirit of care-free happy abandon associated with this festive season. Unfortunately, a general survey of the political situation in Europe to-day suggests that the symbol of Christendom is now the double cross. A cynic referring to the annual Dairy Show in London pointed out that a missing exhibit was the celebrated milk of human kindness, the producer having let his premises as an armament factory.

Anyhow, we at Leeds work hard all the year, and we are determined to be young and lively, and even childlike, for a little while; and, in that jolly mood, desire our long-suffering readers to share our happiness. So here are a few Christmas crackers.

* * *

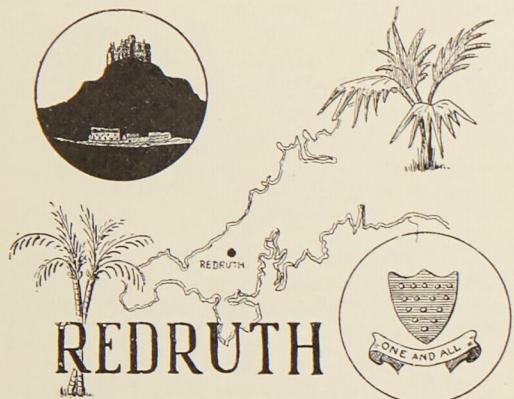
At this season there is a noticeable increase in the claims to consideration which we all receive. A friend of mine was called on one winter, amid a crowd of would-be recipients of Christmas boxes, by a youth whom he was not able to identify. He wasn't the butcher's boy, nor yet the baker's; or, in fact, one of the usual queue of applicants who consider themselves qualified to receive an annual Boxing-day remembrance from the house-holder.

"I don't know you," said my friend to this youth. "What's your name? Why should I give you a Christmas present?"

with them. All in vain. At last he admitted he was defeated and left the class. Glancing across the road he saw a huge placard outside a cinema, with the words "Glamour—pronounced Success." The Frenchman fainted.

In the spirit in which we have cracked our jokes we send our Christmas Greetings to our readers, for "Auld Lang Syne."

* * *

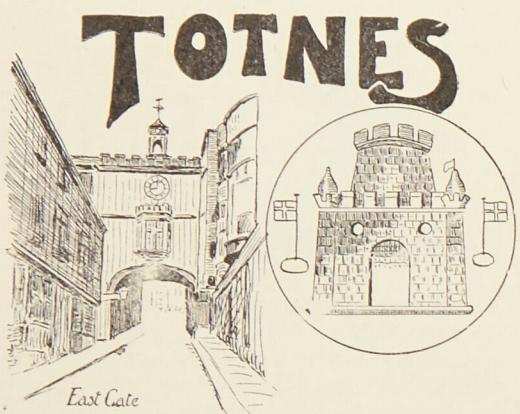


We have been reminded that the copy is required for the Christmas number of the Magazine, and although at the moment of writing Christmas seems a long way away, we joyfully take the opportunity of wishing all our friends at Calne and the Branches, and on the Road, "A Very Happy Christmas."

We sympathise with J. Soloman in the illness of his wife, and sincerely hope that the good progress she has made after her operation will be maintained.

For the first time for several years an outbreak of the dreaded foot and mouth disease has been confirmed in West Cornwall, and we find ourselves situated in the infected area. This has necessitated our paying some visits to the Police-station during the week-end, where we met several agitated and worried farmers. We came across one young farmer friend, however, who was still able to show signs of a sense of humour despite the fact that a bandaged head and a walking stick revealed a recent motor-cycle accident, for when asked the question as to whether his business at the Police-station was "Highway Code" or "Foot and mouth," he replied, "Both!"

W.B.F.



The festive season of Christmas is approaching and Totnes rejoices in again sending hearty Christmas Greetings to numerous friends at Calne and the branches.

May the clouds that have been so persistent in the past year pass away, and the New Year bring restored health to our Chief and increasing prosperity to all is the sincere hope of the staff at Totnes.

Although Christmas is still some weeks ahead, thoughts appear to be everywhere turning in the direction of the great festive season, and plans are being made to ensure that the spirit of Christmastide shall be as much in evidence in our midst as in previous years. We, at Totnes, are in the fortunate position of being able to report a clean bill of health amongst the whole of our staff, and if this most important factor continues there should be nothing to mar our enjoyment of the 1936 Yule-tide.

At the time of writing pig contracting is about to commence and a very determined effort is being made here to ensure that we obtain our full complement for 1937.

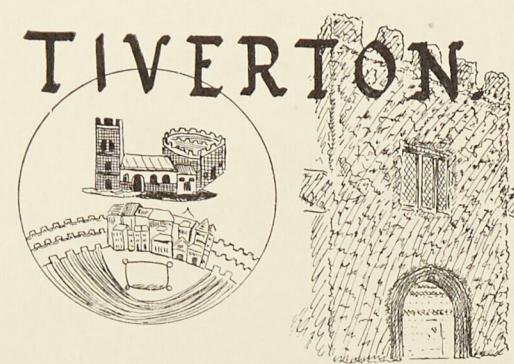
W.J.T.

* * *

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark. It has been in use since 1219.

ALTERATION IN PRICE

Messrs. Macfarlane Lang & Co., Ltd., advise that the price for "STANDARD ASSORTED" biscuits advertised in this issue should now read **1/4** per pound.



We held our first carnival at Tiverton Junction on October 22nd. It was a great success. The weather was ideal, and the tableaux and the trade cars were a credit to those responsible. Our turn-out represented by model pigs and advertisements kindly lent us by Calne caused considerable interest, especially seeing that we are anxious to push British Bacon in every home.

We are now anxiously awaiting the terms of the new contracts for 1937. There are various opinions amongst producers as to whether they will contract, but we are hoping that the new conditions will be favourable in their interests as well as for ourselves.

By the time we get this news it will be Christmas once again, and we at this branch would like to send our greetings to all connected with the House of Harris.

H.C.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE TOURNAMENT.

LEAGUE TABLE AS AT NOVEMBER 28TH, 1936.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Pts.	Ob.
Office	30	18	12	0	36	
Slaughter	24	18	6	0	36	
Boning and Rining	30	17	12	1	35	
Warehouse, Despatch, &c.	30	17	12	1	35	
Bacon Packing	30	16	14	0	32	
Retort, &c.	27	14	13	0	28	
Printing, Lard, &c.	27	14	13	0	28	
Curing Rooms	33	13	19	1	27	
Kitchen	24	12	12	0	24	
Engineers	27	10	17	0	20	
Maintenance	21	8	12	1	17	
Traffic, Basement, &c.	27	7	20	0	14	

"COMRADES ALL."

This is our last Magazine in 1936. Before the next issue is in our hands a New Year will have dawned upon us.

Who, at the passing of an old year, does not make some fresh resolutions? Alas! so often broken.

Let all of us who work for the House of Harris see to it that we start the New Year with grim resolution to "see the thing through."

Some years back I heard this remark from the pulpit, "The servant girl who does her work to the best of her ability is equal to the statesman who forwards the cause of his country in Parliament."

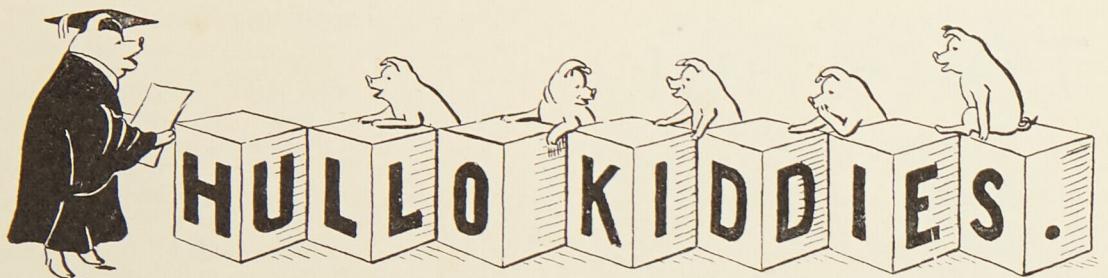
No matter in what capacity we serve the Firm, let us see to it that there is as much competition to make our department the most efficient as that displayed in the playing-fields.

Let us then be up and doing,
With an eye to any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Calne, November, 1936.

* * *

What turkey is to the English, the Christmas goose is to the German. A Christmas dinner without roasted goose, with green or red cabbage, would be almost unthinkable. Thousands of geese have been brought to Berlin from all quarters of Germany and from abroad.



A Very Happy Christmas to you all, with lots of good fun and jollity. And in all our joy and merriness let us spare a thought for those who are less fortunate than ourselves, and, however small it may be, may we all do *something* to bring a little gladness into somebody's heart this Christmastide.

Here is a story for the little ones:—

It was a cold and foggy day at the beginning of November when lots of boxes were unpacked in Mrs. Jolly's store-room over her shop in Martin Street. The boxes had been there for several weeks, but it was only to-day that they had been opened, and even Mrs. Jolly hadn't remembered all the things that she had ordered for Christmas when the traveller had called a couple of months ago. Now she became quite excited as she opened one box after another and found dolls of every kind and size; teddy bears and golliwogs; trains and motor-cars; gaily-coloured balls and spinning tops; little Christmas trees decorated with glittering, glistening things—the kind of things that would make any child's eyes sparkle with delight, as did Mrs. Jolly's eyes, too, as she brought them one after another from their hiding places into the light. For, she thought, each one of these toys will bring happiness to *some* child, and the children who lived near Martin Street had not very much to bring gladness into their lives.

Many of their parents had no work, and none of them could by any means be called well off; in fact, some of them had often to go short of food and with little enough to wear.

Ting-a-ling-ling, went the little bell on Mrs. Jolly's shop door, and down she ran to give a little girl a ha'pennyworth of "those red and green sweeties, like gooseberries, in the window."

No sooner was Mrs. Jolly's back turned than such a babel of voices went up from the store room. "Well, I never," said one

gaily-dressed golden-haired doll to a little bald-headed baby doll next to her, "Whoever thought I should see you again. What a queer little nightie thing that is that you have on; and, oh dear, there, sure enough, is the girl with the black hair and ugly mouth. I can't think why the dressmaker gave her such a pretty frock. Pink silk, indeed; it would look very nice with my golden curls, but with that hair and that face, why it's just wasted."

"Now then," called a voice, "Don't forget you are supposed to bring the Christmas spirit with you, instead of which you are being most rude and unkind. Wait and see, the baby doll and the girl with the black hair and pretty dress will bring more joy to some poor little child than you with all your beauty, I'll be bound."

Every eye was fixed on the corner from which the voice came. There she was, the old woman in a shoe, just as if she had walked out of the Nursery Rhyme book.

"Tut-tut," said the lady doll, "she is only a poor old washerwoman, with an apron tied round her waist—who takes any notice of people like that?"

"We do, we do," called out the golliwogs and some of the other dolls. "She is the only mother amongst us and, who knows, you may be glad of her yet."

"Why should I be," replied the lady doll, "I am in need of nothing. I am the most beautiful among you, and I am only waiting here until I am taken to a very grand



home where I shall be nursed and loved by a child as beautiful as myself. Only the rich can afford to buy me, and I shall ride in a car and sleep in a beautiful cot. I was never intended for a poor and miserable home—I can feel it in my bones."

There was a silence, and now Mrs. Jolly was back in the room, very busy pinning tickets on the new toys. 1d., 3d., 6d., 1s., right up to 17s. 6d. "Dearie me, I don't know what made me buy such an expensive doll; but perhaps somebody who can afford it will come along and buy it from me. I'd like to see it in the arms of the poor bairn who came in just now—though, to be sure, it doesn't seem to fit in with Martin Street."

"There, now, what did I tell you?" whispered the lady to the baby beside her. "Even the shopkeeper admits I am too good to be here. But I have a feeling I shan't be here very long. I only hope she won't put me in the window so that I have to look out all day on a dismal street—I really couldn't stand it."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than away she was whisked in Mrs. Jolly's arms and placed downstairs in the centre of the window, which was empty save for strips of read and yellow crinkled paper, with which the shopkeeper had decorated the shelves and windows of her little shop to give it a Christmassy look.

Very soon the window was full inside with the contents of the store-room, and outside, pressed tight against the pane, were countless little noses, and "my lady doll" was disgusted to find the eyes of the poorly-clad children of Martin Street peering through at her, and dirty little fingers pointing at her pretty clothes and golden curls.

But it was not for long; even the children realised that such beauty was not for them, and they were eagerly scanning the window from end to end for something that could be bought with their pence.

One little girl, with deep blue eyes that even a dirty face and untidy hair could not hide, at once claimed the baby doll for her own. "Oh, it's just like the baby we lost," she exclaimed, "and I'm going to pray every night until Christmas that daddy will get some work so that he can buy it for me. It's mine, and I don't mind if I don't get anything else at all if only I can have that baby doll."

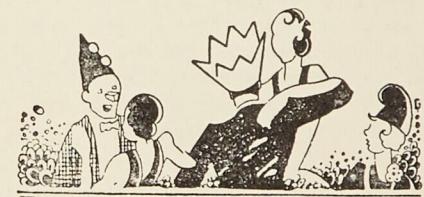
"The dark one with the pink frock is mine," said another child; "if I had it I

should keep that pretty silk frock for Sundays and I could make her some other things for ordinary days. Oh, if I had that dolly I would love her and take care of her and make dresses for her and knit her a little coat and—oh, all sorts of things."

"I like the Golly best," said another little girl, whom they called Tinker. "Yes, it looks like you," said a rude little boy, "it doesn't look as though it washes its face often, and as you yourself are more like a boy than a girl it should suit you very well. I'm going to have that car that it's riding in, anyway, and somehow or another I've got to buy that box of coloured bricks for Danny, my little crippled brother, and a hummin-top for my baby sister."

"My, *you* will want a fortune," cried Tinker. "Yes, Bubbles, what is it?" to a weak, golden-haired mite who was clutching at her dress, "Oh, you want the coloured ball, do you? All right, you shall have it, if I have to do without the golliwog; but let's hope we'll manage to get both."

And one after another—as they had done in previous years ever since they could



remember—they chose which toy they would like best. Sometimes they *did* get what they had chosen, but more often they did *not*. But Mrs. Jolly, as she finished dressing her window and listened to the children's prattle, breathed a fervent prayer that not one of them should be disappointed. "If only I could afford it," she sighed, as she had done on many former occasions, "I would see to it that each child had what it wanted most." But Mrs. Jolly was a widow, and her only means of livelihood and of providing for her old age was the little shop where sometimes her takings amounted only to a few shillings a day.

The days passed quickly, and each day saw the little crowd of children round Mrs. Jolly's window, gazing longingly at the beautiful things within. And not only was there excitement without, but such a discussion went on amongst the little family inside the window each day. The lady doll

had become very lonely, and had even been glad of some comforting words from the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe."

At last it was Christmas Eve. The box of bricks had been purchased for Danny and the humming top for the baby sister. Tinker had bought the gaily-coloured ball, but not the golliwog. She and Danny's brother were peering in at the coveted toys now, but with little hope that they would be theirs.

Golly was feeling quite sad ; he had been so anxious that he should be owned by Tinker, and he had thought it so very sweet of her to have spent her money on the ball instead of what she wanted herself.

The lady doll was feeling more lonely than ever. No-one had claimed her, and she had visions of being left in the window all the Christmas and then being packed away in the box again. She had become very humble during those days spent in the window of the shop in Martin Street, and had realised that the little folk both inside and out possessed something that she had not got, and that was the power of being kind. She didn't mind now where she went as long as somebody wanted her ; she had looked almost with envy on the doll that she had so despised as she went off that morning clasped lovingly in the arms of the little girl who had so badly wanted her.

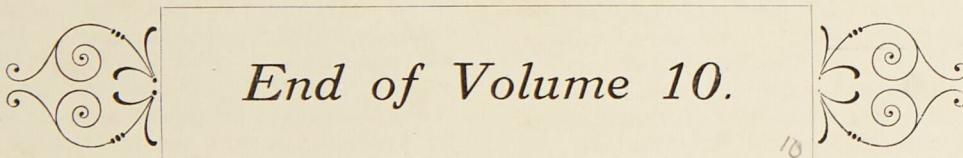
At that moment a car drew up outside Mrs. Jolly's shop and out jumped a cheery-looking gentleman with his wife and little girl.

They hurried into the shop, and very soon Mrs. Jolly's window was almost empty.

"We are having a Christmas tree at the Hall near," said the cheery gentleman to Mrs. Jolly, "and we find we have not enough toys. There are more needy bairns in this quarter than we had imagined. That big doll is just the thing we've been looking for for Christine, too. Hello, what's happened to that young imp ?" and out he ran to find that his little girl had joined the little crowd outside Mrs. Jolly's window, some of them in tears at the sudden departure of the hoped-for possessions.

"If you come along with us," Christine was saying, "you are sure to get something, and perhaps it will be the very thing you wanted."

That was the beginning of the happiest Christmas the children of Martin Street had ever spent. Not only did they get the toys they had longed for, but there was a Christmas party with such good things as they had never before tasted. Mrs. Jolly was invited, too, and no-one was more happy than she, not because she had sold all her Christmas stock, but because of the happiness that had been brought into the hearts of the little people she had learned to love so well.



End of Volume 10.

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